The December

Leatherneck

15¢

MAGAZINE OF THE MARINES

and thank you for trying to find a Parker "51"
for my Christmas. I know that a "51" is hard to
find... but please keep trying, because I'll
cheerfully wait for that Christmas present.
Just be sure it's the Real McCoy, a Parker "51"
...and not some pen that tries to look like one.
Pardon the pencil, but

THE Armed Forces have first call on many Parker 51's. Even so, there are still too few for you in the Services . . . far too few for those at home. If your request for a "51" goes unrewarded, remember that rocket fuzes came first at Parker until the day of Peace . . . and, always, we make every "51" patiently, precisely. They cannot be hurried out. Yet a Parker "51" is worth waiting for. Styled with tomorrow's beauty, it writes with thrilling smoothness. And only the "51" is designed for satisfactory use of Parker "51" Ink that dries as it writes. To a few, Christmas *will* bring a "51". To others, our regret that they must wait a little longer for the "most wanted" pen.

THE PARKER PEN COMPANY, JANESVILLE, WISCONSIN

"PARKER 51"

"Writes dry with wet ink!"

Copr. 1945 by The Parker Pen Company

SOUND OFF

LET'S REORGANIZE!

Sirs:

I have delved into my three years' experience in Marine Corps Aviation and have come up with two great big beautiful gripes:

(1) Flight Pay — This is the biggest going racket since Al Capone. I do not honestly believe that there is any more risk involved by the man in the air than by the man in the foxhole. Man will fly with or without flight pay.

Even granted that it is a risky business, and we must have the flight skins, the least that can be done is to limit them to flying personnel. This is not done. Thousands of dollars go out monthly to non-flying aviation personnel, who find it a terrible bother to put in the minimum four hours' flying time required for the month. Overseas, you don't even have to do the flying, which saves the bother.

Now we have the flight pay going to flying and non-flying personnel, so let's tackle the actual distribution. Is it, or is it not fair?

For the flying personnel, the answer, as far as I know, is Yes. As for the non-flying personnel, the answer is emphatically NO. The skins fly right into the pockets of the senior NCOs, who are already making enough money as it is. Rotation amongst the men has occurred. In this case only the super wheels get the skins every month, and the pitiful few left are passed out to the lower brackets. Even then, there are several men whom the skins always seem to rotate right past and for no other reason than that they aren't the NCO-in-Charge's favorites. In most cases, however, buck sergeants and below never see flight pay.

Summary: Flight pay should be abolished; or flight pay should be paid only to those whose business is actually flying; or flight pay should be evenly distributed among the non-flying personnel regardless of rank.

(2) Rates — This problem is really fouled up. There is no definite method of distribution in rating, and only too often rates go to the best ear bangers. Everyone laughs at the fine art of ear banging, but it's no joke to some of us. One buddy of mine saw that the only way to make a rate was to bang away and, although he didn't like the method either, he promptly made sergeant and staff, besides pulling down flight pay three times.

There were no tests to take, he didn't work harder than anyone else, and he knew only as much about his job as the next fellow. This doesn't mean everyone has to bang ears for a rate — but it happens too often and surely helps. Other squadrons than my own make some attempt at method, and some outfits don't seem to get any rates at all.

Aviation requires technical knowledge and therefore there are more rates in Aviation than in other branches of service. Most Americans, however, are mechanically minded and have no trouble maintaining aircraft, ordnance or any other form of machinery. We are being paid for a talent that was born in us in the first place.

As a result of these ratings, we are beginning to have a top-heavy organization. In other words, too many staff, tech, and MT ratings. We have a situation now, where a PFC is equally as skilled and experienced as, say, a staff sergeant. Yet you know who carries the load, and you know who gets the undeserved privileges.

Summary: Some standard method of rating must be evolved that is more practical than just a written test. Some people can't write what their hands and heads can do. The present system is unfair and at times downright tyrannical.

Rates in the first three pay grades must be closely limited. My suggestion would be that all aviation personnel be rated Sergeants, with the exceptions necessary for the leaders. Take as an example a 26-man department with four sections, using these numbers for simplicity. The

TURN PAGE

THE LEATHERNECK, DECEMBER, 1945

VOLUME XXVIII, NUMBER 12

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"You can have anything I've got but my Dyanshine!"

49

THERE'S NOTHING SO FINE . . . . AS DYANSHINE !

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63

DYANSHINE TRADE MARK REG. U.S. PAT. OFF. *Liquid* SHOE POLISH

Now here are two guys—
they're Tom and Joe—

They both spot a gal they'd like to know—
So which of the two will catch her eye?
Why sure an' it's Joe who rates a sigh!
Tho rough-mug Tom may have the bucks
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FIGHT WASTE!

Soap uses vital materials.
Don't waste it!

SOUND OFF (continued)

NCO-in-Charge would be an MT, his assistant a Tech, the four section leaders would be Staff Sergeants, with five sergeants remaining for each section. The sergeants would, of course, do all the extra-curricular activities such as mess and guard duty.

It seems as though the whole works got out of control somewhere and, although it's a little late, now would be the time to get things straightened out. Do I make the grade as a Gumbeater?

Corp. Harold E. Landgren
Columbia, S. C.

JAPS ON SAIPAN

Sirs:

A few of us here in our tent got into a very heated argument the other day over the number of Japs killed on Saipan *after* it was declared secured.

Three of the boys say the number was 18,000 and I say it was 1800. Could you settle this for us? There is a lot at stake and we'll all appreciate an answer.

PFC W. E. Shanahan
Pacific

● *You win, Shanahan. Headquarters informs us that "the total number of Japanese killed on Saipan from 12 August 1944 to 24 February 1945 was approximately 1900." — Eds.*

POETRY FAN

Sirs:

In the October Sound Off, PFC Homer Baugh, Jr., wrote that, in his estimation, Gyrene Gyngles should be stopped.

When my *Leatherneck* comes, Gyngles is one of the first departments I read. I believe it gives the readers an idea of what our Marines are thinking about while they are away from home. Some fellows like sentimental poetry, while others like comic poetry, but they all enjoy seeing and reading their work published.

Everyone doesn't care for the same reading material, of course, so if one doesn't care for a certain type of material, let him leave it uncommented on for the next reader, who may drink in every word.

What about it, PFC Baugh? You could at least give it a fair trial.

Miss Janet Valley
St. Petersburg, Fla.

PAVUVU PICTURES

Sirs:

To all men of the 2nd Platoon, Co. L, 3rd Bn., 5th Marines, First Marine Division, who were on Pavuvu between December, 1944, and April, 1945: I have some snapshots that were made there, fellows. Write me at Box 54, Jacksboro, Texas. Send me your home address and I will send you a set of prints as soon as possible. Let me hear from you.

Corp. A. Sewell
Jacksboro, Texas

INSIGNIA FOR CIVILIANS

Sirs:

I agree with PFC Foley (October Sound Off) on the wearing of official military insignia by civilians.

There are a number of jewelry concerns that manufacture miniature insignia, for the use of civilians who have affiliations in the different branches of the service. If civilians want to wear insignia, I think they should be required to wear only that made for such purposes.

A member of the armed forces is supposed to be issued the rib-

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Service
for Servicemen

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bons and awards he is entitled to wear. Official military insignia should be sold only by Post Exchanges and Navy Ship's Stores, and any man desiring to purchase ribbons, battle stars, etc., should be required to present a statement to the effect that he is entitled to wear such decorations, signed by his Commanding Officer.

It should also be a breach of regulations for any member of the service to give away any ribbons or decorations to any person unauthorized in his own right to wear them.

Sgt. John S. Bright
Cleveland, Ohio

WHO'S ON FIRST BASE ? ?

Sirs:

The article "Tales from Okinawa" in your August issue seems to be wrong. The point in question is about the oil drums being rolled over the ridge by Capt. Lawrence Hennessey's men.

First of all, they weren't oil drums, but neapalm barrels. Secondly, it was not Capt. Hennessey's men, I Co., 3rd Bn., 1st Marines, but the 1st Platoon, L Co., and the officer in charge was 2nd Lt. Leroy P. Oetter. I know this is correct because I was a member of that platoon.

Corp. Dick Travis
Pacific

THANKS TO 4TH MAW

Sirs:

We of the Assault Platoon, 1st Bn., 8th Marines, wish to have it made known that members of the 4th Marine Air Wing have our gratitude and thanks.

Our appreciation is due because of an incident that occurred in the final phase of the Okinawa campaign. During a "breather" the boys had time to squeeze off a V-mail, but lacked the stationery. A Piper Cub observation plane was flying over our lines and some Joe signaled to the pilot by placing coral rocks to form the word "Stationery." It didn't take much more than an hour until we had bundles of V-mail, stationery and books. Our friend the pilot merely dropped them from his plane as he flew over us.

As I said, we were, and still are, grateful to our buddies and fellow Marines in the 4th Marine Air Wing.

Sgt. Fred Kreutzberger
and 35 others
Pacific

DISCHARGE PIN

Sirs:

Is a man who was honorably discharged from the Marine Corps on 1 June 1941, after seven months' service, entitled to wear the discharge pin?

H. M. Haimowitz
Houston, Texas

● *Headquarters informs us that the honorable service lapel button may be worn by the officers and enlisted personnel of the US Marine Corps who have been honorably separated or discharged from the service on or after 9 September 1939. — Eds.*

RAIDERS, PLEASE NOTE

Sirs:

I left my old outfit, Colonel Carlson's 2nd Raider Bn., on the New Hebrides Islands in December 1942, and later was given a medical discharge.

Since that time I have often thought of my buddies and won-

TURN PAGE

Dear Dad:

...Yesterday, our "top-kick" was in a lather when he heard that Col. Sparkle was coming to inspect our company. You see, our supply of razor blades had run out and our men were sporting bristly beards.

Lo and behold, your gift package arrived just in time with the pack of 5 FAMOS Razor Blades. Believe it or not, Dad, these 5 blades gave smooth, slick shaves to 150 of my buddies... saved the day for our "top-kick"... and won my Corporal stripes for me...

Joe

A carton of single or double edge FAMOS BLADES will be awarded for each of the ten best FAMOS FABLES contributed by men in the armed services.

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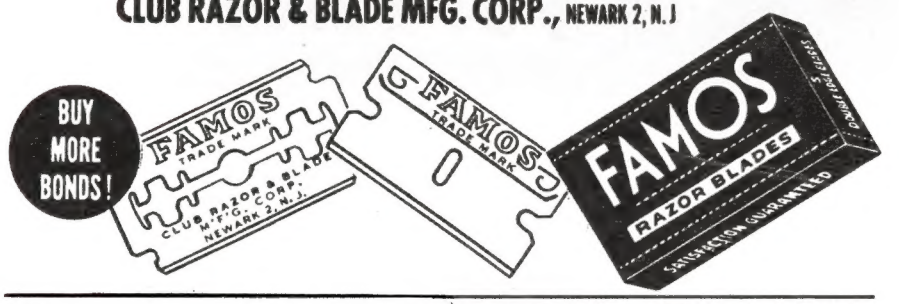

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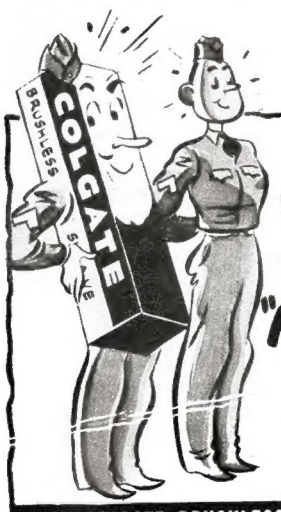
OUR D.I. IS A
SWEETIE PIE!
HE MADE THE TOUGHEST PART OF BOOT CAMP EASY BY TELLING US HOW TO SHAVE FAST FOR INSPECTION IN COMFORT WITH COLGATE BRUSHLESS...ONE "NO-BRUSH" SHAVE CREAM THAT KNOWS HOW TO WILT WIRY WHISKERS!

GREAT SHAKES at GREAT LAKES!
I'M PLENTY POPULAR SINCE I TOLD THE BOYS ABOUT COLGATE BRUSHLESS...HOW IT STAYS MOIST AN KEEPS YOUR BEARD SOFT SO YOUR WHOLE SHAVE IS SMOOTH AND SNAG-FREE!



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SOUND OFF (continued)

dered how I might be able to learn of there whereabouts. Can you help me?

Jesse L. Vanlandingham
Box 910
Duncan, Okla.

FOR 'CANAL VETS

Sirs:

My buddies and I have been hearing of a club formed by some members of the First Division, called "The Last of the First."

We served with the First in '42 and '43, and we're wondering if you could give us any dope on the club. Nobody out here knows anything about it.

Sgt. George D. Revoir
Pacific

● *If anyone has the scoop on this club, you may write Sgt. Revoir in care of Sound Off. — Eds.*

REFEREE NEEDED

Sirs:

Apparently Corp. Blanchard knows as much about the Marine Corps as the average soldier, or he would not make the stupid statement that a field music is a broken down musician (October Sound Off). It so happens there are plenty of field musics in the Corps (including myself) who can play rings around a lot of Marine Corps bandsmen. I made music in the field and have never been tempted to become a bandsman in this outfit, even though I'm an accomplished musician.

On the subject of temperament, Corp. Blanchard might be interested to know that field musics are as temperamental as any bandsmen, and take just as much pride in their playing, probably more than our esteemed corporal.

I am sick and tired of bandsmen continuously taking digs at musics. I'd like to remind our dear corporal, lest he forget, that if he should knock off before his cruise is up, a field music will sound off at his funeral whether he likes it or not.

Julian B. Minter, FM1c
Oceanside, Calif.

Sirs:

This letter is from an indignant field music to an overrated, overpaid and fouled up bandsman.

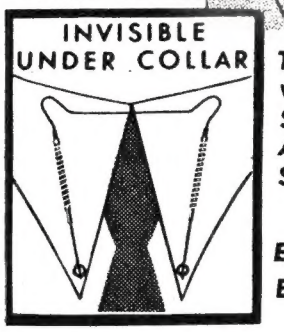
So a field music is a low-grade musician? So he couldn't make the grade for the band, huh? Well, answer me this — can you find a field music in this Corps who ever *tried* for the band in the first place? I have been in three and a half years and I haven't seen one. What is a bandsman anyway? He is a civilian who came into the Marine Corps (probably to keep from being drafted), and joined the band because that is what he did on the outside, and because he had misguided ideas about getting into the Marine Corps Band and a suit of blues. So where did he end up? In a regimental band composed of second and third rate musicians.

Just what does a bandsman know about the Marine Corps as a combat outfit? Does he know the M1 and BAR? Does he know the difference between high and low trajectory fire and the kind of weapons that employ these fires? Does he know what to do with a mortar in use on a FPL? Does he know what grazing fire is or how to organize a FPL? Does he know how to fire a BMG?

He thinks all a machine gunner does is swing his gun around spraying lead in every direction. Does he know what type of

Servicemen demand Spiffy COLLAR STAYS

HOLDS COLLAR POINTS DOWN



The Stay with the Self-Adjusting Spring

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★ Neatness counts in military as well as in civilian life. That's why millions of men in service are also wearing SPIFFY COLLAR STAYS.

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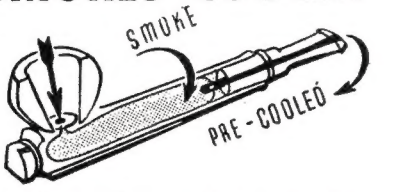
HERE'S WHY THE Kirsten PIPE SMOKES COOLER



The *Kirsten* Pipe smokes cooler because of the action in the thin-wall duralumin radiator with its big exposed cooling surface. As each puff is drawn into the radiator, the smoke is rapidly cooled while the bitter tars and oils are condensed and trapped, leaving cool, "bite-free" smoke to enter the mouth. Get your *Kirsten* Pipe at your P X or Ship Service Store or order from your home-town dealer.

Cool Clean Sweet-Smoking

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THE Kirsten "RADIATOR" PIPE
PATS. & PATS. PEND.

target a BAR is best suited for? Does he know why the Marine Corps adopted the carbine? Does he know what Acé and Jack mean in combat lingo? Hell, *NO!*

He doesn't even know what is wrong when his own M1 fires full automatic. He can't tell what infantry weapons have the same bursting radius as the .75 and .105. He couldn't tell a range card from a topographical sketch. He thinks a pack Howitzer is one you carry in the new pack. He wouldn't know immediate action from knee action. All he knows is how to toot his horn and look pretty at morning Colors.

Well, here is a field music who has forgotten more in this Marine Corps in the past six months than all the bandsmen ever knew, and *still* knows more than *any* of them.

I don't care myself; I'll be a civilian soon. But while I'm in here I am a *Marine,* a lot more so than any bandsman.

Field Music Corporal
(Name withheld on request)
Camp Lejeune, N. C.

● *This is one war that doesn't seem to be over! — Eds.*

NAVY ON THE JOB

Sirs:

In the September issue I noticed several pictures of Okinawa. In one of them I believe you have made a mistake.

The men working on the tin fish aren't Marines, but sailors. I met them on board ship and lived with them for 62 days while en route here. Their names are Nick and Tom. Nick is a Motor Machinist's Mate First Class and Tom is a Chief Torpedoman.

I like to see credit given where it is due. These boys did a good job cooperating with the Marine Air Corps here, which makes a team hard to beat.

This isn't a gripe — just like to give the boys a break. Guess the cameraman made a mistake.

Sgt. Riggs L. Hayes
Pacific

● *Don't know whose mistake this was, but thanks for the correction. — Eds.*

EIGHTH MARINES ON SAIPAN

Sirs:

This is the first gripe I've ever written, but by gosh I'm fed up.

I've been with the Second Division for 22 months, and came in on Saipan in the second assault wave. After everything was secured, I read that the 27th Army Division took Mt. Tapotchau. Then I read that the Fourth Division took it. Boy, that makes me boil!

I'm a chief scout and observer in the 8th Regiment and I was with the first troops to take Tapotchau. Another regiment from this division (the 6th Regiment — Eds.) was on our left flank. Some part of the 27th Division was on our right flank and the Fourth Division was on their right flank.

The 8th Regiment took Tapotchau and the 1st Bn., 29th Marines, were there with us, and any of you Leathernecks who want to claim that mountain better keep your chops shut when we're around!

Sgt. Carl F. Lobb
Pacific

● *We quote from the history of the Second Division prepared by the Historical Division of Headquarters Marine Corps: "... the Marines of the Eighth Regiment began to come up against the most stubborn and costly type of fighting that they had as yet met — the well-defended caves in the rugged terrain over which their advance was taking them. The usual Japanese tactics of infiltration and sniping behind the lines were also met, and they were made the more difficult to deal with by the fact that the 27th Army Division on the right flank of the Eighth Marines allowed a gap of several hundred yards to remain wide open in spite of the fact that enemy troops were taking advantage of the opening to infiltrate." — Eds.*

FROM A MARINE'S WIFE

Sirs:

Why, oh why do the various branches of the service continually gripe about the praise and glory given to the Marine Corps? Surely it is quite evident that they don't read the papers daily, where every branch, be it Army, Navy, Air Corps or Coast Guard, is given its share of honor and glory. Are articles concerning the Marines printed in red type or headlined to create such a feeling of enmity?

I am the wife of a Marine, but I am not prejudiced enough to claim that the Marines won the war. I have always had the deepest respect, honor and gratitude for all the branches. They were all necessary for a total victory.

"Give credit where credit is due" pertains to every branch, so don't be oblivious to any article about the Army, Navy, Air Corps or Coast Guard, and then see red when the Marines get a write-up.

Mrs. Alex Sadowski
Natrona, Pa.

NEW HANDBOOK

Sirs:

I would like to know if you could give me some information concerning the use of the Marine Handbook (the "red book.")

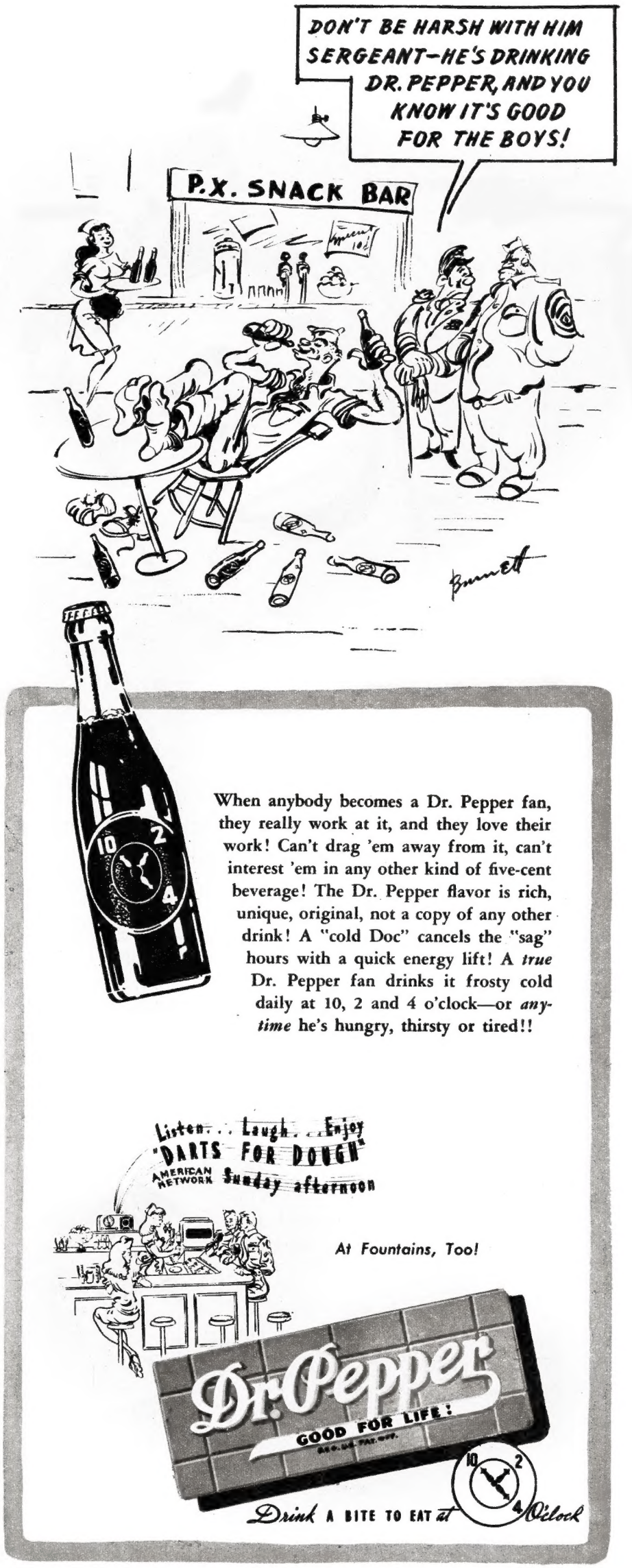
There are some men in our battery who say they recall seeing a letter of instruction from Headquarters in early 1944 concerning its discontinuance as an official Marine Corps guide.

PFC James J. Olliffe
Pacific

● *To supplant the old handbook the Corps is now preparing a new and truly revolutionary work, called "Guidebook for Marines," which will be available early next year. Far from being a mere revision of the old model, it will contain dramatic new photographic techniques and a fresh new style of writing designed to make it easy to read, understand and actually use.*

Every chapter has been checked for accuracy by the Corps' top experts. What's more, the latest

TURN PAGE


DON'T BE HARSH WITH HIM SERGEANT—HE'S DRINKING DR. PEPPER, AND YOU KNOW IT'S GOOD FOR THE BOYS!
P.X. SNACK BAR
When anybody becomes a Dr. Pepper fan, they really work at it, and they love their work! Can't drag 'em away from it, can't interest 'em in any other kind of five-cent beverage! The Dr. Pepper flavor is rich, unique, original, not a copy of any other drink! A "cold Doc" cancels the "sag" hours with a quick energy lift! A true Dr. Pepper fan drinks it frosty cold daily at 10, 2 and 4 o'clock—or anytime he's hungry, thirsty or tired!!
Listen... Laugh... Enjoy "DARTS FOR DOUGH" AMERICAN NETWORK Sunday afternoon
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Drink A BITE TO EAT at 10 2 4 O'clock

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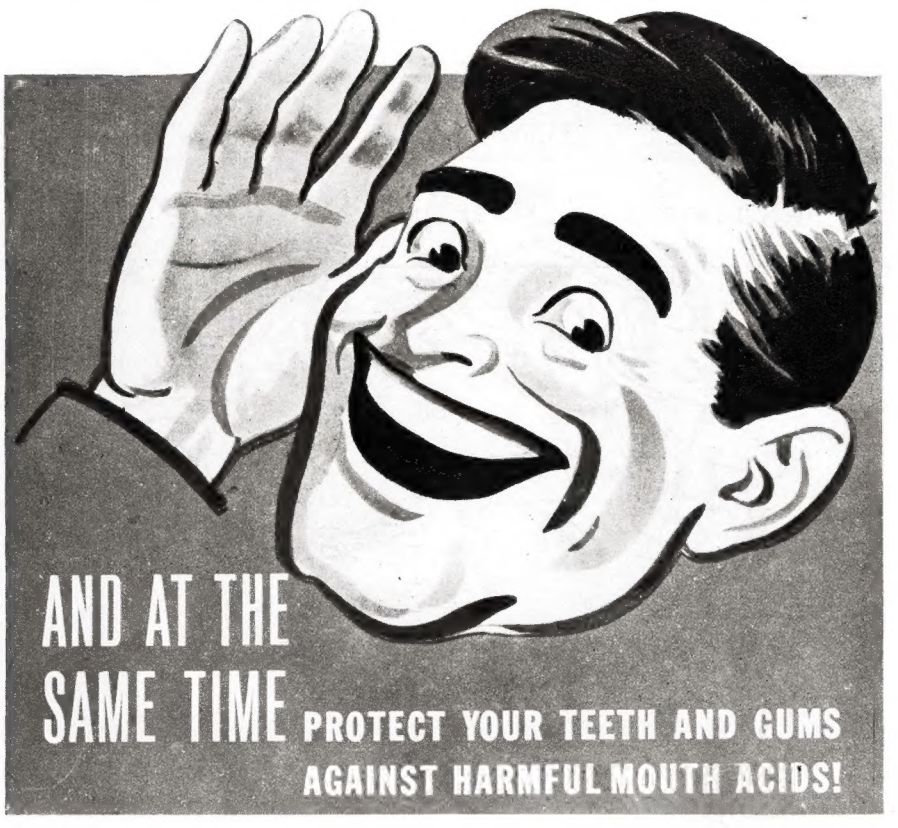
ALERT that smile, pal!



Easy does it mister, and in one simple operation.

Just take your tooth brush in hand, apply either Phillips' Milk of Magnesia Tooth Paste or Tooth Powder, and set to work to the pleasant task of cleaning your teeth to their natural brightness.

As you brush your teeth with either of these Phillips' dentifrices—both containing a high-polishing agent to help remove dingy, dulling surface film—remember, that *at the same time*, you help protect teeth and gums against harmful mouth acids. You see, both Phillips' Tooth Paste and Tooth Powder are made from *Genuine Phillips' Milk of Magnesia*. The milk of magnesia helps combat harmful mouth acids on contact!

Brush your teeth regularly with Phillips' dentifrices. Take your pick—*they both have what it takes*. But be sure you get the genuine Phillips' products in the familiar red and blue packages. On sale at your drugstore or PX.

Dentifrices with the plus action of Phillips' Milk of Magnesia to neutralize mouth acids on contact
PHILLIPS' MILK OF MAGNESIA Tooth Powder
Phillips' MILK OF MAGNESIA Tooth Paste

PHILLIPS' MILK OF MAGNESIA *TOOTHPASTE TOOTHPOWDER*

SOUND OFF (continued)

word has been added on new weapons and tactics to make this book as authoritative and up-to-the-minute as possible.

"Guidebook for Marines" will contain over 800 clear, easy-to-follow illustrations and 384 pages of text, many on subjects not covered before. Copies will be released through your local PX. — Eds.

NOTE FROM DOWN UNDER

Sirs:

Through your columns could I send a word to the boys of the First Marine Division who were stationed in Melbourne in 1943? I did correspond with a number of the boys, but I am afraid they were among the unlucky ones as I have had letters returned.

To the boys of the First Marine Division: There are lots of people, like myself, who wonder how you boys are making out. I enjoyed hearing you tell of your folks, and of all the things you would do when you returned home to the States, and now I often think about you all and would like to hear from any of you who care to write — especially any who visited my place.

Maybe some of you want odd jobs done here and I could be of use to you in that way. Anyway, I would do my best, and promise to try and not mix the Amph. Trac. with the 5th.

We still miss you about the town. Even after so long a time, it causes surprise to be able to get a seat in a cafe or theater. Also, to have a drink placed in front of, instead of all over, a person!

Cood luck to you, and I hope each one of you has had all he wished for come true.

Mrs. Katherine Watson
42 Camp Street
Chelsea, S-15
Victoria, Australia

SO THERE, TOO!

Sirs:

Sometimes I wonder if PFC Homer Baugh, Jr., really knows good poetry when he sees it. Of course, PFC Baugh, you must remember that yours is just one person's opinion. I have been reading *Leatherneck* for 14 months and you are the only one that has complained about the poetry. To me, the Gyrene Gyngles is one of the best features of the magazine.

I would like to compliment Corp. Maurice W. Sullivan on his outstanding poem entitled "They Asked for Bill." It made me think of my boy friend as I was reading it. He was killed on Saipan on the 17th of June, 1945. His name was Bill, too.

"The Valley of Missing Men" was another wonderful poem. Keep up the good work, *Leatherneck*, and publish more poems such as these.

Yes, PFC Baugh, if you appreciate any poetry at all, study the Gyrene Gyngles a little more and I'll assure you, your mind will change. As do all Marines, these poets deserve a lot of credit.

Dorothy A Saunders
Washington, D. C.

TOUGHER CHEVRONS

Sirs:

Chevrons were recently issued to Marines at the Depot of Supplies which were considerably different in size, shape and material from regulation chevrons of a few years or even months ago.

BANKING OPPORTUNITIES *in California*

Numerous career opportunities will be available in Bank of America to young men now in the armed forces.

This is the second largest bank in the Nation, with branches in more than 300 California communities. Because of this, the bank's policy of internal promotion and advancement opportunities are exceptional. Benefits are liberal . . . group life insurance, hospitalization and surgical coverage, sickness payments, and a retirement plan. A profit sharing bonus plan has been in operation for a number of years.

If you come to California after you are discharged, drop in at any branch for a friendly chat, or visit one of our two Personnel Departments, located at 300 Montgomery Street, San Francisco, and at 660 So. Spring Street, Los Angeles.

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IN BEER IT'S TASTE THAT COUNTS

VALLEY FORGE BEER

has the taste worthy of the famous name

ADAM SCHEIDT BREWING CO.
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It's a safe bet that chapped lips never helped a romance.

☆

Use CHAP STICK, the tried and trusted lip balm for those weather-beaten lips—it's the ten to one choice of the Armed Forces. Specially medicated, specially soothing for *cracked, sore—chapped lips.*

KEEPS LIPS FIT

Would you please inform us of the reason for the difference and which are regulation?

Pl. Sgt. Elmer C. Renz
San Francisco, Calif.

● *The new standard summer chevron was adopted for the reason that it would stand up better in present day laundering methods. Both types of chevrons, however, are regulation, and the old type will continue to be issued until present stock is exhausted. — Eds.*

BOAT BASIN BLUES

Sirs:

In our spare time we unassigned men here at the Boat Basin have written a little song which we think expresses well the sentiments of all unassigned men of the Marine Corps. The melody is that of *I Have No Use For The Women.* Here it is:

The Police Call Blues

I'm tired of doing police work;
It shatters my courage and will.
There's only one thing left to do now —
Take off and go over the hill!

Ten weeks have gone by now forever;
My God, how I wish I were dead!
I've swabbed all the decks in creation,
And still have to finish the head!

The Sarge comes around every hour
And hands us a swab and a broom —
He tells us to drag down the area,
Which drowns us in misery and gloom.

My fingers are turning dark amber,
My back aches from cleaning out ruts,
But there's always a "dugan" 'round somewhere
To add to my bucket of butts!

However, there's still one salvation
To help out my poor aching back —
When four rolls around every evening
I'm already crapped out in my sack!

I'm tired of doing police work;
It shatters my courage and will.
There's only one thing left to do now —
Take off and go over the hill!

"The Unassigned"
(12 signatures)
Oceanside, Calif.

WAKE CORPORALS

Sirs:

Just got here after being released from a tour of three years and nine months in China and Japan as a Jap prisoner of war.

First thing they gave us were some back copies of *Leatherneck,* and did we laugh at the letter signed by Corp. D. J. Kohler in the August 15 Sound Off, wondering if he is the senior corporal in the Corps!

I was captured on Wake Island on 23 December 1941, along with about 40 other corporals that make Corp. Kohler look kind of junior. My own warrant is dated 19 September 1940, and Wake Island had lots more of us regulars who made corporal back in late '40 and early '41.

We just happened to be in the wrong place at the wrong time, I guess, so we're all still corporals. Sorry, but Corp. Kohler will simply have to stand aside and

TURN PAGE

60 SECONDS
OVER YOUR FUTURE

60 seconds — that's just how long it will take you to read the pamphlet we've printed telling why that National Service Life Insurance of yours is going to grow more and more valuable to you in the future. Simply return the coupon below and we'll send you this "quickie."

And, speaking of *your* future — would you like an opportunity to qualify for a permanent career in a new division of our company — The New and Unusual Savings Plan Division—a proved service fitting a permanent need in the postwar era? If you are interested, check and return the coupon for more information.

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Life Insurance Company

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Offices from Coast to Coast

Send me pamphlet on National Service Life Insurance ☐
Also send information on a career with Pacific Mutual ☐

Name _____

Address or A. P. O. No. _____

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"The boss smokes Sir Walter Raleigh."

Smokes as sweet as it smells

"... the quality pipe tobacco of America"

UNION MADE

FREE! *24-page illustrated booklet tells how to select and break in a new pipe; rules for pipe cleaning, etc. Write today. Brown & Williamson Tobacco Corporation, Louisville 1, Kentucky.*

Merry Xmas to all... and to all A GOOD LIGHT!

For Better Lighter Service **RONSON-ize!**

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LIGHTER FUEL
FILLER TUBE
5 Extra-length RONSON "REDSKIN" "FLINTS" with the distinctive "REDSKIN" sewing Best for ALL lighters
For Best Service in RONSON WORLD'S GREATEST LIGHTER and other Lighters
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EXTRA-LENGTH
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Still in heavy demand by our Armed Forces, so please be patient.

FOR ALL LIGHTERS
RONSON
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BY RONSON • WORLD'S GREATEST LIGHTER

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To P. X. Officers: Send your orders or write for information to Ronson Art Metal Workers, Inc., Newark 2, N. J.

SOUND OFF (continued)

let some really *senior* corporals claim the title!

Corp. Robert M. Brown
Pacific

CORPSMEN DISCHARGES

Sirs:

I was with the Third Marine Division for 22 months, 20 of which were overseas as a Corpsman.

I'd like to know if there is any rule stating that Corpsmen with FMF duty are eligible for discharge under the Marine Corps demobilization plan?

Incidentally, I am proud to have served with the Corps.

James R. Stratman, PhM2c
Pacific

● *Sorry, but we guess you'll have to string along with the Navy discharge plan. — Eds.*

THE GIRL FROM UCLA

Sirs:

We hear that our old pal, Tokyo Rose, has been captured. Our hearts bleed!

So how about putting your star correspondent on the loose, to get us a historical article with plenty of pix on little Rosey?

Suggest Lieutenant Frank X. Tolbert for the assignment. With his facile typewriter he should be able to give us a striking picture of the honey-voiced gal.

SSgt. Michael Phelan
Pacific

● *Which only goes to prove that great minds run in the same channels. Look a little further in this issue and you'll find the requested article. The author, PFC Leonard Riblett, was a classmate of Tokyo Rose at UCLA in 1940. — Eds.*

WAVE RAVE

Sirs:

Hooray for Robert G. Smith, AMM1c of Ye Olde Navy for "telling it to the Marines" in your October Sound Off.

I, too, am a steady reader of *Leatherneck, Yank, Stars and Stripes,* and *Our Navy* magazines and was once a truly ardent Marine Corps fan. We all know of the wonderfully heroic job the Marines have done in the Pacific, so why must they "sound off" at the drop of a hat about the Marine Corps winning the war single-handed, when we all know that they couldn't do it entirely alone?

I'm afraid, though, that the ones who needed the "reading off" most will shed the comments as a duck sheds water, and go their contented, conceited ways unfazed. Nice try, though, sailor.

Jeanne Loose, Y3c
Cleveland, Ohio

THE TRUTH ABOUT IWO

Sirs:

In the July 8 issue of the *Sunday Journal,* printed in Providence, R. I., there was a full page of pictures showing palm trees, pretty native women, and giving the story of how the Third Marine Division staged a carnival with the help of the natives on Iwo Jima.

We men stationed on Iwo know there are no palm trees, thatched huts or natives, and we naturally have written home emphasizing the absence of these items.

We realize that the newspaper wouldn't purposely misprint the truth. However, the article, as it stands, makes a liar out of every man on Iwo Jima. Our friends

LON CLARK

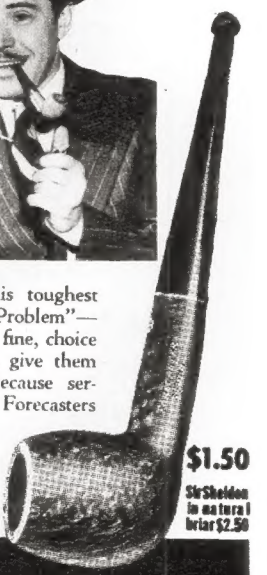
Radio's Super-Sleuth

"NICK CARTER"

gives Forecasters FOR XMAS

"You're sure to please a man with a fine pipe—that's Forecaster for my money."

Lon Clark solved his toughest case—"The Xmas Problem"—with Forecaster. It's a fine, choice pipe that will always give them smoking pleasure. Because servicemen get first call, Forecasters may be limited. Keep asking, once yours—you'll enjoy it for many, many years.



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Sir Sheldon in natural briar $2.50

National Forecaster SUPERB

NATIONAL BRIAR PIPE CO., JERSEY CITY, N. J.

for CHRISTMAS

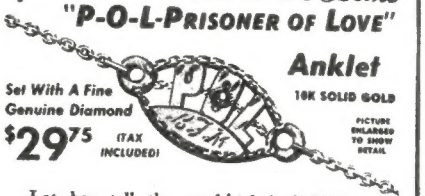
The Diamond Set De Luxe

"P-O-L-PRISONER OF LOVE"

Anklet

Set With A Fine Genuine Diamond

10K SOLID GOLD



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PICTURE ENLARGED TO SHOW DETAIL

Let her tell the world she's YOUR "Prisoner of Love" with this beautiful and richly symbolic new Anklet set with sparkling Genuine Diamond in 10K Yellow Gold.

Available in two styles; with USMC on front and space for your and her initials on reverse side—OR plain polished panel front for her initials, with yours on reverse side.

- At Post Exchanges
- Ship's Service Stores
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"The Key of Honor"

Truly "America's Most Honored Pendant!" Insignia deeply embossed with red hard enameled border. Beautiful dignified (patented) design to be worn with pride by your loved one.

In Sterling Silver $5.95

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Earrings to Match

Insignia finished same as "Key"
Sterling Silver $4.95 per pair
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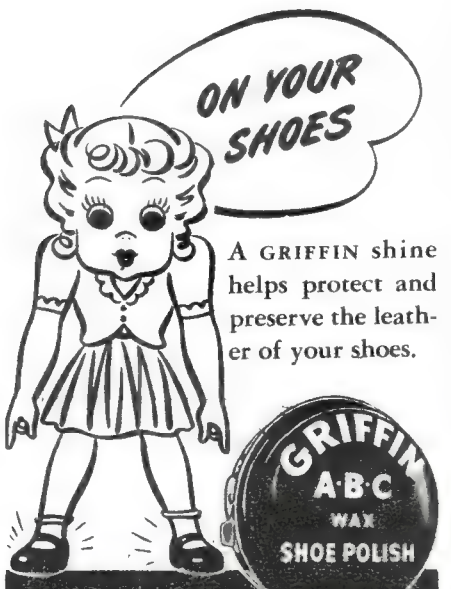
"Where Every Promise Is Kept"

GRIFFIN ABC PASTE POLISH gives a bright, long-lasting shine that re-brushes for days.

Since 1890 GRIFFIN has been the favorite shoe polish of all the Services.



A GRIFFIN shine helps protect and preserve the leather of your shoes.

GRIFFIN

THE GREATEST NAME IN SHOE POLISH

who read that newspaper will be, to say the least, confused.

What can we do to have that newspaper publicly correct their mistake?

C. L. Amerson, RdM3c
and six others
Pacific

● *Iwo was never like this! Are you quite sure you got the straight dope on this story? — Eds.*

SEMPER NEVADA

Sirs:

On page 53 of the September issue you stated that there was no Nevada boy aboard the *USS Nevada*. Being a born Nevadan, I resent that. So here's the proof, a letter from the *Nevada State Journal:*

"Please take my word for it that the story to the effect that there is a Nevada boy on the battleship *Nevada* was published in the Journal.

"It was published a couple of months ago but it would take two hours to find it.

"There was a story carried on the wires earlier that there were no Nevada men on the battleship *Nevada* but that was later refuted.

"Use this letter to convince your friends."

And while I'm about it, why all these write-ups on the Air Groups and not a word about the guys who keep them flying. How about something on the Marine Service Squadrons, particularly the 11th, which is on Peleliu. There's a certain Corporal Robert E. Gehr there.

Miss Jacqueline L. Cox
Herlong, Calif.

● *Sorry, the* Nevada State Journal *doesn't come to us. We got the story as the wires gave it — Eds.*

BOSTON BOUQUET

Sirs:

Now that I am a member of the Ancient and Mystic Order of Gumbeaters, I shall procrastinate no longer in writing to you.

For the past six months I have received copies (slightly worn and wrinkled, and not-so-artistically adorned with fingerprints, but none the worse for wear) of your magazine. With apologies to my buddies in the other branches of the armed forces who have sent me copies of *Yank, Stars and Stripes,* and *Seabee,* I think that *Leatherneck* is by far the best GI publication I have read. All my copies have circulated (under penalty of death if they are not returned) among my friends, who enjoy them as much as I do. It is hard to say which section or article most appeals to us, but Sound Off, the mishaps of Gunther Gherkin, the feature stories, Harshmark, Gismo, and the cartoons are at the top of the list.

Miss Florence Stern
Boston, Mass.

SEAGOING TQM

Sirs:

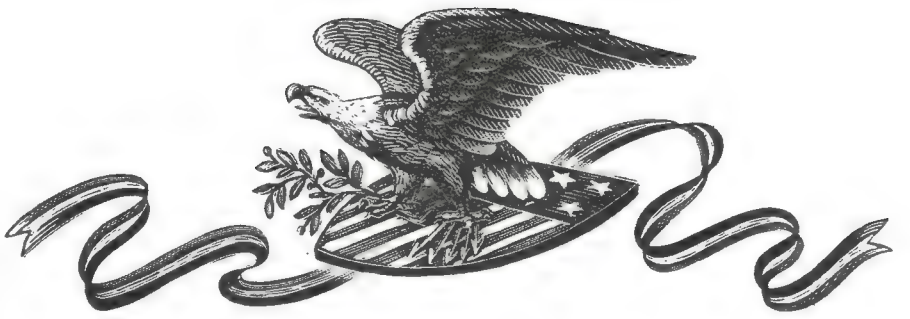
At present I am in the new Marine Corps set-up TQM. This is a seagoing outfit picked from FMF, not sea school.

It seems to be considered as limited service as most of the enlisted fellows seem to have "moo-moo." There is one officer and one enlisted man assigned to each vessel. The enlisted man may attain the rank of platoon sergeant while in this duty.

I would appreciate it if you would write up this small group in Sound Off.

PFC Joe Galatz
USS Presidio

END



Shaving daily irritate your face?

HOW THIS SHAVE CREAM— SPECIALLY MADE FOR DAILY SHAVING— PROTECTS YOUR SKIN

Needs no brush—Not sticky or greasy

TWO SPECIAL PROBLEMS of men in service are the irritation that frequent shaving may have for a tender skin . . . and the nuisance of a wet shaving brush.

Glider, a rich, soothing cream, was developed especially to help solve these problems. Not sticky or greasy, it needs no brush.

Smooth, clean shaves in comfort

To use Glider, just wet your face, if conditions permit. Then smooth on Glider quickly and easily with your fingers—never a brush.

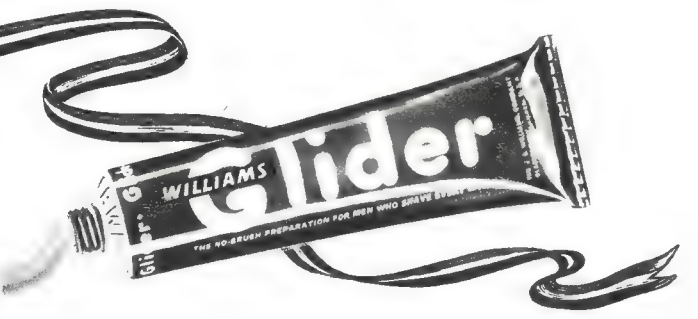
At once, Glider smooths down the flaky top layer of your skin, softens toughest whiskers *completely*. Your razor's sharp edge glides over your face . . . removes each whisker closely and cleanly at the skin line *without scraping or irritation.*

Your face feels smoother

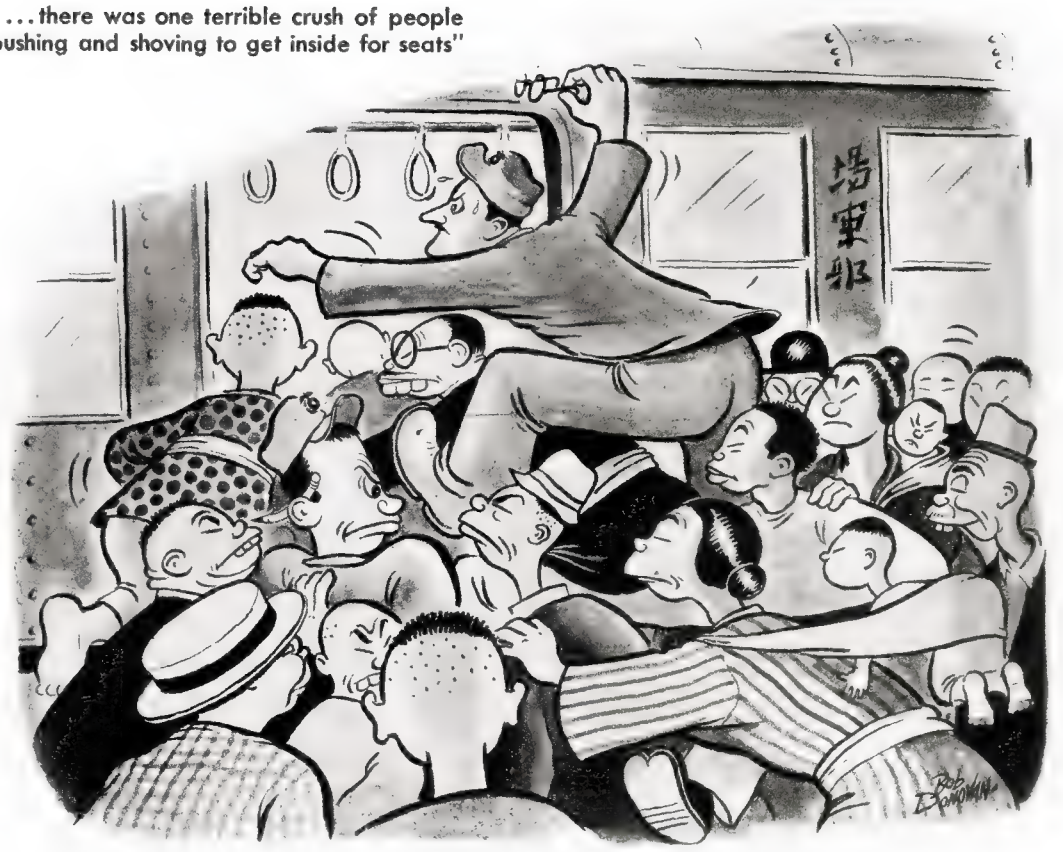
Get Glider today. It saves time and fuss . . . and helps prevent the irritation that often comes from daily shaving. It leaves your face feeling smoother, looking cleaner.

Glider was developed by The J. B. Williams Company, makers of fine shaving preparations for over 100 years. See if it doesn't give you the smoothest shaves you've ever had.

In tubes or jars



"...there was one terrible crush of people pushing and shoving to get inside for seats"



Train To TOKYO

by Sgts. Duane Decker and Joseph Purcell

Leatherneck Staff Correspondents

(Editor's note: This is the second of a series of two articles on Tokyo as it looked in the first few days of the occupation, before the troops moved in to take over. The first one, "D + 1 On Tokyo's Ginza" described a trip to the capital city on D + 1. This describes a second trip, via train, on D + 2.)

* * * *

WE DECIDED to take an elevated train on this second trip into Tokyo as we'd been informed that, since yesterday, road blocks had been thrown across all entrances into the capital city. This was the result of an official order from General MacArthur's headquarters, prohibiting correspondents from entering the city until after the troops moved in — which would not occur for another week. We felt sure we would not be the only correspondents who would still go in, despite the edict.

At 0800 this morning, we walked down the Marine-garrisoned streets of Yokosuka, 35 miles from Tokyo, to the subway station. Here the elevated trains ran to and from our destination. We figured, and rightly so, that there would be no troops to block the elevated's route into the city.

Inside the station, which was crowded with Nip commuters, we discovered that we had to pass through a turnstile, guarded by a ticket-taker. Passengers were supposed to purchase tickets from one of the adjacent windows. We did not have any Japanese money, so we could not be legitimate about the thing. Consequently we walked briskly through the turnstiles without even a glance at the harried ticket-taker. He didn't say anything. He glared, though, as we pushed past him.

We walked on to the platform where clusters of Nips stood waiting for their trains. It looked much like an elevated station in the uptown Bronx. The train which came along was a reasonable facsimile, in size and appearance, of an American subway train. And, just like an American elevated or subway, when the train stopped and the doors opened, there was one terrible crush of people pushing and shoving to get inside for seats. We found ourselves sucked into a heavy tide of Nips, squashed and jostled, flowing inside as helplessly as a cork in a heavy current.

Once inside, we found the seats filled. They were the long, bench-type the length of the train, on opposite sides, just as they are back in Manhattan. We grabbed straps and hung from them. The train careened toward Tokyo — and "careen" describes it just about exactly.

This was obviously a local train. It stopped at every little hamlet we passed through — and we passed through a new one every few miles. The train was continuously discharging and picking up passengers, all of whom looked poor, skinny and unkempt. That is, almost all. We didn't see a dozen prosperous looking Nips enroute to Tokyo. There was no special expression on the faces we looked at. You rarely could read anything into them at all. Inscrutable really is the only word for the Nips.

Soon we passed through devastated Yokohama — slightly more than halfway to Tokyo from Yokosuka. At Yokohama a couple Japs sitting in front of us got up, preparing to leave. We stood ready to take these seats, but as they moved away, two Nip kids of 17 or 18 shot quickly into them. They sat down firmly and did not glance at us. It was impossible to tell if this had been a routine subway grab or whether they had deliberately tried to put us in our place.

MOST of the women were dressed in slacks. The slacks weren't flattering for nearly all Jap women are built short and stocky, with only a slight hint of a waist. The ones in kimonos and dresses seemed to have no waist at all. Rarely was one of them sufficiently good-looking to rate a second look.

The majority of the men were in the uniform of the Army or the Home Guard, or else they wore clothes which looked vaguely military. Very few wore regular business suits with shirts and ties. No one had his clothes pressed. Most men seemed to need shaves. Not many more than half had shoes — the rest wore wooden slippers, generally with two small crossbars on the soles which gave them an extra inch or two of height and caused quite a clatter when they walked. Some walked barefooted.

We lighted cigarets and immediately all the Nips around us looked greedily at the cigarets in our mouths and the smoke curling from them. We saw only two Nips light cigarets on the entire ride. We'd previously been told that their rationing allowed them only five a day. The only one we'd seen had been tobacco wrapped in old newsprint.

Finally we roared into the downtown Tokyo station. We let ourselves flow out with the mob, then walked down the ramp and into the heart of the terminal. It was a beatup sight. The incendiaries had gutted it thoroughly.

Outside, in the bright sunshine of downtown Tokyo, we turned left and headed up the street until we hit one with a moat running alongside of it. This, we knew from our jeep ride the day before, led past the Imperial Palace grounds. Beyond it, we remembered fairly well, was the Imperial Hotel, our first destination.

The Imperial Hotel turned out to be quite a surprise to us. We'd somehow expected, from its name and its international reputation, to find a towering building. Actually it looked no more than two stories high, but it sprawled out for a great distance. A curving driveway led to the lobby entrance. Inside the horseshoe-shaped drive was a large pond almost entirely covered with lilies.

We entered the lobby and immediately felt the impact of an atmosphere which fitted the hotel's name. It had the rich, formal austerity of a palace. It was a mass of marble, brick and cement, tastefully furnished. A balcony ran around the side. There was much iron grillwork. Voices were low. The joint practically reeked with good breeding.

Once more we were greeted by curious stares. There was a mere handful of people in the lobby. There were bellhops but these were young Japanese girls, about the best-looking we had seen so far. They seemed to glide about, purposefully but inobtrusively. We walked over to the desk. The head man on this detail was well-dressed, unctious and a speaker of fluent, barely-accented English.

"May I be of assistance to you gentlemen?" he asked.

"We are correspondents," we told him. "We would like some information — and to engage a room for the night."

He smiled pleasantly but shook his head.

"I can give you information — but Tokyo has been declared out of bounds by the American commander-in-chief of the area. We are not at liberty, under strict military rule, to supply quarters to American correspondents. I am very sorry."

We did not fully believe him, but we did not intend to create an international incident at a moment when, as far as we knew, the current muster of Tokyo was roughly six million Nips and two Marines.

"Where," we inquired, "could we exchange some American money for some Japanese money?"

He gave us a professionally-regretful look.

"The ratio of exchange has not yet been set," he said. "It is doubtful if you can change your money until things become more settled."

"We understand it will be about 15 yen to the American dollar," we said. "Would you be willing to change a small amount for us at that rate?"

He drew a billfold from his pocket.

"I am not at liberty to do so with the hotel's money but I will spare you 75 yen of my own money."

We thanked him and said we appreciated it greatly — these Nips get you in the mood of talking such a formally polite conversation that it's enough to make you start making noises like a butler. We

gave him a fin and he gave us the 75 Japanese fish. Then we asked him where we ought to go shopping with it. That professionally-regretful look came back into his eyes.

"As you may imagine," he said, "most of our stores are destroyed and our stocks are very low. Anything worthwhile, the Japanese curio shops for instance, are destroyed or out of business. However, department stores, partially demolished by incendiaries are still doing business — "

We asked him to write down in Japanese the name of the store with a request for directions to it. He did that and, following his directions, we left the hotel and turned right. We were on our way to the Ginza, to a department store called *Matuya's*.

There were not many automobiles on the streets. Most of those in evidence were American — Fords, Chevvies, Plymouths, Pontiacs and a Packard now and then. The tiny Nip cars with the right-hand drive looked like elaborate toys scooting about.

Busses and trolleys were running, although along the sides of the streets there were many that had been pushed to one side, completely burned out. Every now and then we'd hail a passing Nip, hold our sheet of paper before his nose and wait for the reaction. He'd begin to point and we'd follow the direction he outlined. After checking up with four Nips on different occasions we finally reached the *Matuya* establishment.

It was a big building, eight or 10 stories high. But only the two bottom stories were still functioning. The top eight had been put out of commission by incendiaries.

We went through the main entrance and the first counter to meet our eyes was one with showcases containing a limited number of women's things — vanity cases, cigaret cases, jewelry and such.

The girl behind the counter suddenly looked as though she'd swallowed a goldfish. She glanced away quickly when we looked at her. We stared into the showcases. Finally we spotted a couple of cigaret cases marked 35 yen each. That was in our price bracket so we pointed at them, held two fingers in the air and put 70 yen on the counter. The girl got the scoop.

She picked out the two cases, wrapped them in some fancy paper, gathered up our yen and gave us our purchase with a very formal bow. When we turned around we discovered that 20 or 30 Nips were clustered around, staring curiously at the proceedings. They broke the ring that surrounded us and we walked out into the Ginza.

WE MADE our way back to the hotel and discussed the possibility of obtaining some more Japanese currency from the *Domei News Agency*. We asked our friend on the desk detail about it. He said we'd find the place right down the street, no more than a three-minute walk.

We went down the street and found *Domei* with no trouble. It was a large, square, rusty-colored building set back from the street and surrounded by walls. It looked more like a hotel than the Imperial did. We approached the first Nip we saw and asked him if he spoke English.

Evidently he didn't. He waved his hands, wildly motioning us to follow him inside the building. We did. He led us up two flights of stairs into a private office where a Nip of about 35, dressed in a neat business suit, arose immediately and approached us. He smiled as though pleased to see us.

"We are correspondents," we said. We told him our names and what we wanted.

"The exchange can't be made," he said, "because ratio has not yet been set. However, we think it will be 15 to one and if you wish, we will gladly advance you enough to tide you over."

"How much can you advance us?" we asked.

"Up to 500 yen each."

"Then we'll both take 500."

He dashed into the next office. He came back with a fistful of the green stuff. He counted out four 100-yen notes for each of us and added a multitude of smaller denomination bills. We obligingly signed a piece of paper for this windfall, thanked him profusely and walked out, 1000 yen richer. Eighty bucks worth of souvenirs, it represented.

We went back to the department store on the double. We wandered from counter to counter, buying anything that looked interesting and yet small enough to fit into our packs, which we'd left back at the hotel. We bought vanity cases, fancy women's belt buckles, cigaret cases and boxes, small Nip statuettes. There was no great variety but we were not in a mood to be choosy. We wanted to spend 1000 yen fast. It took about 20 minutes.

Everywhere we stopped for purchases, Nips crowded around to watch and stare. We couldn't have picked up a bigger following if we'd been Bing Crosby and Cary Grant. By the time we left the store, we'd stopped feeling self-conscious about being stared at.

Back at the Imperial Hotel, we inquired for the dining room and then headed toward it. On the way, a small, thin Nip stepped up and handed us a large white envelope.

"This," he said, "is a small paper which I publish. This copy is in English. I would be pleased if you read it."

We thanked him and walked inside the dining room taking it with us. We were early and the place was still deserted. A waiter led us to a table as soon as we entered. Here we saw the first non-Nips since leaving Yokosuka — two correspondents, one British and one Australian. At this point it was a pleasure just to look at a face which wasn't Japanese.

The dining room was tastefully furnished, the tables had good linen and silverware, the waiters acted brisk and efficient. No menu was offered. The waiter placed some dark bread on the table with a small patty of butter.

While waiting for the food, we looked over the paper which had been given to us. It was mimeographed on a very poor grade of pulp stock and was smudged all over. At the top of the first page there was a series of two lines in Japanese and below that, in English, it read:

Okuyama Service. Publisher & Editor: Seihei Okuyam.

Matsumura Bldg. Telephone Ginza (57) 7983.

The first page began with a strong editorial plea for a guarantee of continued *haikyu*, or rationing. It said in part:

The Japanese fighting service and the Japanese public offices engaged in black market dealing half in public, and the people did the same secretly, and thus the national morale's collapse was promoted. This became one of the powerful factors leading to the defeat in the war.

Further adventures of the *Leatherneck* writing duo in Japan's capital

Then the paper went on to enlarge upon this theme. According to *Okuyama*, the black market had really licked Japan. Not the atomic bomb. Not the added weight of Russia's entrance. Not the destruction of the Jap Navy and airforce. Not the loss of Pacific islands. Black marketing had done it.

Okuyama led up to the point that this crime could be laid at the door of the public officers who profited by it. The paper offered a simple solution: Let the masses control the distribution rather than the small group of public officials. It sounded as though freedom of speech already had landed with a bang in Tokyo.

At this point in our reading, the waiter appeared with two bowls of green soup which was hot but had the flavor as well as the color of cooked grass. What it was we'll never know.

Course No. 2 consisted of a plate with a scoop of rice which had a few beans mixed in it, about four or five small slices of meat and the same number of something that resembled green peppers. This was covered with a sourish gravy. We started to eat the rice, with effort, until we discovered a small dead worm in it.

A demi-tasse size cup of hot, weak tea completed the meal. And this was probably one of the top-bracket dining places of Tokyo. We left, wondering what a Nip got who bought his lunch in a one-armed joint. There was no charge — we were merely asked to sign a slip of paper with our names and the word "correspondent." It's certainly a magic word in Japan.

After that we wandered around the streets. The extent of the destruction which had been wrought in Tokyo by the bombers was outwardly deceptive. Around the Imperial Palace area, practically nothing had been touched. As you moved away from there, the damage grew increasingly great. But even where it was heavy, you did not realize it was heavy until you actually walked through. Because a great percentage of the damage had been the result of incendiaries and from a distance what appeared to be whole blocks of untouched stuff was really burned out — mere shells remained.

During this walk, a well-dressed Nip walked up to us, smiled pleasantly and said in English:

"Are you correspondents?"

We nodded.

"I am from *Domei News Agency*," he said.

We introduced ourselves. He waved toward the destruction on all sides of it.

"Did you expect Tokyo to be this badly hit?"

"Yes," we said, "but still when you really see it, it's a shock."

HE NODDED. "Your bombers were thorough," he said. There was no inflection in his tone — no sarcasm, no anger, no nothing.

"Was the news of the surrender," we asked, "really such a stunning surprise to the Japanese people?"

"It was a terrible shock to them," he said. "They did not have any idea we were beaten."

"Not even with all this bombing?"

"They thought Americans were taking a great deal of that, too."

"Do you, personally, think the atomic bomb was what finally forced the surrender? That it beat Japan?"

He shrugged and glanced away. "It was a factor," he said. "An important factor delivered at an important psychological moment. But, of course — " he looked at us now and his voice registered bitterness. "But, of course, the atomic bomb is not war. It is cruel. It is inhuman. It is not war."

"Suppose," we said, "that Japan had perfected it. Would Japan have used it?"

He did not reply at once.

"Even if she saw she could win fast with it?" we added, quickly.

He shrugged, finally. "Maybe," he said. "Maybe."

"Was the surrender a shock to you as a newspaperman?"

"No. All informed people here knew that we had lost the war a year ago."

"Did any particular battle convince you of that?"

"It had nothing to do with the loss of a battle," he said. "It was merely that a year ago we could see how hopelessly we were being outdistanced in production. Your production made our defeat by then a certainty."

He started to edge away.

"One final question," we asked. "Did the Japanese people become aware of the United States Marine Corps as a separate military unit? Or was the United States Army, Navy and Marine Corps all the same to them?"

"No, no," he said, quickly. "They knew a great deal about the Marines. They considered them more savage than others. They considered them to be savage in every way."

"How did they get that idea?"

He gave a final shrug before leaving. "They were aware that Marines seldom took Japanese prisoners alive, for one thing," he said. He waved, smiled and was gone.

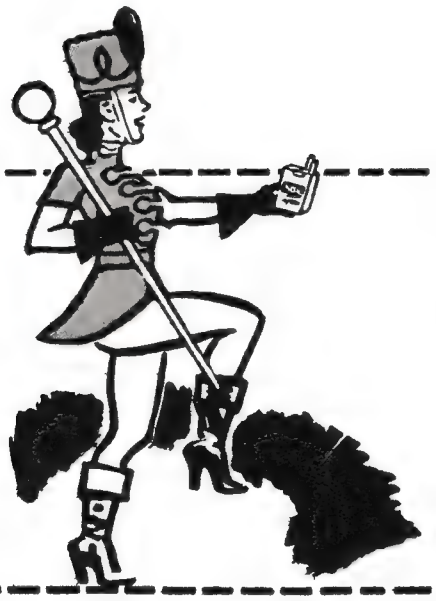
It was getting late. We headed back to the Imperial Hotel and picked up our packs which we'd checked there. Then we headed toward the railroad station.

The platform was jammed again. We found ourselves standing once more when the train pulled out for Yokosuka. In one of the seats near us, a young Japanese woman knitted a sweater. Beside her a man, peering over spectacles, read the evening newspaper. A small boy, huddled beside his mother, was reading a brightly-colored comic book in which the main character seemed to be a small jolly Japanese boy on a palm-studded Pacific island. In the rear, tired-looking Japanese soldiers — a half dozen or so — stared vacantly out the windows, their heavy packs thrown in a heap in the corner.

The train careened again. And after 35 miles of desolated Jap towns and cities we finally stepped out at Yokosuka feeling very much like commuters — hot and tired and hungry after a heavy day of shopping in the big city. **END**

Last time you caught a cold...

("I've hit a new low," you moaned)



Someone marched out and bought you a pack of KOOLS

If you liked KOOLS to beat the band <u>then</u> *(even when your throat was raw)*

Why not follow the leader and smoke 'em <u>all</u> <u>the</u> <u>time</u>?

Join the parade!

Switch from "Hots" to KOOLS *-for good!*

MASTER MENUS

WHEN Second Lieutenant Catherine K. Hogan, USMCWR, prepares a meal, she really prepares one. A recent, typical month involved the following amount of food: beef, 3,640,000 pounds; pork loin, 828,750 pounds; chicken, 568,750; butter, 682,500 pounds; white potatoes, 5,859,750 pounds; coffee, 711,750 pounds; bread, 2,067,000 loaves; fresh milk, 2,437,500 quarts; eggs, 1,265,322 dozen; watermelon, 1,300,000 pounds; ice cream, 137,321 gallons.

But although the ingredients for the lieutenant's menus reach almost astronomical heights, she has one consolation: she never has to worry about her food spoiling. All her work is on paper.

Lieut. Hogan is with the Marine Corps Mess Management Division which directs the feeding of all Marines stationed in this country. Keeping one eye on available food supplies and the other on the vitamin charts, she draws up menu suggestions which go out to the mess sergeants.

Now the mess sergeants are not required to follow the menus. But since each menu includes tabulations of the quantities of food required for each meal per 100 men, it saves them a lot of arithmetic.

Mess sergeants also know that the menus represent the best allotment of food energy on the basis of supplies available. And they know that because Mess Management is in constant touch with the research of the nation's leading laboratories they are getting the most scientifically-balanced meals possible. That saves the messmen a lot of research — and a lot of food.

The mess sergeants at Camp Lejeune, for example, know that Mess Management's food conservation program there reduced food waste so sharply that a nearby farmer had to move 20,000 of his pigs. He wasn't getting enough garbage to feed them any longer.

If all these reasons aren't enough, the Mess Management Division employs what its boss, Lieutenant Colonel Alvin S. Sanders, calls "enticements."

Among such are covers for each month's master menu, which feature full-page drawings. A recent one, for instance, shows a curvy goddess, dressed in a filmy gown, handing a goggle-eyed Marine sergeant a heavy bunch of ripe grapes. Another showed a Marine and his bride at the altar, the bride aghast, the Leatherneck grinning happily, as the pastor reads, not from a Bible, but from a master menu.

"The idea," Lieut. Hogan explains, "is to get the mess sergeants to read the menus."

Like any housewife, Lieut. Hogan has her headaches on occasions.

On March 28, for example, came sudden word of an emergency. A shortage of meat would cut Marine supplies 20 per cent starting April 1. Overnight the two women had to whip out bulletins to all the mess sergeants, telling how much meat had to be saved by each one, and where to make the economies.

Moreover, as in most other Marine endeavors, the job has its hazards.

Lieut. Hogan tells of the time when she was tasting new beef-stew recipes. In the kitchen of Henderson Hall, a Marine Reserve barracks across the street from her small office in Washington, she tried the concoction in various forms — as a soup, meat pie and vegetable stew. For three hours she tasted it at short intervals, making mental notes on the changing flavors. Then came time to knock off for lunch.

When she reached the head of the cafeteria line, the first dish to greet her stew-glazed eyes was beef stew.

The Marine Corps was on the ball when it selected her for the job. A native of Hartford, Conn., she majored in Home Economics at St. Joseph's College in West Hartford.

Lieut. Hogan married a man who outranks her, Captain John K. Hogan. He shoved off for overseas a few days after they were married and she never had a chance to cook for him.

She says frankly she's a little scared to begin.

For one thing she's used to northern style cooking and he hails from the south, where hominy grit and corn fritters are the culinary motif.

But more than that she is worried about the fact that she's used to planning a meal for thousands — not just one man.

She says she may — at least for the first few meals — invite his whole company to dinner with them.

SGT. EUGENE A. COOK
Leatherneck Staff Correspondent

EX-SERVICEMEN WITH SALES ABILITY CAN ENJOY A PROFITABLE CAREER IN LIFE INSURANCE SELLING. TO GET YOU STARTED WE'LL PAY A SALARY FOR THE FIRST 2 YEARS. FREE TRAINING AND LIBERAL LIFETIME COMPENSATION PLAN PROMISE SECURITY IN THE COMMUNITY YOU LIKE. MANY OF OUR MEN EARN $4000–$9000 A YEAR AND MORE. PLAN A TALK WITH ONE OF OUR MANAGERS WHEN YOU GET BACK HOME. MEANWHILE, TRY OUR APTITUDE TEST, MAILED ON REQUEST.

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OH, BROTHER! LIFEBUOY SURE GETS MY VOTE. IT SOFTENS TOUGH WHISKERS SO THEY COME OFF CLEAN AND CLOSE, AND IT'S SOOTHING TO TENDER SKIN
YES, SIR! EVEN WITH COLD WATER OR A USED BLADE IT REALLY DOES A JOB... I'M ALL THROUGH WITH QUICK-DRYING LATHERS. IT'S LIFEBUOY FOR ME!
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A NICKEL NEVER BOUGHT A BETTER CANDY BAR!

Gyrene Gynges

LOVE IN NEW YORK

Come live with me and be my love
And we shall all the pleasures prove
That city life, prodigiously,
Presents to all, and mostly free.

Watch men and women debonair,
Cavorting gaily 'round Times Square,
And now and then cut sinful capers
Which read so well in tabloid papers.

Observe wide-eyed, the Automats
Feed "hoi-polloi" and higher-hats,
And marvel how in harried haste
They gulp blue-plates devoid of taste.

Supernally, we'll mark the rude
And jostling, noisy multitude
That vanishes within the maze
That some call hell, and some — subways.

And this we'll view and much, much more,
A thousand sights, a thousand score.
If these delights fill thee with glee,
Then come and live — but not with me!

— PFC A. B GREENBERG
Pacific

DERELICT IN PACIFIC

Two years dead,
But half buried in her sea grave
She lies silently in the moonlight,
Rusted, battered, twisted
Skeleton of a ship with gaping holes staring jaggedly.
Sea water
And the lime of human bones
Heave restlessly through her innards
Where once, deep in those walls,
Gears and wheels churned and sang
With rhythmic life.
Draped in a soft shroud of moonlight
She lies quietly
In a ghostly moonlight shroud
As befits an unburied ghost.
Her prow rises large and black
From the shallow shoreline grave
Looming black, rust-red, in the moonlight.
And her guns
Now cold
Point helplessly at the sky
Rusted tight and sighted on a star
Black silhouettes in the moonlight.
The running tide
And softly lapping waves
And the breeze
Breathing over the shifting sea
Within the battered shell
Without end
Waiting for the corpse to be buried.
Pause, War.
Give one moment of armistice
That a ship might be buried.
But there is no time in war
To bury a ship.
Men we bury — sometimes,
But a ship must seek her own grave
And bury herself.
Yet
It was men who ran her here
High on the shore,
Men who feared a sea grave
And sought the land to die.
In her cremation
She was their funeral pyre.
And they left her on the shore
Half buried
Half naked
Battered and mauled and obscene in death.
Yet beautifully ugly
Pathetically grand
Pointing her blasted prow
Agonizingly toward heaven.
And few men found the land to die.
Three thousand of them
Died on her blazing decks
On the water
Within reach of land.
They died like men
With screams on their lips and terror in their hearts.
She died like a ship
Pounding and churning and fighting the sea
Her friend and her enemy—
Roaring with flame and black smoke
Bellowing defiance
Gulping huge drafts of sea
In through shell holes that pierced her side.
Her hot guns steaming with salt spray
She shoved her prow skyward
Grinding on the coral
And settled slowly down
To a grave not sufficient to receive her.
For her, then,
The war is over.
And with war, life also.
No more would she ride the sea
And cut the waves with her prow
Flinging spray over the men that rode her decks.
No more spit flame and lead
From her guns
Answering scream for scream
Planes that dived on her
Screaming from the sky.
No more maneuver and close
With smoothly humming motors
Roaring destruction at enemy ships.
Nothing now
But to lie half buried on the shore's edge
With moonlight shrouding her in the night
And the black waters running through her twisted hull
And mixing with the lime of human bones there.
Through all the seasons of the years to lie
Half naked in an insufficient grave
Under equatorial suns
And torrential tropical rains
With a sea not always quiet
But sometimes pounding and furious
And the days sometimes mad with elements
And the nights sometimes wild
And moonless.

— SGT. GEORGE R. VOIGT
USMC Combat Correspondent

LAMENT

On the day before the landing
'Neath far off Asia's sky
An old Marine Corps pilot
Was wishing he could fly.

But a ship deck was his fighter
And the radar boys his crew
His high-pitched screaming prop
Was just the old tub's screw.

For he'd be a ground commander
While the kids went out and fought
And he cursed his filthy dirty luck
And this is what he thought:

Oh, give me back just ten short years
Or better still the grade
Of a Major or a Captain
That's the job for which I'm made.

I hate these God Damn Eagles
If they were Stars, I'd hate the same
Just gimme back a fighter
And let me in the game.

For I've been pushing throttles
Since the other war in France
When we had no chutes or rubber boats
To dangle 'neath our pants.

And I've never eased up flying
Though it's almost thirty years
Since I first soloed a "Jenny"
And I've outlived all my fears.

Last week in Pearl I took a "U"
And really made it talk.
Does that sound like an old fool
Who on the ground must walk?

Oh, God, give me a Corsair
Or better still a "Seven"
And I promise you that I will send
Ten Japs right down to Heaven.

And if the eleventh one should get me
I wouldn't give a hoot
If you shook your head and signaled,
"Come on, turn in your suit."

For I'd end up like I started
And I wouldn't have to stay
Sitting on a transport deck
When the team goes out to play.

— ANONYMOUS

Recruits for RECONVERSION

by Sgt. Richard C. Looman
Leatherneck Staff Correspondent

Photos by Sgt. Stanley Tretick
Leatherneck Staff Photographer

ALL right, I've fought the war. But my $300 mustering out pay will just about fit me out in civilian clothes and buy a few beers. What I want to know is this: When I turn in this green suit will there be a job for me?

By the time many Marines get home from the Pacific they will be able to ask that question in Samoan, Chamorro and several dialects of Japanese. But no matter how you ask it—it is still the same question.

To sample America's industrial opinion *Leatherneck Magazine* turned to the rubber industry. The answer we got there was more optimistic than the belief of those who, when the war was young, said:

"This is a Navy war. We'll win it without ever fighting a land battle."

The veteran is the cream of the crop, we want him back, say America's Industrialists

TURN PAGE

Even by stretching a bit this warehouse clerk can't reach the top of this stack of tires in a Goodrich warehouse. These are the first passenger tires off the line. Millions more are needed

Once again Walter Johnson, 31, is building tires, a job he had held for 13 years before enlisting in the Marine Corps in June, 1943. Johnson served with the 9th Marine Air Wing Service Squadron

But, unlike the crystal-gazing war experts, the executives of one of the nation's largest tire and rubber products manufacturing concerns — the B. F. Goodrich Company — had some facts and figures with which to back up their arguments. This is what they had to say.

John Lyon Collyer, president:

"Goodrich is looking forward to using more than 30 per cent more men and women in 1946 than it did in 1940."

James J. Newman, vice-president:

"The greatest period of prosperity that the country has ever known will follow the reconversion period. It will be terrific!"

Dr. Howard E. Fritz, director of research:

"Through research, thousands of new job opportunities are being opened up for the returning serviceman who is alert and willing to work."

E. P. Weckesser, administrator of veteran employment:

"The veteran is the cream of the crop. He is the backbone of the industry — and we want him back."

Take these statements, add them all together, shake well, and you have the answer to the job question in the rubber industry. An unequivocal "Yes."

Prospects for the future in this industry are brighter, perhaps, than those for industry as a whole because only a slight problem of reconversion exists and the demand for new tires for America's 30 million automobiles is one of the biggest market backlogs resulting from the war. The principal task of the rubber industry during four years of war was to provide tires to cushion the landings of airplanes, and to keep the jeeps and bulldozers rolling. Goodrich plants today are still turning out tires — but in sizes to fit the automobiles that came out of garages when gasoline rationing was lifted and those rolling off the production lines.

Visualize, if you can, 70 million passenger car tires being produced in a single year. That is the goal of the tire manufacturers — 20 million above the peak reached in lush, pre-war 1940.

The industry already has the plant capacity to handle the job of catching up with the tire market as the result of wartime expansion. Even so, the job cannot be done overnight and it may be the end of 1946 before motorists will be able to purchase just the tire they want at the exact time it is wanted.

To produce the 66 million tires set as the goal for 1946, the industry will have to find the answer to its manpower problem, a problem complicated by the return to the pre-war work week which requires more employees to do the same job. This is where the veteran comes in. Those who were employed in the rubber industry before entering service will be welcomed back and those with no pre-war experience in the industry will have the opportunity of learning one of the many phases of tire production.

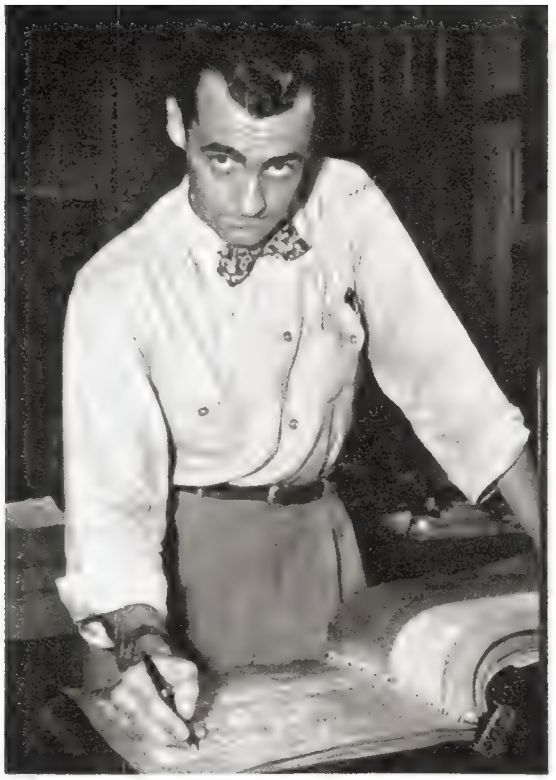
BUT there will be still other jobs. Until rubber plantations of the Far East are reestablished fully, synthetic rubber must be produced in volume. Estimates for 1946 tire production call for the use of 900,000 tons of rubber, of which 800,000 tons will be synthetic.

Then there is another side of the rubber industry that means continued employment. Belting and hose and thousands of other products must be supplied for the use of all of industry in its reconversion effort. Rubber is as vital to industry today as it was to the war effort. It is used in insulating against vibration and noise and performing hundreds of other services which put new efficiency into manufacturing operations.

Aside from tires, the industry must catch up on sundry rubber products. Rubber boots and overshoes that have served for three winters are tattered; rubber flooring and parts of all kinds for home appliances need replacement, surgical and medical supplies are at low ebb.

But, even if jobs are plentiful when the Marine Corps hands you the discharge you've been fighting for, don't expect to come home and fall into a big money job. Coming from Goodrich Vice President Newman that advice is sound.

Mr. Newman points out that there is nothing changed about business and industry. The aim of business is still to make money for owners and investors. To be successful as an employee, the serviceman must contribute toward the goal of his employer. Mr. Newman advises the returning serviceman to approach his employment problem with the idea of selling himself to an employer — not merely of applying for a job. "Then help your prospective employer find the right job for you," he advises. "Willingness to work is important, but the



Another veteran is Derwood Hunt, who keeps the tires rolling as a scheduler for Goodrich

Corporal Clair Martell, who is waiting for a discharge, heads for the employment office to see about getting his old job back. Martell, who married an Australian girl, was in the First Division

hardest man to place is the one who says he is willing to work at any job. If it is at all possible, the veteran should decide immediately what he hopes to do and then go about preparing himself for his job or career."

Month upon month we have heard advice from "veteran experts" to the effect that industrial America will meet its veterans half way — and that the rest is up to them. We wondered what meeting the veteran half way meant until we got to the B. F. Goodrich general offices in Akron, Ohio. Then we found out.

John R. Hickman, supervisor of office training, was explaining the part his office plays in helping the veteran readjust himself to his civilian occupation when he noticed that Claude M. Frederick, the Goodrich employment manager, was free for a moment. Mr. Hickman asked him to explain the process of rehiring veterans.

Mr. Frederick, whose face is almost always creased with a smile, had just started. "In the first place," he said, "we treat every veteran as an individual. They have had enough of this regimentation business. . . . "

He turned as his eye caught the flash of a brown uniform. A soldier was entering the waiting room. Interrupting himself, Mr. Frederick asked, "May I be excused and continue this later? A serviceman just came in — and I would hate to keep him waiting."

Then he turned and strode across the room to greet the soldier with a handshake that spoke the truth in his words, "We're glad to see you back."

But the program of reemploying veterans at Goodrich goes farther than a welcoming handshake at the door. An hour later we spoke to Mr. Frederick again and heard about the soldier. He had been a Goodrich office worker when he entered the Army three years ago. During his tour of duty in the European Theater of Operations he had become a sergeant. Now he was being discharged on points and wanted to know about his old job.

Talking to the sergeant Mr. Frederick discovered that the man had new qualities of leadership that were not there when he left Goodrich. During his three years in service, special assignments had broadened his business experience, and Goodrich wanted to take advantage of that fact. He got his old job back — but at a higher rate of pay and with increased responsibilities.

The B. F. Goodrich Company, typical of big industrial concerns, had been looking forward to and anticipating the return of its more than 12,000 veterans for many months. Within the company's veteran policy and program is the meaning of "meeting the veteran half way." It does not mean simply complying with provisions of the Selective Service Act, for at Goodrich they are continually striving to extend far beyond the letter of the law.

Tires, 70 million a year — industry's quota — mean jobs for ex-servicemen

Under Selective Service you are entitled to your old job back within 90 days of discharge if you are qualified to fill the position. Goodrich takes into consideration the fact that some men may not be ready to go back to work in three months and that they may wish to take advantage of educational opportunities. Unless a former Goodrich employee takes other permanent employment, he is allowed one full year to make application for his old job.

The Selective Service Act prohibits discharge of veterans without cause for a period of one year. At Goodrich, the job remains that of the returned serviceman as long as it exists and the veteran properly discharges his duties.

Declaring the company's policy at a board of directors meeting, executives would put it like this:

"It is the earnest desire of the company to fulfill its legal and moral obligation to former B. F. Goodrich employees returning from the services and to assist them in complete readjustment to civilian and industrial life. We hope to be able to recognize and utilize special training and skills and the maturity and leadership which many of these men have acquired in the course of military training and service. It is important to the future of our company that this group of returning B. F. Goodrich veterans find full opportunity and expression for their energies, ambitions and abilities."

In carrying out this policy, Goodrich "lets the chips fall where they may" in the matter of discharging civilians who have been filling in on the jobs of men in service. First consideration for jobs

Home on furlough is Sergeant Charles Rennie, who is checking on his chances with John R. Hickman, supervisor of office training. Goodrich gives the veteran his old job or, if possible, a better one

TURN PAGE

Sergeant Rennie, who has been assured he will have his former post when he leaves the service, talks it over with Robert A. Walker, a former co-worker in the machine development department

Wilford Fairhurst is one of many wounded veterans employed by Goodrich. Fairhurst, who has a medical discharge, was wounded while fighting on Saipan. Now he's a final belt inspector

goes to veterans who are former Goodrich employees, but next in line for available jobs are any servicemen whether factory worker or white collar man.

If you are a newcomer applying for employment at the Goodrich Company an interviewer will want to ask some questions, but it will be nothing compared to the flood of forms you encountered joining the Marine Corps. The interviewer will ask how long you were in service, how long you were overseas, about any decorations you may have received, training courses you may have taken, any special assignments you received, the highest rank you attained, your education and the type of work you did before entering the service. It is all part of the company's program to place you in the job for which you are best suited and in which you will be most happy. The information you supply the interviewer will be used to match up your experience with the job available.

Perhaps in hurrying through discharge procedure the serviceman missed his instruction on veteran benefits. If so, the company takes time out to explain the GI Bill of Rights, provisions of the Selective Service Act and the entire Goodrich policy as it affects veterans. In eyes of company officials, this is good business. Any benefits of which a veteran can avail himself, which enlarge his capabilities, make him a better and happier employee.

If a job is decided upon which satisfies the veteran and the company, he is hurried off to the medical department for a pre-work physical examination. All new Goodrich employees must meet the company's physical standard to obtain employment — except the disabled veteran.

Mr. Weckesser, the veteran administrator, puts it this way: "Sure we place handicapped men in jobs when they return to us. We waive the disability and find a job that the man can do. If he needs training, he gets it right on the job."

From December 7, 1941, until the end of August, 1945, Goodrich had reemployed 26 handicapped and 23 medically discharged former employees and had given employment to 66 handicapped and 132 medically discharged men who had no previous experience with the company. These men were clumsy on the job at first, but none of them failed to make good.

The company will not, however, place a man in a job which may prove dangerous to him. One such veteran, a psychoneurotic with training only for factory work, was interviewed and advised not to return to work immediately. The next day, he accepted employment in another factory. After working only a few hours he became confused by a small tractor coming his way and jumped in front of it. He was injured critically and will be in the hospital for many months as the result.

Psychoneurosis draws no line between factory workers and salaried personnel when they all are in the same uniform and fighting the same battles. Goodrich records show the case of one man who returned in April, 1944, eager to get back to his desk in the accounting department.

HE APPLIED for his old job, received it and seemed to be doing a good job for the first few months. As the year rolled toward its close, reports started to pile up. The pressure was on.

Under the strain the veteran began to weaken and his behavior became erratic. In the best interests of both the individual and the company, the veteran was called in for an interview and arrangements were made for him to be examined by company doctors.

The ex-serviceman was found to be in a highly nervous state, near the point of cracking, and a complete rest was advised. The company made arrangements for him to spend some time at a nearby veteran's facility. A few months later he returned to the Goodrich offices for another interview.

After discussing his problem frankly with employment interviewers, he decided that his best opportunity lay with a smaller organization, one in which he could escape the pressure of heavy responsibilities. He accepted employment as an accountant for a small firm and has been doing his job well and cheerfully since. Had he been unable to find a suitable job for himself, Goodrich would have aided in his placement.

That there is an adjustment to be made to civilian and industrial life is reflected by the high turnover of servicemen hired by Goodrich since Pearl Harbor. By the end of August, the company had rehired the first 1000 of its men in service and had placed more than 3000 who had no previous experience with the company. But, by the end of July, only 615 of the former employees hired and 1218 new veteran employees remained on their jobs.

Working in a tire manufacturing factory is not as tough physically as combat or military training, but neither is it as easy a life as that of the average Marine when the battle smoke has cleared. The Marine Corps way of getting things done — working like mad to get a specific job finished and then resting until the next working party comes along — is not employed in industry. There is a production that counts, keeping on the ball for every minute of the working day. That may be one reason for the high turnover among new veteran employees in the rubber industry.

Ray Wertman, veteran coordinator for the Goodrich Akron factory, has another answer. He terms as "shoppers" those who work only a few weeks at Goodrich before moving on, veterans who do not know what kind of a job they are seeking and are trying to get settled. He explains that the turnover is twice as high among veterans employed at Goodrich for the first time as among those who have returned to their old jobs. "That is because the old employees knew before they returned that their jobs often may be tiresome," he said. "The biggest trouble most veterans in the factory have is simply getting settled into a routine."

Mr. Weckesser is optimistic about returning veterans and even goes so far as saying, "They are no problem." After talking with thousands of servicemen he has concluded that they are not returning with their expectations too high. "Most of them know that they must find their place and fit into it— and they realize their limitations.

"It was these same men," Mr. Weckesser emphasizes, "who made the adjustment from civilian to military life under the stress of war. Their readjustment to civilian life is much simpler."

The period of readjustment to the "civilian way of doing things" is expected at Goodrich, and all factory foremen and department heads are prepared to do their part in boosting the veteran over that hurdle. Foremen and department heads all have received a course of instruction to guide them in their dealings with veterans back on the job after several years in service. They have been cautioned not to ask too many questions, to watch for dissatisfaction or fatigue, to praise improvements in performance. And you won't find any of them shouting orders like a gunnery sergeant with Nicaragua time. Instead, they will use good manners and the common sense that helped qualify them for the jobs they hold.

Corporal Martell, who plans to return to his position at Goodrich, discusses the problems of readjustment to factory work with Ray Wertman, veteran coordinator for the factory at Akron

While a returned veteran or newcomer is making his readjustment in the factory — and the time necessary varies with individuals — he may at any time take his problems to Mr. Wertman for discussion. If a veteran finds that his assigned job is proving too much physically, he will be transferred to a job that he can handle. Some men in the factory have been moved five or six times before finding the right niche for themselves.

Every time the veteran is assigned a factory job, his foreman is informed of his service background and any disabilities that he may have. With that information in his file, the foreman does not make the mistake of asking the veteran to perform a task beyond his physical capabilities.

If you were a Goodrich tire builder before the war and are rehired for that same job, Goodrich won't expect you to start turning them out with your old speed on the first day. You may have to learn the process over again — and if you need help it will be given.

Most Goodrich training is an "on the job" process in which foremen are the teachers in the factory. In the offices department heads and old hands instruct newcomers, teaching them the "know how" of business which they have acquired through years of experience.

However, the Goodrich Company cannot take the time nor make the investment to teach men jobs for which their backgrounds indicate they are not fundamentally qualified.

We were sitting in straight-backed chairs in the employment office discussing veteran education with Mr. Hickman when a man in factory clothes was ushered into the room. He was a veteran, and he had a problem to discuss with a company interviewer.

Before entering the service the veteran had been a Goodrich tire builder, a process which normally takes 92 days to learn. He returned to the factory and his old job in February and had done a good job since. Now, at 23 years of age, he was looking to the future.

He talked frankly with the interviewer, telling him about his wife and children and his ambition to become a salesman. But, his employment record showed that he had completed only two years of high school and had not furthered his education since leaving school to work in the factory.

When the veteran left the office, he went back to his job with a better understanding of the qualifications necessary to become a salesman. And the "brush off" had not been given to him, but he had been advised that a sales training program was being planned by the company and that he could best prepare himself for advancement into that field by taking advantage of night school courses available to veterans.

The sales course outlined to the veteran is one of several contemplated by Goodrich to increase the skills of employees and to aid disabled veterans in preparing for careers with the company. Courses are conducted periodically in cooperation with Akron

In the First World War, Charles Bridges, who is now 50, served with the Rainbow Division under General MacArthur. Bridges, a tire vulcanizer, has been with the plant since being discharged

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Research is opening new jobs in fields little explored before the war. Alert Marines are badly needed to fill them

University for office workers and factory foremen.

For many alert veterans the future will hold careers in fields little explored before the war, and in fields which will be opened by the development of new products. In the rubber industry Koroseal, a synthetic material capable of being fabricated in many ways for a multitude of useful purposes, offers unlimited opportunities for returning veterans.

Products made from Koroseal range from hard, rigid pipe down to soft, jelly-like materials which can be melted and poured at fairly low temperatures. By adding pigments, Koroseal products can be produced in all the colors of the rainbow. It is waterproof, fire-proof and will not deteriorate and become unusable through prolonged exposure to air and sunlight.

Every Marine probably has seen Koroseal in action during the war in the Pacific, but most failed to recognize it — and the influence it may have on peacetime pursuits.

America's fighting ships formerly used wires and cables insulated with a rubber asphalt compound. A shell or torpedo hit would ignite this insulation, and the fire would race along wires throughout the ship, short-circuiting all controls. Today, insulation in new naval craft and airplanes is of nonflammable Koroseal, or of Vinylite, a similar substance. And because so little is required, it means tons less weight for the ship.

Koroseal's post-war potentialities are startling. Oil companies plan to use Koroseal packages for motor oil; it will also be used as weather stripping, as an invisible coating on wallpaper and fabric to seal against dust and moisture, as a brilliantly-colored car upholstery outwearing leather. Even runproof stockings have been created by weaving a colorless thread of Koroseal with the regular thread of both nylon and silk stockings. So far, nearly 2000 potential uses have been listed.

In addition to the thousands that will be employed as a direct result of the Goodrich Company's development of Koroseal — as production and service men for countless new products — there will be the task of educating and selling the American buying public on new articles that contribute toward convenience in living. Public resistance must be broken down; the young must teach the old. That has been the history of industrial progress in America. And that again offers career opportunities to those willing to look ahead.

Dr. Howard E. Fritz, Goodrich director of research, bubbles optimism about the future. "It took years to break down my mother's resistance to washing machines," he exclaims. "Then when she finally got one, she was so pleased with its convenience that she would never admit in later years that a better washer than hers had ever been built."

The doctor points to the field of eliminating noise and vibration through the use of rubber. The Goodrich program of mounting machinery on rubber dates back to the birth of floating power. "Remember when automobile engines were mounted solid?" he asks. "The whole car shuddered as long as the engine was operating.

"The science of eliminating noise and vibration is just another of the new fields open to the ambitious young man who wants to make a contribution to the comfort and longevity of mankind."

In the doctor's own field, that of research, there is a dearth of scientists. Research and development departments of nearly every industrial plant in the country are in need of qualified men. Any man with a start in this field has the doctor's advice to turn his full energies to preparing himself for a career in industrial research as soon as he is returned to civilian life.

So that is the picture as it is seen in the rubber industry. If you are a factory man, office worker, salesman or scientist there will be jobs when you get back. If your career is still to be chosen, there will be opportunity. The picture is not changed in the United States; it is still the country where an immigrant or a man returning from war can work for what he wants — and get it.

Bathing suit, beach robe, shoes and bag are made of Koroseal. All of which means jobs

For the garden or for play is this colorful outfit, also made of magic-like Koroseal

Water proof Koroseal is being used for many important items, one of which is pants for the younger generation. The field is unlimited, the future bright for men interested in research

END

THE ROSE OF UCLA

Our schoolmate, Annie, was raised in Los Angeles, but she bloomed in Tokyo

"HELLO again to all my favorite boneheads in the blue Pacific waters. This, of course, is your favorite playmate and enemy, Orphan Annie, all set to give you some good languid music. Oh, and is it languid!"

That's the chit-chat of Tokyo Rose, the gay and girlish Tokyo Rose, who, from 1943 until the day Japan surrendered, was the radio favorite of Marines all over the Pacific. While no one paid any attention to the sour propaganda tossed in with her sweet music, our "Little Orphan Annie" aroused a lot of imaginations, and since she was about the only woman you could hear regularly, Annie was the favorite.

Now the zero hour has come for Tokyo Rose, one of the mainstays of the "Zero Hour" program, whose announcer would say:

"That sweet session of chords should get you in the right frame of mind for some languid tunes from Orphan Annie. Annie, your favorite enemy, is part of the furniture around here, and goes on the air nightly. She's got a brassy voice, they say. But bless her, she's got a heart of gold. Annie!"

Some of you know Annie. She is Iva Ikuko Toguri, a Los Angeles-born Nisei who was graduated from the Los Angeles campus of the University of California in January of 1940. It could be a coincidence, but probably isn't, that the "Zero Hour" always opened with "Strike Up the Band." That Gershwin number is one of UCLA's favorite fight songs, and Iva, with thousands of others, used to sing it when the Bruins played football in Los Angeles Memorial Coliseum.

UCLA men serving in the Pacific may remember Iva, who was a fixture around Royce and Kerckhoff Halls, and a bit different from other Japanese students. Iva was the collegiate type, in dress and manner, and rather noisy for a Japanese girl. She was pleasant, but some Japanese-Americans would have little to do with "Orphan Annie," as she later called herself.

Scholastically, Iva wasn't so hot, and had a little trouble making up her mind. She entered the university in 1934 — a transfer from Compton Junior College — and started out as a music major. This she changed to pre-medical work, then changed again and was graduated in zoology with 35 grade points to spare. As you know from her programs, Iva was always an expert on the latest platters from the dance band boys.

As was the custom with many Nisei, Iva visited Japan in 1941. When war appeared certain, she tried "every three or four weeks to get home." Not wanting to impose upon her relatives, Iva went to work as a typist for Domei, Japanese news and propaganda agency. At least this is what she told newspapermen following her arrest in the Yokohama Bund Hotel.

THE name "Tokyo Rose" is strictly a GI invention, incidentally. The Foreign Broadcast Investigation Service of the Federal Communications Commission began receiving inquiries about her in the summer of 1943. The men in the Aleutians were carrying the torch for Annie at that time. Then Marines in the South Pacific picked up the name, although once in a while she was called "Madame Tojo." Tokyo Rose quickly became a legend.

Annie is said to have had the scoop. For example, they say she often heralded the arrival of new divisions in the Pacific by welcoming commanding officers and others by name. Some claim Annie even predicted important American landings, and would be only a few days off in her figures. When President Roosevelt met Admiral Nimitz and General MacArthur in Pearl Harbor, Annie was on the air with the news a few hours later. It was days before the official announcement was made to the

IVA IKUKO TOGURI

American public. There is a little basis, apocryphal though it may seem, for the legend that Annie and her boy friends had access to top-secret American affairs, and weren't in the least bashful about revealing them. But Iva had never been bashful at UCLA.

Iva, who looks nothing at all like the glamor girl of GI dreams, told Clark Lee of *International News Service* that she was willing to take her "medicine." She said she doesn't feel she was a traitor to the United States, but thought Americans would enjoy her music and laugh at her propaganda. She was right on both points, although her intentions as to the latter can be questioned.

While Annie's waxed platters were neutral, her script, which she didn't write, was designed to make men homesick. On a certain program the announcer would start out with:

"Presuming that you're placed in the right frame of mind for tonight's program, we now stop for that propagandist number one, that unlovable, that sarcastic, that swing ghoul with an innocent gesture, your very faithful Orphan Annie."

Then Annie, with her "Languid Club of the Pacific" listening, would be hanging out her shingle for a few minutes.

What for? Listen:

"To do business, of course. Lend an ear for listening to a fighting GI's choice for a favorite vocalist singing a well known melody, 'Two Hearts That Pass in the Night.'

"Remember those wonderful days when you and the 'only' were listening to this little number? And those were the happy and carefree days. You are remembering, my GIs? Of course! So keep remembering, and I'll leave you with thoughts of yesteryears."

There are reports that our Annie taunted the troops with suggestions that sweethearts and wives were being unfaithful, but this she has denied most emphatically. Transcriptions of her section of the "Zero Hour" bear out her contention. The rest of the program never missed a bet on the unfaithful stuff. Once they made capital of Merle Oberon's divorce. The actress had found she could not mix marriage and career, and the "Zero Hour" boys asked GIs to reflect, "How about marriage and soldiering?"

Tokyo Rose was born in Watts, outside Los Angeles, on the Fourth of July, 1916. Her auspiciously patriotic start in life was a vaccination that didn't take.

"It's a blue world," she sympathized one day on Radio Tokyo. "But not too blue when you and I are able to forget the war and enjoy songs and music, my fighting GIs. This is Orphan Annie again at the microphone, with a fresh vial of propaganda for you members of the Languid Music Club of the Pacific. Let's spend about 15 minutes or so together, forget your troubles and taste your nightly dose of nerve tonic."

THEN she played the nostalgic oldie, "Let the Rest of the World Go By," following it up with:

"And a most brilliant idea. Let's cooperate, boneheads."

What do you suppose she meant when she said, "Ho, hum! What a lazy rhythm. I could think of other things to do?"

Then came more of the "sweetest music this side of Hawaii" and more of Annie's nerve tonic, delivered in that low, seductive voice.

"It's guaranteed to rest your nerves for things to come," she would sigh.

Because of her music, and perhaps because of her propaganda as well, Annie was praised by the US Navy for her ability to bring laughter and entertainment to American men and women.

She didn't get as much pay as GI Joe, but then she wasn't working for money. Iva received 100 yen monthly, a mere $6.60 in US money at the current exchange. Last April she acquired a husband, Philip D'Acquino, who also worked for Domei. This gives our Annie a Portuguese as well as American citizenship.

Three of four other girls have been identified as Tokyo Rose. One of these is Ruth Hayakawa, who also was born in Los Angeles and who attended Woodbury Business College there. But the real Tokyo Rose is Annie, who acts as if she would like to take all the credit, but not the possible consequences, for her part on the "Zero Hour."

"I want to go home," Annie says, "but I don't know when."

"Home" could be Chicago, where her father, Jun Toguri, and the rest of the family run a fish market and store. They were released from a relocation center several years ago as loyal Americans. Annie doesn't have that reputation.

Just in case you want to see her, be warned by what one GI in Yokohama says:

"I'd rather hear than see her. Our girl was an awful liar, but she had sex appeal and she sure knew her hot platters."

PFC LEONARD RIBLETT
Leatherneck Staff Correspondent

The MAN From EVERYWHERE

by Sgt. James Atlee Phillips

Leatherneck Staff Correspondent

IN THESE hectic days of reconversion and labor strikes, returning heroes are on every hand. They show up in the news-reels for two minutes, stiff and self-conscious in immaculate uniforms, and stammer out a few words about the Big Deed. Acutely aware of the glittering rows of ribbons on their chests, they tell the tale for the folks in Sauk Center and Des Moines. They are all brave men indeed. They operated in extreme jeopardy and the country is greatly in their debt. But no matter how you slice it, you can still use up a single battle scene in a hurry on the radio.

This story is a little longer. It is the tale of Pappy Boyington, a good piece of authentic American history. If you had to pick a suitable symbol for the war against the Japanese, the obvious selection for the ground advance would be any Marine private, crawling through the mud toward a nameless hill. In the air, just as certainly, the choice would have to be Lieutenant Colonel Gregory Boyington, the man from everywhere.

For the past eight years a great many people have been interested in what keeps Boyington alive. Not from the standpoint of health, because the stocky pilot with the jutting jaw is a former Pacific Coast Intercollegiate middleweight wrestling champion. But he has been a candidate for a corpse so many times, in so many places that his fantastic luck is almost beyond belief. Pappy was an ace, against the Japanese, before Pearl Harbor. He was leader of the famed Black Sheep Squadron, and he was a special Japanese prisoner for 20 months.

Boyington was not always the man from everywhere. For a few years he was content with Coeur d'Alene, Idaho. The most vivid memory in this period was an airplane ride with Clyde Pangborn, who later flew the Pacific non-stop. At this time Boyington was eight years old; he had no idea that he would one day fly all over the same Pacific and become the ranking air ace of that theatre. So he dutifully went through high school in Tacoma, Washington, and was graduated from the University of that state in 1934. Three years later he became a Marine pilot.

From that time on, the saga of Pappy Boyington makes the usual cape and sword melodrama sound like the invention of an idiot pulp writer. It is safe to say that no man alive has been in more continuous danger than Boyington. His exploits in Mustangs, Grummans and Corsair fighter planes have helped to

Pappy Boyington's story is an authentic American legend. The chunky pilot fought Japan eight years

write an appreciable section of American history at a time when this nation was involved in global war. Now, at 32, he is old for a fighter pilot, but extremely young to have gone into the lion's mouth so many, many times.

The long pilgrimage of the chunky, compact little man began many months before we declared war on Japan. It seems that a fellow named Pawley was recruiting an outlaw group to defend the Burma Road. The pilots chosen were all American military fliers. Naturally, they held commissions in either the Army, the Navy, or the Marine Corps. So, in a bit of unprecedented international skulduggery, they were allowed to resign these commissions. They sailed as civilians, and their passports had "Farmer" written across them. A retired Army pilot named Claire Chennault was in charge of the group.

The farmer business was brisk over Toungoo, Lashio, Loiwing, Rangoon and other way points in Burma. Flying obsolete P40s, the Tigers plowed a deep furrow on the keister of the Mikado's air force. Under Chennault's brilliant tactical leadership, Pappy Boyington knocked down five enemy planes and destroyed 30 on the ground. That made him a full-fledged ace. While the rest of us were dreaming of a white Christmas, Pappy and his AVG cohorts were inventing new techniques in aerial destruction over the twisting road that led to Free China. The score for the whole American Volunteer Group was nearly 400 kills against 32 losses.

In June of '42, Boyington, tired of being an independent farmer, came back to the Marine Corps. The AVG was breaking up, and the pilots were given their choice of enlisting in Chennault's 14th China Air Force, returning to their old stations, or of joining the famous China National Airlines, flying the hump. Pappy came back. In April of '43, he was a major, executive officer of VMF-122. He flew a combat tour, but the Nippos were scarce, and he went back to a rest area wondering what kind of a war it was.

IT IS entirely typical of Boyington that he broke a leg in the rest area. It was also tragic, or seemed so at the time, because the flight surgeons said he would never fly again. So the Idaho kid set that square jaw and began hobbling around, annoying the brass, ducking the desk jobs, and raising unshirted hell to get a flying job. Because they wanted to stop his howling and because they needed another squadron, the brass told him to go to work.

So, from a collection of misfit and replacement pilots, Pappy formed the legendary Black Sheep Squadron at Espiritu Santos. The men wanted to call the new outfit Boyington's Black Bastards, but cooler heads prevailed, and they settled for the symbolic dark sheep. In their first strike, the famous illegitimates got 11 kills and 9 probables. That was breaking in a green squadron with a loud roar. Flying like a madman, with his fabulous flock of Sheep close behind, Pappy began running up the string that, on January 3, of '43, gave him a tie with Marine Joe Foss for the Pacific record.

It was only a few seconds after he squirted sudden death into his 27th Zero that destiny's favorite nephew got into real trouble. He was over Rabaul when he got that last plane, and then his earphones crackled.

The real McCoy comes home. Greg Boyington, famed Marine pilot, shakes hands with Major General Harris, whose son (also a Marine officer) was in a Japanese prison camp with Pappy

"Skipper, you got a flamer!!" shouted his wing man.

Boyington was scissoring in and out at the time, because nearly 40 Zeros were still complicating things. He tried to outdive them, but he could see the bullets splintering into his wings and gas tanks. So with a tremendous effort, he flipped the screaming Corsair over on its back and kicked the stick forward. Just as he got the hatch loose, the main tank caught fire and he catapulted out through the flame. He tumbled over a few times, clawing at the red handle of the ripcord, and after several thousand years he heard the 'chute pop.

He was almost on the water before it opened. When the swinging shroud lines slapped him down into the waves, the impact fractured his right ankle. Treading in the water that was turning crimson around him, he knew he was hurt, but he didn't know how badly. He was feeling a trifle winded, but he puffed vainly at the life jacket. Nothing happened. The humane Zeros were still making one run after another on him, so he kept bobbing under water as their shots sprayed around him.

An hour later, after the Zeros had gone, he inflated his rubber boat and painfully dragged himself into it. Sitting there, he discovered with great interest that the life jacket had 204 bullet holes in it. This is an exact figure, because, as he says, there was very little else to do. The slowly heaving prairie of dark blue water was all around him, but nothing else. After learning why he had not been able to inflate the jacket, Boyington began examining his wounds.

His scalp and one ear were badly torn, probably from leaving the plunging plane in such a precipitate manner. The right ankle was throbbing and swelling badly, and there were shrapnel wounds in both his arms. There was a neat hole in his upper left leg, and another in his left ankle. This collection of abrasions and lesions astonished even Boyington, and he cleaned and bandaged them until it was nearly twilight.

At dusk, a submarine heaved up out of the rocking water near him. He had one wild moment of exhultation, and then another of doubt. Sure enough, a tarpaulin was stretched across the conning tower section, and a big red sun was squarely in its center. The crew took him aboard and the sub's engines throbbed to life again. They went back to Rabaul, and Boyington was taken ashore under heavy guard. He was naked except for his shorts and a double blindfold they put around his eyes.

From that minute on a siege of brutality began that was to sorely try the patience of the former wrestling champion. He was unceremoniously booted and rifle-butted up the shore and told to stop after they had walked some distance. He was standing there, naked and hooded, when a voice spoke out directly in front of him. The speaker used faultless English, and had good diction.

"Do you want to go with your friends?" asked the voice.

Boyington didn't get it. He was groggy from the hours on the water and weak from his wounds. He said he didn't understand. It occurred to him that they might be going to put him in with the Jap

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pilots, and he didn't want that. So he mumbled a question about where were they taking him?

"You'll find out," said the voice, and then crackled out some orders in Japanese. The ankle was hurting so badly that the captured pilot could hardly walk. So he was thrown into a truck and driven to another place, where they questioned him for hours. His hands were tied, and a stick was placed between the fetters. When his answers were unsatisfactory the inquisitors simply tightened up on the stick. Mostly they wanted to know about the organization of the Marine Corps, and particularly about the strength and formation of the air arms. He was struck on the head frequently, just exactly what a badly wounded man needed.

That was the beginning of the long stay on Rabaul. Boyington, with the other prisoners, was not allowed to close his eyes in the daytime. Since he was in an almost fainting condition, it was a physical impossibility to stay conscious all the time. When his head would drop, one of the slope-headed midgets would walk up and belt him awake again. He was not allowed to wash for the first ten days, and warm salt water was the only treatment he had for his wounds. He got malaria and dysentery, which was perfectly understandable. The food they ate was weevily, two-year-old rice covered with the slops and leavings from the Japanese mess. This palatable dish was served from rusty cans.

Grinning in his misery, Pappy Boyington reflected that something had certainly gone wrong with the old fairy finger, the one that had served him so faithfully. On February 16, he and five other prisoners were put on board a Betty. The bomber took off, but an air raid developed before they had gone far, so they returned. The next day they took off again and flew to Truk, bastion of the Nip fleet. That was the day Task Force 58 worked the big harbor over. Pappy had the exquisite pleasure of standing inside one of the buildings and peering out the window while the blue-starred planes kicked hell out of that huge naval installation.

As his frantic guards hustled him toward an air raid shelter, Boyington could see a lone F6F come snarling down on the deck and strafe a long line of Bettys. Heigh ho, heigh ho, the Idaho kid chortled to himself. This is more like a war. While he and the other prisoners huddled in a concrete slit trench, they could hear the crump, crump, crump of the 1000-pounders blasting away, and feel the whole island shake. When they came out of the shelter, they were told to look straight ahead, but it was impossible not to see the ships burning in the harbor, and the rubbled concrete runways. Truk was a mess.

From Truk, the six prisoners were taken to a nearby seaplane base and confined, in one small cell, for 16 days. Their daily ration was one cup of water a day, and a small ball of rice and barley mixed together. During this period the fleet smashed Truk again, and after the raid was over all the prisoners got the baseball treatment. It was here that Boyington's weight went down to 106, a drop of 70 pounds.

Without warning the six men were flown away again, this time to Saipan. The housing problem there must have been terrific, because they spent the night in a chicken coop. But they did get their first good meal since being captured. The next morning they were again booted to the plane and flown to another island. Pappy didn't know it at the time, but he later found out this island was Iwo Jima. From Iwo, they went to Yokohama, and from there to Camp Ofuna.

Ofuna was an intimidation camp. It nestled in a remote valley, and most of the prisoners, like Boyington, were "special." In other words they had never been reported as captured, as ordered by the Geneva conference, and hence really had no status at all. (Members of *The Leatherneck* staff knew that Pappy was not dead, as reported. One of our correspondents had seen his name written on a Japanese flight log, on Saipan). Ofuna had a high stockade around it, and contained 80-odd prisoners. Boyington was here 13 months, and six of them were spent on crutches. It was here that the worm began its full turn, and they gave old Pappy a job in the kitchen.

From then on things improved. Pappy jumped his weight from 110 to 190, more than he had ever weighed before. The guards watched him getting fatter and fatter, but try as they might they couldn't catch him in the act of snitching chow.

"I stole them blind," Pappy recalls with a grin.

All of the captives were not so fortunate, however. The B29 crews had a special section at Ofuna, and they got the full star-chamber treatment, since there was tremendous Japanese resentment at the pounding they were giving the home islands. One major was systematically beaten to death.

On April 3, of this year, Boyington was moved again. He was placed on an electric train under heavy guard, and taken to an island headquarters camp off Tokyo. Things got rough again, and the guards hauled out the old Louisville Slugger technique. Pappy was put back on half the regular prisoner rations, and had to work ten hours a day cleaning up the debris that the B29s had left behind. His weight started falling off again. His clothes were in rags. He was in the barracks one day, sweating out an attack of jaundice, when a guard sidled up and whispered that the war was over.

The prisoners were not notified officially for several days, but the treatment changed sharply. A colonel came down to see if their clothes were satisfactory, and they were issued large amounts of drugs. Prince Konoye visited the highest ranking American prisoner, a naval commander, and requested that the men carry on as usual, since the whole area was in a state of flux. The B29s started dropping food in metal drums, but unfortunately the parachutes wouldn't hold the containers, and the mercy missions nearly turned out to be lethal ones. The hurtling drums smashed the flimsy Nip buildings, and periodically put all hands back in the air raid shelters. Boyington was always first man in.

"I had lived through hell," says Pappy, "and I'll be damned if I was going to get killed by a barrel of peach preserves. . . ."

On August 29 some Higgins boats landed. A commodore was in charge, and when he expressed his intention to remove the prisoners, the Japanese colonel objected strongly. So the commodore bowed and left. Soon he came back with a strong detachment of Marine troops, and with their rifles at the ready, the commodore again suggested that it would be a wonderful idea to remove the prisoners. The Nip colonel, a great realist, agreed most heartily, and the departing guests removed his insignia, his polished boots and his ornate Samurai sword. As usual, the first man aboard the boats was a stocky Marine pilot named Boyington.

Pappy Boyington doesn't like the Japanese. They cultivated that dislike at Rabaul, Truk, Saipan, Iwo, Ofuna and in the island prison near Tokyo. The merciless leg poundings and kidney sluggings with the baseball bats must have made him cranky on the subject of our little sun-worshipping brothers. Having to bow and beg permission to go to the head may have had something to do with it. Eating mildewed rice covered with Japanese slops may have been a factor. He does not think that the Nipponese can ever occupy a place in a real comity of peace-loving nations.

The main thing right now is that the indestructible young man, the flockmaster of the Black Sheep, is back at home where he belongs. Pappy started fighting this war in 1937 and he was involved in the violence without a break until August of '45. In that eight-year period, he covered such a startling stretch of gallantry that most of the ten-minute heroes seem colorless beside him.

The hand must have been on his shoulder when he turned all those corners and butted squarely into death's face. He is a durable guy, this chunky man from everywhere. It is interesting to speculate on whether or not the American people realize how much men like Pappy Boyington meant to us when our banners were flying all over the world. Or how much those men did with the important years of their lives for an old dame named Democracy. **END**

The man from everywhere is a durable guy and he did a lot for that old dame, Democracy

Greg Boyington, Flockmaster of the fabulous Black Sheep Squadron, talks to a few of his sheep. The indestructible man is fourth from left. Others are Maj. Frank Walton, Capt. Den Groover, Maj. Marion March, Capt. Don Fisher

ALL-AMERICAN BEAUTIES

Bess Myerson, Miss America, is a musical, six-foot girl from New York's Bronx

A report on the congress of lovely ladies at Atlantic City

ALONG with our photographic pardner, Sergeant Lou (Bad Light) Lowery, we were packing our seabags for a return engagement in the Pacific — starting out with a flying trip to Shanghai and points along the Harbin railway. And then the critical discharge score dropped into our 70-bracket, and the Colonel had a change of heart about us.

The Colonel had been speaking, nostalgically, of Shanghai, and he told us how much he'd like to go back there, himself. And then he announced:

"I have bad news for you boys. Your trip to China is off. Instead, I'm sending you to Atlantic City."

Photos by Sgt. Louis Lowery
Leatherneck Staff Photographer

Bess helps California's Polly Ellis with her sombrero

That was how, five days later, we arrived on The Boardwalk instead of Bubbling Well Road.

We were equipped with 14 leather handbags full of photographic gear for Lowery and a small notebook and a shaving kit for Tolbert. Our orders were to report the 1945 Miss America contest in pictures and prose. We had no trouble finding the headquarters of the contest. We simply followed a file of lovely, long-stemmed girls in bathing suits who were climbing the wooden trail to a boardwalk theater.

"Golly, what an assignment," said Lowery, fervently. He was to regret these words before two suns had set among the hot dog stands and shooting galleries.

Venus, '44 winner, crowns Bess for the newsreel boys

The new champion in evening gown

Versatile Miss Myerson won the talent award, too

Lou still had callouses from belly-cruising down Mount Suribachi 10 yards ahead of a posse of Japanese grenades. He had shrapnel imbedded in a lode beneath his left hip pocket from exposing his hindquarters when he should have been exposing his film. He had house-maid's knee from crawling around under fire on Tinian, Guam, Peleliu and Iwo. And, once, he got his pin feathers singed by the muzzle-flash of a 16-incher when we were with the Third Fleet in the Autumn of '44.

And yet we've never seen Lowery so beat up in all his Pacific ordeals as he got in two days at Atlantic City.

We went to Atlantic City with some Mack Sennett notions

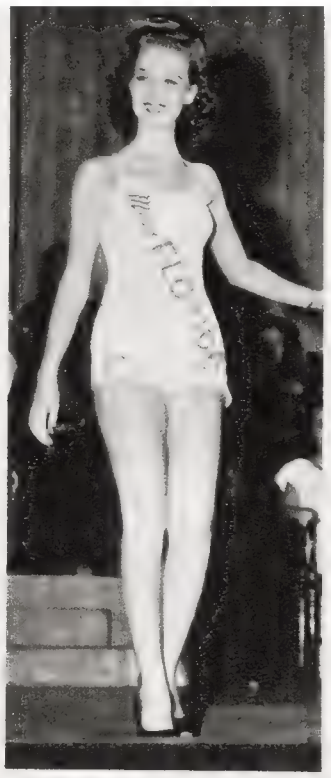
Another "killer-diller" for the newsreel photo men

Right after this shot was made a fight broke out between the "still" and newsreel cameramen

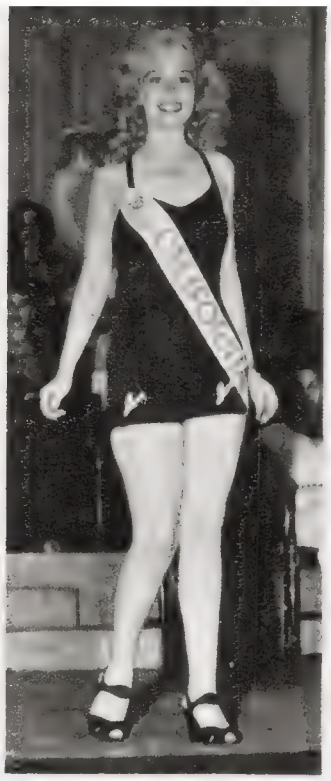
TURN PAGE 27

The contestants still make most of their "numbers" in bathing suits

PHYLLIS MATHIS


VIRGINIA FREELAND

LEE COREY


POLLY ELLIS

VIRGINIA TRASK

FRANCES DORN

JANE CARR

JULIA DONOHUE

ARLENE ANDERSON

JEANNE GORDON

about a beauty contest. We figured the gals skinned into their bathing suits, skittered out on the beach in the salty Autumn air, paraded for the judges a few turns — and then it was all over but the crowning.

Instead we found that the Miss America pageant is a week-long affair, combining some of the aspects of a marathon vaudeville show, a Kansas City hog-judging contest and the Olympic Games.

We thought that the girls would spend most of their time roaming along the beach in their bathing suits and making themselves available for pictures and interviews. Instead, they were chaperoned like so many Guatemalan debutantes, and to have a few words with one of them was harder than securing an audience with a four-star general.

We found that the contestants had reveille at 6 o'clock and every minute of their time from then on until 1 o'clock the next morning was rationed. To get the pictures on these pages, Lowery had to gallop from one end of the five-mile boardwalk to the other for two days, followed by a sweating safari of Atlantic City beach boys who bore his equipment.

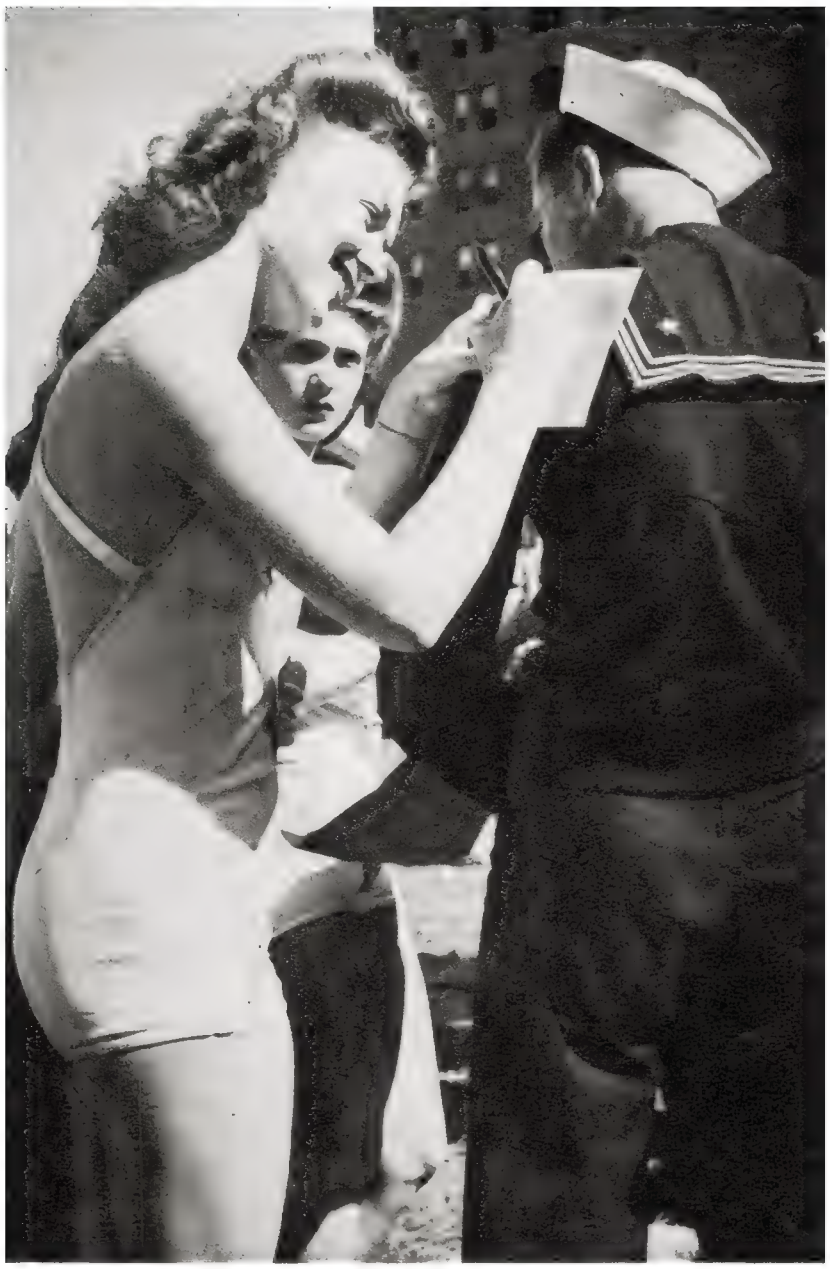
We went to Atlantic City thinking that this was merely a beauty show. We soon learned that it was a sort of Major Bowes talent contest and for two days we listened to the lovelies do everything from playing *Ah, Sweet Mystery of Life* on a marimba to reciting the court scene from Joan of Arc with appropriate gestures.

Bess Myerson, *Miss New York City,* the ultimate winner, was the favorite for obvious physical reasons from the start. And we were mildly amazed when one of the judges informed us that it was Miss Myerson's performances on the flute and pianoforte which really put her across.

Miss Myerson may be said to possess a futuristic sort of perfection except that she doesn't have much padding around the hips. She is around six-feet, one-inch in height in low-heeled shoes. She has hazel eyes and a deeply tanned face and hair black as a bos'un bird's plumage. And there is a stormy, dramatic look about her sober, sweet face.

If you were stationed at San Diego any time in the last

Miss Myerson and the four other pretty finalist



Jeni Freeland autographs her photo for a sailor

Venus Ramey congratulates the lovely Phyllis Mathis

Three pretty contenders pose in a chill Autumn sun

TURN PAGE 29

On the average, the girls are five inches taller than contenders in 1921's Miss America contest

three or four years, you've probably seen Miss Phyllis Mathis, the blonde second place winner. She was one of the attractions on the La Jolla beach near San Diego. Phyllis had infantile paralysis when she was a kid and she had to learn to walk all over again.

The other finalists were Frances Dorn, *Miss Birmingham;* Virginia Freeland, a friendly, outspoken girl who was *Miss Florida,* and Arlene Anderson, *Miss Minnesota,* who was, really, the only small girl in the contest.

Here are the other contestants, with their home towns:

Miss California, Polly Ellis, Tarzana; *Miss Chicago,* Lee Mercer Wieland; *Miss Cincinnati,* Virginia Lee Pleasant, Portsmouth, Ohio; *Miss Connecticut,* Sylvia K. Shaw, Hartford; *Miss Detroit,* Barbara Lee Smith; *Miss Georgia,* Doris Joyce Coker, Columbus; *Miss Illinois,* Beverly Ann Long, Joliet; *Miss Iowa,* Jeanne Gordon, Des Moines; *Miss Indiana,* Betty Anna Lackyear, Evansville; *Miss Maine,* Virginia Trask, Portland; *Miss Maryland,* Virginia Lee Van Sant, Cumberland; *Miss Massachusetts,* Ruth Thomas, Belmont and *Miss Mississippi,* Harriet Jane Carr, Marks.

Miss Missouri, Betty Ruth Reams, Hughesville; *Miss Miami Beach,* Rae Evelyn Crist, Miami Beach; *Miss Michigan,* Theresa Mary Sullivan, Detroit; *Miss New Hampshire,* Margorie Lundfelt, Lake Spofford and *Miss New Jersey,* Matilda Agin, New Brunswick.

The Girls need plenty of stamina for the Atlantic City rodeo's pace

Bathing suits in same style but shoes may vary

The contenders have to smile for a solid week

Sergeant Lowery climbed a telephone pole to shoot the contestants from this interesting angle

Behind-scenes shot

Drawing swim suits

Virginia Pleasant, Therese Sullivan and Claire V. Thibadeau resting

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Opening sequence in one of the stage shows put on by the girls

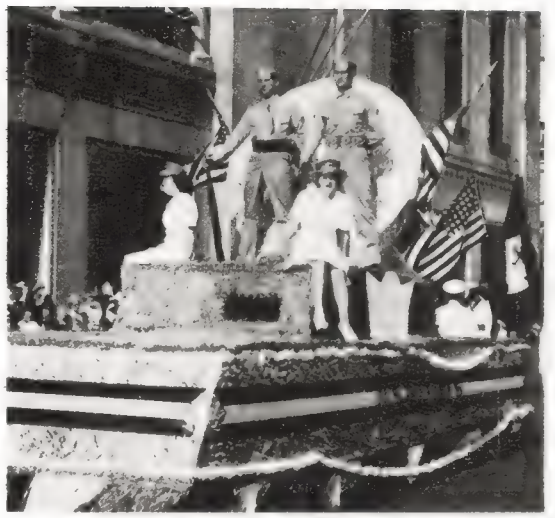
Miss New Orleans, Helen Shively, New Orleans; *Miss New York State,* June Jenkins, Elmont; *Miss North Carolina,* Dorothy L. Johnson, Winston Salem; *Miss Northern British Columbia,* Georgina E. Patterson; *Miss Ohio,* Julia Ann Donahue, Oxford and *Miss Pennsylvania,* Timmy Weston, McKeesport.

Miss Philadelphia, Gloria Blair; *Miss Rhode Island,* Mary Stevens, Cranston; *Miss South Carolina,* Margaret Neeley, Columbia; *Miss Tennessee,* Lee Harriett Henson, Chattanooga; *Miss Texas,* Polly Below, Galveston and *Miss Utah,* Dorothy Holohan, Salt Lake City.

Miss Vermont, Mary Staikos, Burlington; *Miss Washington, D. C.,* Dorothy L. Powell, Washington, D. C.; *Miss Wisconsin,* Eileen Christy, Memomanie; *Miss Arkansas,* Leslie Hampton, Lake Village; *Miss Atlanta,* Pauline Walker; *Miss Boston,* Claire Thibodeau, Cambridge.

Lieut. F. X. Tolbert

Bess makes a television broadcast to the Pacific



The Marine float drew applause

"Atlanta" and "Canada" embrace

Judges Lois Wilson (center) and Dean Cornwell dine

Doris Coker, *Miss Georgia,* and Arthur W. Brown

END

Twins of the 22nd

A Catholic and Protestant chaplain team in combat

by Sgts. Duane Decker and Stanley Fink

Leatherneck Staff Correspondents

THIS happened one Sunday morning at Hentona on the northwest shore of Okinawa — when the Sixth Marine Division paused briefly in its pell-mell plunge through the northern half of the island.

Catholic and Protestant members of the 22nd Regiment's 3rd Battalion were lined up, back to back. Chaplain George A. Creitz was delivering an earnest and impassioned sermon to his Protestant flock. His voice rose higher and higher.

Facing the Catholic flock, Father Eugene Kelly happened to be in a mellower mood.

Suddenly a sharp downwind carried Rev. Creitz' words clearly over to Father Kelly's congregation. His voice, sharp and earnest, cut in above Father Kelly's. The Catholic Marines blinked and listened to the urgent Protestant sermon.

Father Kelly paused, saw he'd lost his audience and said in a slightly-raised tone of voice: "You men can be thankful that I had a better night's sleep last night than Chaplain Creitz. Otherwise *you'd* be the guys who are catching it."

That brought his flock back to him with a bang.

Their roar of laughter, in turn, drowned out Rev. Creitz. And suddenly the Protestant flock, figuring that something highly entertaining must be going on at the Catholic service behind them, cocked their heads and began to listen to Father Kelly.

"Nobody," Father Kelly said, "was getting anywhere."

All of which explains why the next time these two chaplains held front-line services for the men of the 22nd, they carefully saw to it that there was a small but sturdy mountain between the two congregations.

"Not," said Father Kelly, "that I object to my boys hearing George's sermons. They're very fine sermons indeed."

"Frankly," Rev. Creitz replied, "some of my best fire and brimstone has been lifted from you, Gene."

They make an unusual pair, these two combat chaplains of the Sixth Division's famed 22nd Marines. Through the bitter and trying months of the bloody Okinawa campaign, they demonstrated brilliantly how well Catholic and Protestant clergy can work together, side by side. Perhaps the fact that religion in combat gets down to brass tacks so solidly has something to do with it. But the personalities of these two men contributed a lot.

Father Kelly used to be a pastor of Spring Lake, N. J., Roman Catholic Church. He comes from Brooklyn. Rev. Creitz was pastor of the Evangelical Reformed Church in Easton, Pa. The two men have been living and working together so much they are usually referred to as the "Twins of the 22nd."

As a matter of fact, when they used to work together nights, at the B Medical, on casualties, their work overlapped religious bounds. It happened more than once that there wasn't time to call Father Kelly to administer last rites to a dying Catholic Marine. Then, Rev. Creitz would take over for him. On other occasions, Father Kelly did the same for Rev. Creitz's Marines. These men don't just preach religious tolerance, they really live it.

Both of them agree that the famous statement of this war, "There are no atheists in foxholes," is mere wishful thinking by those who have not seen combat.

Both men ran across Marines who were, frankly, atheists and who died still professing disbelief in the existence of a Divine Being. There was even one extremely bitter case whose last words on this earth were: "If there's a God, then he's a S.O.B."

"But on the whole," Father Kelly said, "I found that devout Marines died more calmly than those who professed to have no religion."

"That was true of the Protestant boys," Rev. Creitz agreed. "Many of the men who were wounded and dying, faced it fearlessly, feeling a real closeness to God."

Rev. Creitz recalled the case of a Protestant Marine. A plane crashed near a foxhole, killing the pilot and spraying burning gas and oil over a Marine in the foxhole. Moaning and frightened, he became panicky as he felt death draw close. Rev. Creitz began to pray beside the boy as the doctors worked over him. While the prayer went on, the boy grew gradually calm. He finally died, the next day. But he died almost entirely without fear.

Wounded men, both said, when brought in asked for their buddies immediately, no matter how badly they were hurt. Father Kelly likes to tell about the two Marines who were brought in, both badly hit. They were in the same tent, each knew the other had been hit. Each asked, first thing, about the other.

"That buddy-buddy stuff," Father Kelly said, with deep and pleased conviction, "is not the exception, but the rule. They make fun of it back in the rear echelons but when they get up front, most Marines are more than willing to give up their lives for their buddies."

Rev. Creitz nodded vigorously. "Marines' devotion to each other in a platoon and to the platoon leader in most cases is amazing."

Every single Protestant and Catholic of the 22nd who went up Sugar Loaf Hill received communion from these two chaplains before making the assault.

Father Kelly tells of Major Henry Courtney's now-famous assault on Sugar Loaf. Major Courtney was a big man, six feet, three inches. He was also the most devout Catholic in the 22nd. He was 28, an attorney and a graduate of Marquette and Minnesota.

"I saw the Major," Father Kelly says, "on the afternoon of the night he was killed. He came to me for Holy Communion. Jap mortar fire was falling and he urged me to get low with him in a ditch, where I gave him the communion. Before receiving it, the major spat out a large wad of tobacco he was chewing and grinned. As I finished the rites, I said, 'God bless you.' He said, 'Same to you, Father, and take care of yourself.' That night he made the attack on Sugar Loaf that cost him his life."

There have been, of course, many versions of what Major Courtney said to his men before that assault. Father Kelly, who heard it, says he can remember it almost word for word:

"I'm not ordering or asking you to go, but if we hold that ridge for this night, we will save the lives of hundreds of Marines. Tonight every man is a rifleman."

After that, Father Kelly declares some 40-odd men followed him up the hill.

"Major Courtney," he says, "was not only courageous beyond words in the Sugar Loaf assault, but coolly weighed the situation. He knew he had to go either forward or backward — either action would be costly, but retreat would also prove costly for other Marines coming up later. He made a hard decision that stamped him as a great Marine."

The presence of danger, both chaplains agreed, definitely increased Marines' interest in religion. While on board ship, going toward Okinawa, both found that services increased sharply as they neared the target. Part of it they attributed to the fact that it was Holy Week. But the increase was all out of proportion to just that.

"You always have the men's undivided attention," Rev. Creitz said, "when you preach fundamentals to them. Once when I preached on the subject of immortality, requests for the sermon were 2000 per cent higher than for any previous sermon I ever preached to the 22nd Regiment."

The 22nd's two popular chaplains, Father Eugene Kelly, left, and Rev. George A. Creitz take a little time out from their duties to discuss problems of mutual interest to their groups

They tell the yarn about the time Father Kelly held services and Jap snipers shot two of his flock in the legs while it was going on. Rev. Creitz was supposed to hold his services an hour later in the same place. Kelly had left word that it was a bad spot for him on account of the snipers. But Creitz failed to get the word. He arrived, set up his altar and got ready to begin. He had quite a wait — not a single member of his flock ever did show up.

"It had me snowed," he said.

But the prize story of the twins of the 22nd is the one Rev. Creitz likes to tell — about the time he was holding services and he called on his flock to sing, *"Stand Up, Stand Up For Jesus."*

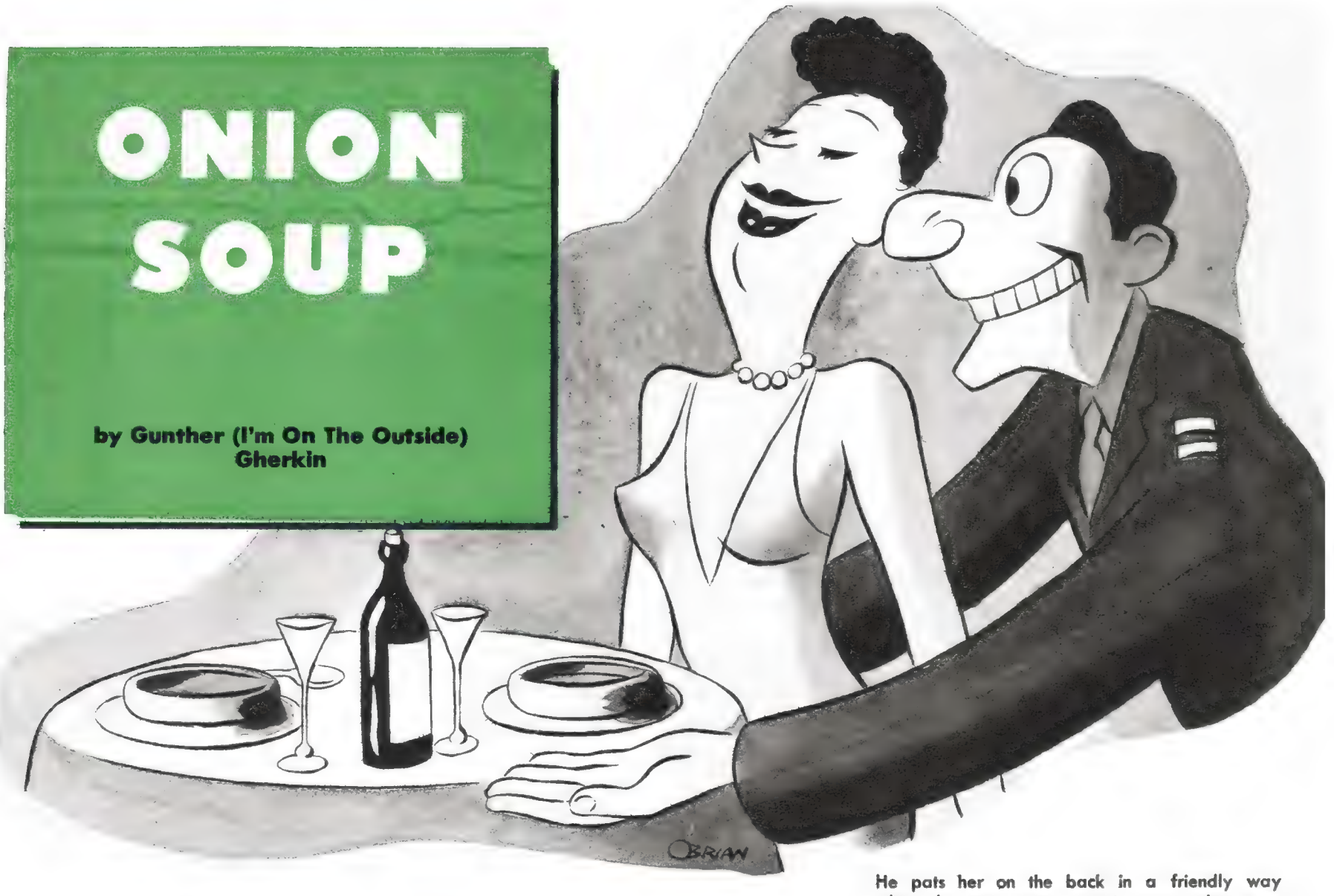
Just as he made the announcement, a Jap shell came whining toward the group and a Marine Gunny Sergeant yelled: "For Christ's sake, hit the deck!"

The pay-off was that when services were resumed 10 minutes later, attendance had doubled.

It's a good yarn — but the twins of the 22nd have a million of 'em. **END**

ONION SOUP

by Gunther (I'm On The Outside) Gherkin



He pats her on the back in a friendly way when she runs over to get some onion soup

Wherein a lady theorizes that to men, love and sex have no more in common than a North and a South Irishman

SGT. HENRY FELSEN

THE other night I picked up a copy of a fat magazine written for slick ladies — or vice versa, but I'm not sure. Anyway, it is a very well-known magazine, so I imagine many ladies read it, and since it has popped up overseas, I imagine it is also read by a great many gentlemen, and enlisted men.

After I got through looking at the advertisements of lace underthings and deodorants with vitamins, I picked a story which was illustrated with a picture of a pretty girl sitting in a guy's lap. The story was written by a lady, and it was about this guy overseas coming home to the little woman, and some troubles that they have.

The way the story starts out, this comely wench is down at the station where she is meeting her hubby. He had been wounded, and she is prepared to see a white-headed old man with no teeth, runny eyes and a few twitches. She is very much surprised when the only effects he shows from a small wound in the leg is a slight limp that disappears in the third paragraph.

They go home, and she gives him a drink, and before he has it half-way down she asks him if he has been unfaithful to her while serving in the far Southwest Pacific!

My astonishment at these proceedings is complete when he says casually that he has strayed not once, but twice. Once after Hollandia and once after Biak. Like you would say you take soda mints after cabbage and cigars after coffee.

A little more reading and I gather our hero is a captain, and maybe in the air force, or the ground troops, or the airborne QM — it isn't very clear. He's just a vague captain who dashes off to Sydney after every invasion to mop up with a few handy maidens.

Well, naturally, the little woman feels pretty bad about this, so she runs over to see a guy she met at the Stork Club while she was being faithful in New York in her own kittenish way. This guy is also a captain. He is tall and handsome and has a pot full of money, and lives in a fancy apartment where his man makes onion soup for him and his lady visitors.

This second captain stands around drinking good stuff and bemoaning the fact that he is stationed in New York when he is thirsting after combat. But despite all his money, he doesn't seem to have much influence, because he has to satisfy his thirst with Scotch in New York and can't get overseas to the front at Pearl Harbor.

Well, one day after the chick meets this captain, he drops around to her joint to see if she has any recent letters from her husband to find out if it is still raining in the Admiralties. He talks to the wren about his job, which is sending garbage cans to the Russians, which is obviously an important job not to be entrusted to any enlisted man. During this discussion the girl goes and kisses him and does other faithful things.

According to the story the captain keeps on talking about garbage cans, but he figures out some plans which (according to the story) are interrupted by the timely arrival of her husband, the first captain.

So when the little wench runs over to this Stateside captain's OP for onion soup to tell her troubles, he pats her on the back in a friendly fashion trying to locate her zipper. She wants him to say he loves her, which seems to him to be a question having little to do with planned operations.

AT THIS moment she realizes that to men, love and sex have no more to do with one another than a North Irishman and a South Irishman. So she says she doesn't want any soup and runs home to her husband, knowing what he did in Australia didn't mean a thing because he loves only her.

So the moral of the story is that it is all right to shack up at random as long as you don't love the people you meet, but only your wife, who is going to the Stork Club to avoid men, and to their apartment to get onion soup.

Now I am slightly in the literary business myself, and I have been looking around for a good love story to write. This lady has taken care of how captains make out in the war, and anyway, I don't know much about their activities. And I can't write about the Stork Club and Park Avenue apartments, because me and the little woman live in what is known as a cold water flat, and when we go night-clubbing it is down to the corner pharmacy, where we get nickel cokes and listen to the juke box.

But I figure a good story will be if I take the story this lady wrote for the lady's magazine and write it the way it would probably happen if the hero was a peon like you and me.

My story opens with Eglandria, the heroine, awaiting the return of her husband. He is a PFC and has been overseas for 37 months, and has been in five operations. So Eglandria figures he has had at least five chances to forget the horrors of the trenches with a few he could meet in a tavern.

Well, Eglandria can't run down to the station to meet her man on account of there's nobody to look after the kids, so she stays in the kitchen and tries to figure out how she can cook him a good feed without any meat, butter and sugar, of which the stores are fresh out.

Suddenly in walks the hero. He is either limping or staggering, but Eglandria gives him the benefit of the doubt. "Oh Tlodiver," she says. "Has you been shot? I notice you are gimping, which was not so when off to war you went."

"And," snarls Tlodiver, "them near-sighted Shambos couldn't hit me if I was crapped out inside a mortar barrel. I am limping as I have on shoes with soles, and they are tight."

Before the hero can pitch his shelter-half on the parlor deck and put up a few trip flares, the little woman says, "Tlodiver, you have been gone three years. You have been stationed in such exotic holes as Ulithi, Tarawa, Bougainville and Peleliu and Johnston Island. Has you ever succumbed? Has you ever been unfaithful to me with any of them grass-skirted hip flingers and South Sea belles?"

"What belles?" asks Tlodiver, playfully catching the baby under the chin with the buckle of his leather belt, thereby causing him to cease weeping.

"Don't try to hide it from me," Eglandria sobs. "Them women."

"What women?"

"In the Pacific."

"The same Pacific I was in?" asks Tlodiver. "I guess they must have been on another boat, for I saw none."

Eglandria is convinced that Tlodiver is not truthful. "Are you going to sit there and tell me you wasn't always dashing off to Australia like that captain I read about?"

"Honey," says Tlodiver, "I was sent overseas to fight, not to fiddle with sundry sorts of women."

"You didn't fight all the time," she weeps. "What did you do nights, and between battles?"

"I was usually on the bull gang," says Tlodiver. "I have had as much chance to be unfaithful to you as I have had chances to see blonde New Georgians driving Packards."

"Then," says Eglandria, "You swear you have never looked at another woman?"

AT THIS Tlodiver hangs his head. He admits that yes, once in those three years he had looked at another woman. It was on Bougainville. She had red teeth, and was carrying her grandfather in a basket on her head. He had never seen a woman with red teeth carry her grandfather in a basket on her head, and so he had looked.

"But you didn't love her?" Eglandria asks. "It was just curiosity, and not love?"

"I love only you," says Tlodiver, "and I will never again look at a woman with red teeth carrying her grandfather in a basket on her head."

Then Eglandria confesses. Once she was down at the delicatessen having onion soup when some fresh guy who worked at the recruiting station sat down opposite her and ordered onion soup in a lewd manner.

He said he wished he could be over there with the boys in the jungles, but he said it too loud, and his CO, who was having onion soup in the next booth heard him, and the next day he was transferred to line duty, where he handles garbage cans for the USMC.

Tlodiver has been promised a job in the recruiting station for the six months before he has to go back overseas.

Everything is now fine, and all domestic problems are settled, and each has forgave the other. The kids are sent to the double-feature movies, since Tlodiver has to go back to camp in 15 days to wait for his transfer. Then a couple of hours later Eglandria says, "Tlodiver, honey, I guess war has changed you."

"How is that?" asks Tlodiver.

"You used to think about food once in a while," says Eglandria.

That's my story. Maybe somebody will buy it. I could use the money on account I think I can get to Australia next week. I'm very anxious to make the trip. I have always wanted to see a kangaroo. **END**

These Leathernecks are getting more exercise than logs. A power saw is used to bring down pine trees for new construction at the resort

Erecting a cabin is just a matter of assembling parts that have been cut in the camp's sawmill. Snug-fitting wall boards prevent drafts

Beautiful BOONDOCKS

IF IT'S crisp, clean American boondocks you crave, you'll want to know about Camp Govo, a lakeside resort built as a substation of the Marine barracks near Klamath Falls, Oregon.

Hewed from the primitive lands of the Deschutes national forest, the camp is operated as a mountain recreation center for Marine veterans. An early capacity of 100 is being expanded to about 175. Marines who come up from Klamath for a week or 10 days have a chance to participate in a varied program of sports, get big chow and rest.

Govo's facilities would cost $25 a day for any civilian seeking rest from the hurly burly of city life. But to Marine veterans it is all included in the price Marines pay — overseas duty and combat.

For those whose girl friends will travel 1000 miles or more into the wilderness, there are dances and moonlight picnics. For others there is blessed solitude and an opportunity to relax — free from city turmoil.

Cabins are furnished with double-deck bunks, lockers and other conveniences for six men

Anglers like PFC Paul Richardson pursue trout in any of many streams running near the camp

Sailboats, outboards and rowboats are available for trips across the placid lake waters

MINES AWAY

They sprinkled the enemy's sea lanes with generous doses of floating death

by Capt. Earl J. Wilson

TOKYO'S waterfront dwellers had the uncertain pleasure some months ago of seeing our big B-29's wing low over their harbor and disgorge some objects that floated down by parachute to the water. Those objects were mines. Each Superfortress had ten tons aboard.

That was March 27. Since then, on raid after raid, the Superforts systematically had sowed mines in Japan's harbors and Inland Sea, carrying out the first attempt in the history of warfare to strangle completely a maritime enemy with an aerial mine blockade.

Great enterprises have small beginnings and the genesis for this tremendous blockade of Japan came two years ago in the Solomon islands when Marine Corps and Navy torpedo planes first took off from dusty Henderson Field on Guadalcanal to sow mines off the coast of Bougainville.

This is the story of that first flight, until recently a closely-guarded military secret.

The center of enemy resistance in the American drive to take the Solomon islands was the Buin-Kahili region of Bougainville. The high command determined to clamp down on Jap activity by mining the waters at this point. But there was a problem. Minelayers could not operate in the shallow waters where the mines were needed. It was decided to try it from the air.

Actually there was one precedent. Ten Liberators of the Tenth US Army Air Force a month earlier had sowed British mines against Rangoon, but the feat had never been tried before with single-engined planes, and at night.

A Marine Corps Combat Correspondent, Sergeant (now Second Lieutenant) Gorden A. Growden of Kalamazoo, Mich., went along on this first mine laying flight. As Growden climbed into his Avenger that night the pilot said to him, "If you're as scared as the rest of us, I know exactly how you feel."

They had every right to be wary of the trip. It was to be the first flight for the fliers over that enemy-held territory. Though every possible step had been taken for their safety, the pilots and their crews knew it was an extremely risky mission. They had to fly in darkness over strange territory, in strange planes, on a strange job and they could just barely carry enough gas to make it home.

At briefings they were told in detail about what to do if forced down by fuel exhaustion or shell fire. Names of friendly natives were revealed and Australian shillings were doled out because the Solomon islanders did not recognize American coins. Bad weather cancelled the flight twice and nerves grew taut.

Roughly the plan for the strike was this: Nine Army Liberators and nine Fortresses flying at a high altitude would appear over the target first and drop more than 2000 fragmentation bombs on enemy searchlights and anti-aircraft positions in the area. These would be followed by 42 Marine and Navy torpedo bombers carrying mines.

The mission of the torpedo planes was to place a row of mines in a straight line across the entrance to a harbor. To do this the pilot of each plane must cross a reference point at a low altitude, set his course, click his watch, fly on this course for five seconds, drop his mine, and peel off.

THE next pilot would fly on the same course for 10 seconds before making his release, the third 15 seconds, the fourth 20 seconds, and so on.

The trouble with flying on a set course like this is that the ack-ack gunners and searchlight batteries on the ground get ranged in on the first few planes and are right on the button waiting for the trailing members of the flight.

First off dusty Henderson Field were the Army bombers. They circled the field to gain altitude and join up before heading northward. To the men on the ground the sight of 18 big bombers flying into the night to paste Nip positions was reassuring.

In a little while the coral dust swirled up from the churning props of the TBF's as they prepared to take off. Through the dust and the darkness the pilots and crews could just make out the upturned thumbs of the groundcrewmen in their gestures of farewell and good luck.

Growden wrote: "At 7:05 we overtook a convoy of four destroyers and a light cruiser on patrol in the Russell area. Fifteen minutes later we ran into rain clouds and swung around them to the right, passing through light cloud formations.

"As we left these behind, the moon appeared and the velvet blue of the tropical sky was brightened by its milk-white beams. So intense were the rays that a silhouette of the cockpit was thrown on the left wing, our shadows in dark relief within the outline.

"Nearing the north tip of Choiseul Island at 8:50 we spotted the flash of a bomb in the distance. A searchlight bisected the darkness for a moment and went out as a bomb fell, apparently close by it. Seven minutes later we could distinguish the flash of anti-aircraft guns and tracer bullets streaking upward like Roman candles, balls of fire following close upon one another.

"Suddenly we started to bounce around. The plane bucked and shivered as our pilot fought the controls. The sky above was illuminated by bursting shells and looking downward I saw, a little aft of our tail, an ack-ack battery sending streams of fire in our direction.

"This battery on the tip of a peninsula was a primary objective of the big bombers. Since we were the last of the planes to pass over the point, and the others had encountered no fire, we assumed that the battery had been silenced. As it was we were taken completely by surprise.

"We dropped a bit lower to avoid ack-ack, and as three lights came on we saw the first of our formation streaking by, in the opposite direction, for home. They had done their job. The lights went out and two others, somewhat closer, made a swing of the sky and were extinguished.

"The bombing had ceased by now and the only gun we could see in action was the one we were rapidly leaving behind. Its shells, however, were still tossing us about as they burst off our tail."

More long, dark minutes passed. Then the occupants of the plane heard over the intercom, "Coming on the target." Growden said:

"Directly ahead a light split the darkness, its beam aimed over our heads. Now we were a little under 1200 feet and nosing down even lower to avoid the rays. The seconds clicked by, then we released our mine. Rather than pull up and possibly fly into the light's beam, the pilot made a steep bank to our left. We could see the mine's parachute, a faint white blossom in the darkness, for a second before it disappeared.

"At this moment two lights immediately on our right, so close that they seemed to be on our wing tips, lanced out to catch us in their apex. Ack-ack surrounded us, bursting loud over the roar of the engine. It seemed that we would never get off that left wing tip and level out. The water seemed to be within reach of our hands as we finally leveled off and headed southeast, dodging the light's beam.

"We headed directly for a flare in the distance. It burned out as we drew near. A second broke hands, relating incidents of their flight, laughing and slapping one another on the back. Two planes, however, were unreported and underneath this gayety was apprehension and anxiety. This vanished as these planes finally circled the field and landed safely.

"We piled into trucks and jeeps and drove to our camp, 'Skunk Hollow,' and most of us went to bed exhausted."

In the Southwest Pacific the powerful Jap fleet anchorage at Kavieng was mined by Catalina flying boats of the Royal Australian Air Force and the efficacy of the mine fields was later shown when information was received indicating the Japs considered the waters unsafe for all but small vessels.

With our island-hopping tactics in the Pacific, mine-laying activities kept step in every major area of combat, denying the enemy use of his anchorages, costing him ships, forcing him to reroute or delay shipping, cutting off his harbors and making him divert time and manpower from his dwindling fleet to minesweeping activities.

With today's efficiency in aerial minelaying, born two years ago on that first flight to Bougainville, our pilots could fence the royal carp with mines in Hirohito's fish pond. **END**

CRAZY Beachhead

by Sgts. Duane Decker and Joseph Purcell
Leatherneck Staff Correspondents

THE delay en route to Japan was responsible for it. Anyway, troops of the 1st Battalion, 4th Marine Regiment, scheduled to take over the Naval Air Station at Yokosuka, were acting like a bunch of Girl Scouts — not that we blamed them much. The suspense was gone. The old spark had petered out.

The excitement over occupation was at high pitch when the *USS Lanier,* carrying the battalion, weighed anchor off Guam and slid northward into the twilight of August 15. Admiral Nimitz' warning to be on the alert for "Japanese treachery" acted like a tonic. The men were breaking down machine guns, BARs, M1's and carbines.

They were giving their pieces loving care. It was the same tingling routine that preceded landings at Tarawa, Saipan, Iwo and the other places.

It was going to be a fast three or four-day spurt northward. The convoy would slip into Tokyo Bay and then one fine morning the Marines would race ashore, taking over Yokosuka before the Japs had a chance to throw any curves — if that was the way they were going to play all plans were made.

As we say, the Marines were ready for anything. No one was going to catch them doping off. A lot of these guys were fresh out of Okinawa. Nothing like being prepared for any emergency. They didn't lack enthusiasm. They loaded the *Lanier's* holds in 22 back-breaking hours.

Navy Captain B. W. Cloud, a rough, story-book character who skippered the *Lanier,* was flabbergasted:

"Why ordinarily it would take four days to load that much stuff," he beamed. "These Marines are sure in a hurry to get moving."

They were. This was on the morning of August 16. We had been at sea about 18 hours and one of the crew said that we passed Saipan during the night.

The Marianas' northernmost pin-point islands were lying ahead. It wouldn't take us long to pass them and head into the Bonins. Japan seemed within fingertip reach and tension was mounting. The Marines, stripped to the waist, stayed with their weapons. They were polishing away like mad.

That night General Quarters sounded ominously. It always sounds ominously and the troops scampered to their berthing spaces to make room for the crew to reach battle stations. This business of surrender was something we had been hearing over the air on Guam. This was different. Now it was the real thing. Below, in the holds of the ship, butterflies romped in our stomachs. It was the same old, cold, eerie sensation. It made you feel lousy.

One gent, curled up on a rack, muttered:

"Surrender my foot — they'll have to prove it first."

So it went. It was definitely no picnic. The word got around that our convoy — a few transports carrying the 4th's three battalions — would rendezvous with Halsey's Third Fleet on Saturday.

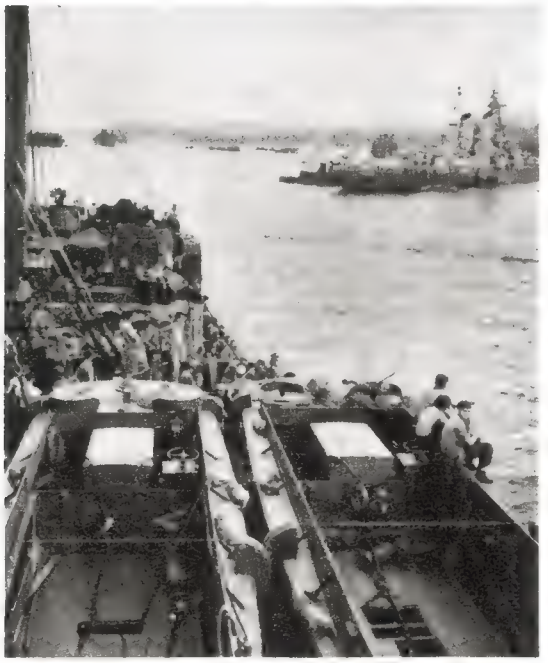
The words "blackout," "rendezvous," "General Quarters," and "Third Fleet" tumbled together. They were on everyone's lips.

Lieutenant Colonel George Bell of Hollywood Cal., battalion CO, was grim and full of business. From the boat deck he looked down on his men.

PHOTOS BY SGT. JOHN BIRCH

Marines were ready for anything when they hit Japan — but nothing happened

TURN TO PAGE 37



Apra Harbor, on Guam, was a busy place as US forces prepared to move on the Jap homeland

Divine services were held on the boat deck by Chaplain Bernard Boyd of the 4th Regiment

A destroyer comes alongside to pass sealed orders to APA 172. The destination is Japan

With a firm grip on navigation and mine field charts, a Japanese pilot comes aboard from a destroyer to lead the Yokosuka-bound convoy into Sagami Bay. Crews watch with great interest

The latter were taking exercises. It seemed that they were limbering up a lot now.

In the wardroom Col. Bell talked to his officers gathered around a table cluttered with maps, drawings, aerial views and military magazines of all sorts.

"We're going to take the naval air station at Yokosuka. We expect to be greeted by some Nips — friendly ones we've been told."

If anyone caught the humor in the remark he didn't show it. They hung on Bell's words and took notes. The war correspondents aboard took notes, too, and occasionally they shot questions at the speaker.

"How long will it take the battalion to secure the airfield?"

"We *HOPE* to have it secured the first day."

"Do you expect any trouble?"

"We *HOPE* the Japs will cooperate. We've been told they will."

"Will the ships lay off in the harbor or dock?"

"We *HOPE* to have some of them docked the first day."

HOPE, HOPE, HOPE. It dominated the answers. No one attempted a smile. Yet we thought at the time it was kind of funny.

The colonel went on, just as grimly as before.

"Everyone will carry a weapon. The magazine will be loaded."

Then, as though he suddenly lost his reasoning:

"The chamber will be empty!" It didn't sound right but he repeated it. "You will *NOT* put a slug in your chamber. Your weapon will be locked."

At this point he paused. As if struggling with an incongruity himself, he waited for it to reach the

The Jap pilot uses chart and hands to show Commodore Earle Glines and Lieutenant J. F. Goodman, captain and navigator of the APA 138, the narrow ship channel through the mine fields in Sagami Bay

Brigadier General William T. Clement, "Task Group" Commander, gives the scoop to his men

Marines are landing on Green Beach, which was the now-deserted Naval Base at Yokosuka. H-hour was 1000. It was unlike any other landing

Another crazy beachhead was found at Futtusaki. Here the first wave, men of the 2nd Battalion, 4th Marines, is ashore — standing around

men. Then came the climax to the strange order: "You will not fire unless fired upon."

The words were an invitation to race back over history and you came up with something that included: " . . . until you see the whites of their eyes."

Here was a realistic man. He was calling things by their right names. He wasn't taking anything for granted. Only when he was on Jap soil with his men in unquestioned control would he write the thing off. You couldn't help but feel that way about him.

On a bulletin board by his shoulder a dispatch fluttered, caught in the breeze of an electric fan. It read:

"The use of insulting epithets in connection with the Japanese as a race or as individuals *DOES NOT NOW* become the officers of the United States Navy. Officers of the Pacific Fleet will take steps to require all personnel under their command to observe a high standard of conduct in this matter."

Outside, the Marines, sweating and bearded practised rifle feints. They slammed each other to the deck, practised headlocks and grunted all their favorite oaths.

The dispatch, now in caps, read on:

"IT IS DESIRED THAT COMMANDING OFFICERS APPRISE ALL HANDS UNDER THEIR COMMAND OF THE NEED FOR PRESENTING THEMSELVES UPON ARRIVAL IN THE BEST TRADITIONS OF THE NAVAL SERVICE. STRESS PARTICULARLY PROPER UNIFORM, CLEANLINESS, SMART MILITARY BEARING AND PROPER DEPORTMENT."

The paradox was there but we didn't quite grasp it then. The excitement was too great. Japan lay almost in reach.

On Saturday, as scheduled, the fleet was spotted over the horizon at dusk and, as darkness crowded in, we hung over the rails counting the ships until they became dark, over-lapping blotches on the sky line.

That night the Marines went back to their

Leathernecks were burned up because Naval cameramen got ashore first

weapons. Something had to happen soon. But exactly nothing happened. That was the trouble.

The next nine days stretched as a single, unending nightmare. It was as if you held a stable of pin-point-trained thoroughbreds champing at the barrier until, weak with anticipation for the race, they lost fire and slumped into exhaustion.

The Marines started to "bitch" and scuttlebutt-flooded the ship like a giant wave of sea water.

Everyone had his own personal explanation for the delay. A corporal carrying a "Times Square" sign slung around his neck said: "I think they're going to kick the Emperor out! It's just taking a little time to give him the heave-ho."

Another with the voice of one carrying a message from above intoned:

"It's a trap. They're stalling. When we finally land they'll hit us with everything but the Imperial moat."

Our fast three or four-day jaunt to the Land of the Rising Sun was a joke. It was beginning to resemble a cross-country walking contest. Now, instead of acting like Marines, the troops were getting very sissified. They began playing word games, reading books and once we saw a pair of salty, tattooed characters bending over a chess board.

To make matters worse we found that we were no longer marking a circular course off the homeland. The fleet signaled that a typhoon was raging near Tokyo and our unhappy little convoy headed south. That, of course, was the wrong direction.

Personally we were beginning to wish that we never had left Guam. The troops didn't register emotion. They remained dull and listless and spoke only in unintelligible grunts. It was rough.

Then on the afternoon of the 27th we sighted land and in a few hours rode into Sagami Wan, a sheltered bay at the mouth of Tokyo harbor. Off to our left and partially hidden by clouds lay snow-capped Fujiyama. Majestic and serene it looked every bit of what it was cracked up to be.

Morale soared. This time we were definitely on our way. The boys whipped out the weapons again

This is the first command post to be established by Marines in Japan. Communications with units afloat and ashore were immediately set up

Troops were met at the naval base by this reception party, which included civilian interpreters, a Jap Army colonel, and a Navy captain

TURN PAGE 30

Vice Admiral Tozaka here accepts the terms of surrender from Admiral Badger in ceremonies at the navy yard which lasted but a few minutes

Admiral Tozaka tried to be pleasant and informal during the surrender ceremonies, which he talks over with General Clement, who took charge

and started throwing each other all over the place, stomping on arms, legs and ears.

Then it happened once more. The ship dropped anchor and with it plummeted our morale. By this time most of us didn't know whether we were on foot or horseback.

Now Fujiyama is a very beautiful piece of real estate. No one will deny that. But try looking at it for two and one half days, almost without let-up, as we did, and you're bound to get a little rocky.

Sometimes during those two and one-half days, we can't remember exactly when, L Day (the day we were set to hit the beach) was officially given as Thursday, August 30. Somehow the announcement didn't do anything for us and we went back to the railing and Fujiyama.

As we said earlier — the suspense was gone. The old spark had petered out.

Apparently the atmosphere was contagious because the night before the landings, Col. Bell gathered his men for a final briefing. He wasn't the same man. His voice was hard and bitter.

"Men!" he started, looking around the room to insure attention, "we're going ashore tomorrow. My instructions are the same."

He repeated the gist of his earlier words about weapons and the plan of the day.

Then he dropped the bombshell.

"When you hit the beach, Navy cameraman who will land earlier will be there. They will be taking pictures. Pictures of you men landing. I don't want any of you mugging the lenses. Simply get ashore as quickly as possible and do your job."

After muttering something about "comic opera" he said "That is all," and left the room.

This was awful. Marines hadn't been meeting cameramen when they hit a beach. They had always met cleverly concealed Nips who tried their best to keep them in the water.

We crawled into our sacks terribly embarrassed and sometime during the night the *Lanier* weighed anchor and moved into Tokyo harbor.

L Day broke warm and bright. There was hardly a ripple on the water and as the battalion scrambled into landing craft something happened.

It was like a shot in the arm. Here were Marines again, headed for a shore where only Heaven knew what waited. The heavy packs were feathers on their shoulders. They joked and laughed and as the coxswains powered the craft toward a rendezvous point a few miles off shore. You were sure that this was the real thing.

No one knew what would happen on the beach. You couldn't be absolutely certain. You were dealing with the Nip.

We circled interminably, the assault boats bobbing gently. We were waiting to go in and as the minutes clicked off the Marines gave their gear a grim, last-minute check.

Finally the coxswain in the lead craft signaled with both hands aloft and the boats, now abreast of each other in a long line, jumped for the shore as the pilots pulled on levers.

The shore, at first faintly distinguishable, loomed larger and deeper. Figures moved into sight and then disappeared again as our craft weaved and rocked under top speed.

We crouched lower in the boat, out of habit, and waited for that breathless crunch when water gave way to sand. While we were thinking of it we heard it, and the ramp dropped quickly, spilling Marines on the beach.

They raced forward fanning around a group of hangars — one of the objectives.

Others pushed toward a series of buildings off to our left which made up part of the huge Naval Air Station on Yokosuka. Then they stopped with the abruptness with which a movie operator brings his figures to halt on the screen.

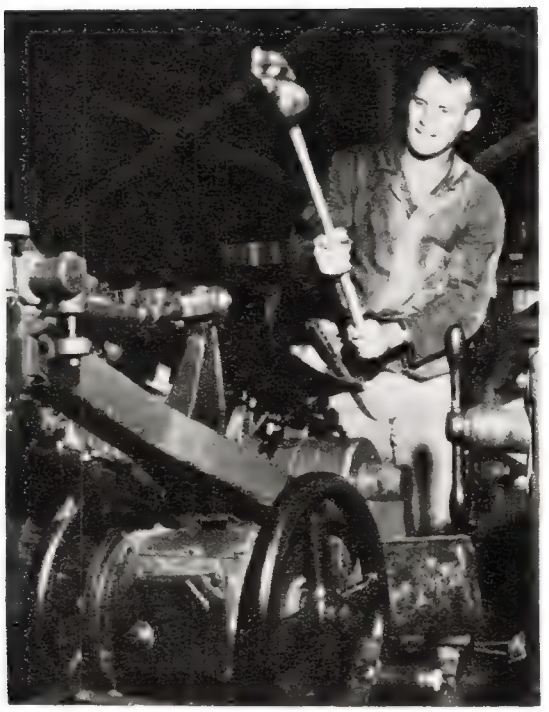
Automobiles and busses were parked all over the place, Nip drivers behind the wheels. Some of the drivers were smoking cigarets. Others scanned newspapers and magazines. Few of them paid any attention to what we were doing.

Each had the look of a resigned husband waiting for the "little woman" to finish dressing before shoving off on a bridge date for which he already was late.

That was our reception party. The vehicles were accommodations. Everything was in readiness to

At long last, the Marines, who wear battle dress and wide grins, have taken over. They watch Jap policemen as they ride into Futtusaki village

This huddle has to do with the surrender. American and Japanese officers discuss the terms informally on the docks at Yokosuka's Naval Base



Jap weapons were ordered smashed, and Cpl. A. Rist enjoys sledge hammering a German AA gun

make our stay in Japan as pleasant as possible.

Col. Bell, standing inside a hangar, was talking with a retired Nip warrant officer who acted as interpreter for the commander of the naval air station. The commander was there too, nodding familiarly and respectfully.

A few minutes later the American flag was raised in front of the administration building.

Two or three miles farther south, the second and third battalions assigned to occupation of the Yokosuka naval base were running into the same thing.

Everything was peaceful and the Nips were doing their darndest to show that they were all for co-operation. There, too, buses, trucks and private cars complete with drivers dotted the area.

The whole thing smacked of unreality.

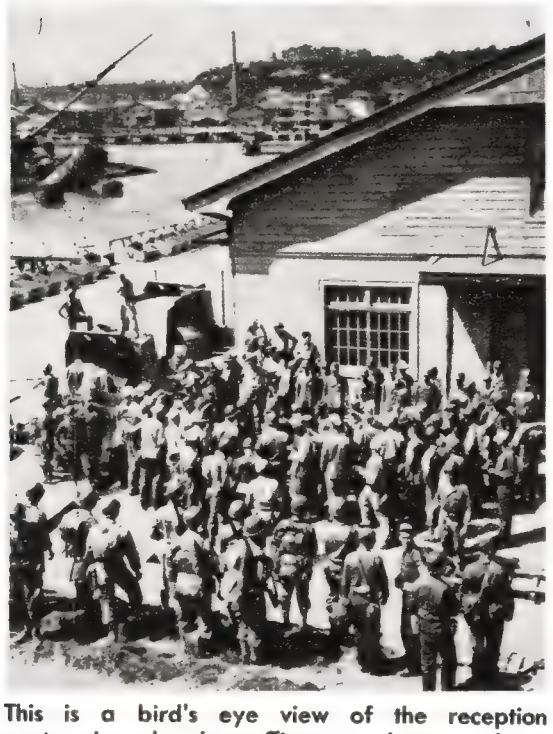
In the afternoon some Marines crapped out in scores of immaculate barracks provided by you know who.

Others just dropped in clusters around the air strip and Navy base and munched on candy bars. Every once in a while a bus would race around a corner and a Marine would pull in his feet.

Inside the city, the residents of Yokosuka went about their business as Marines taking up sentry watches on street corners went about their business.

We might just as well have stood in bed for all the attention we got from the natives.

It was a very crazy beachhead.



This is a bird's eye view of the reception party given by Jap officers at the navy base

Aboard the *USS Missouri* for the Japanese surrender are, left to right, Vice Admiral Charles A. Lockwood, Lieutenant General Roy S. Geiger, Commanding, FMF, and Admiral William F. Halsey

Troops spilled out of the landing ship, dashed ashore, fanned out around their objectives at Yokosuka. But the Japs were more interested in their newspapers

Members of the Marine detachment aboard the *USS Missouri* snap to attention as Jap emissaries prepare to go ashore after the formal signing of surrender terms on the battleship in Tokyo Bay

Official US Marine Corps Photo

END

We'll have to live with the Nip now, so here is why he's the greatest booby trap in history

by Sgt. Ralph W. Myers
Leatherneck Staff Correspondent

SINCE we arrived at Pearl Harbor on time for the VJ Day celebrations, we were able to witness the joyful shooting of firecrackers by the little Jap kids in Honolulu. We saw their mothers on the curbs selling tiny American flags to returning heroes for 50 cents per Old Glory — and at a neat profit. We also were a bit startled to see what a trim, intelligent, attractive young lady the Japanese girl is, on the beautiful campus of the University of Hawaii.

The only Japs we have seen for nearly two years were dead or about to die, prisoners with bursted eardrums, and that crowd on Okinawa. Here we saw Japs who really were people, and suddenly we realized that the war was over and the day not far distant when they all would be considered people again — at least officially.

That is how we came to spend a couple of weeks around Oahu, looking up experts on the subject of Japology — to brush up on things about peacetime Japan and her inhabitants that we had forgotten. You never know when you might get shipped out again.

Oahu has a lot of experts on Japan — missionaries, newspapermen, sewing machine salesmen, State Department hands and real Japanese who came to pick pineapples and stayed to get educated, Americanized and sometimes rich.

If you have been out in the sun a long time, and feel that you are getting as soft as an old tomato, we would advise you not to talk with these folks. At least not about Japan. They remind us of the magician who is going to do it real slow this time, to show how it's done.

Their explanations get perfectly clear, and a few minutes later they contradict themselves while sticking tenaciously to the truth at all times. Japan is like that, contradictory. We'll just pass it on as they told about it, and if you are giddy enough to want to know what makes the Japanese tick you must draw your own conclusions.

The Japanese soul is in the belly. If he is wicked his "belly is black." If he is a liar his "mouth and belly are different." If he "possesses a very large belly," he is a big-thinking, broadminded gent. He disembowels himself if he wants to commit the most honorable sort of hara-kiri—which is a word meaning "cut belly."

The Japanese is timeless in spirit. The ghosts of his dead ancestors float around the home and are as much a part of the family as the living, except that they can't breathe or be seen. The future is ever-present, too. It is seen in his interest in begetting a son. If necessary, he will legally recognize a love child. Or he will get himself a new wife by stopping at the city hall and notifying the registrar that the first one just won't do. Adoption is common, and widespread.

The family is everything, but paradoxically one of the most famous families in Japan was a bachelor institution by tradition. The sons were either illegitimate or adopted.

One of the country's common expressions is "I'll be the laughing stock of the nine generations." That refers to the four past, one present, and four future generations. Even at my advanced age I doubt if ever I have given thought to any prospective great-great grandson. Not so the Jap. (In a half century his nation's population has doubled, while countries like France are going out backwards.)

He, alas, is hard. A generation ago he rested his head on a porcelain pillow. We saw a lot of wooden pillows on Okinawa, and his softest, beauty-rest model is like a thinly-padded brick. And for good reason, the experts say. His volcanic chain of islands never would support gluttony or ease in the masses. It would have meant starvation tomorrow. The lords knew it, and preached that imperfection and

The LAUGHING STOCK of nine generations

inconvenience are the natural lot of mortals, who are not to be discontented.

He builds his houses without foundations, walls, windows, paint, varnish, curtains and furniture. Also with reason. Floods always were common in the coastal plains where most Nippons live. So the few portable possessions, including the sliding walls, were hoisted up into the loft with the family, to ride out the seasonal high water. He ignored flood control and sanitary engineering, but not soil preservation. When there was a Tokyo, Japs in the poor sections signed leases stipulating that the sewage of three tenants would pay the rent for one.

His food lacks albumen, fat, sugar and vitamins. That's why the soldier packed so many pills. The average guy was poor as a church mouse, even in good times. Economic observers figure that the famous tea ceremony is a ritualistic hocus-pocus built around an ordinary cup of tea because the little man is so hard up he has nothing else to offer a guest.

He was as fouled up at home as he was on the battlefield, but with reservations, and just at times, like in the war. His pre-war house, old-timers say, was the world's cleanest home on the inside, and the dirtiest on the outside.

The bath is his No. 1 recreation, and he takes as many as possible, the hotter the better. The whole family bathes in the same barrel, papa first, then the eldest son, then grandma, etc., in order of rank. He values cleanliness, but some experts place the nation's venereal disease rate as high as 80 per cent, although much of it is inherited, and inactive.

Japs take a lot of their baths in public bath houses, co-educational, with nothing on whatsoever. But

kissing is considered so immoral it's positively vile. At first Japs thought American movies ended with a kiss to drive everybody out of the theater. They don't think we are immoral because we have statues of nude women in our parks and art museums. They just think we are nuts. To expose the body in Japan is nothing, not even mildly interesting. But they never will be able to understand our lack of propriety in showing our sentiments.

The way they figure it, we bare something much more worthy of concealment when we show our true personality by direct expression of emotions and affections. All bodies are the same, but personality — that is something really intimate. That is where you differ from the rest of humanity, as in your fingerprints. Therefore, the Jap smiles to hide his grief or anger, and scowls to disguise his pity or concern. It is not decent to expose your true self. Confusing, isn't it?

Out of sheer politeness he will speak of his son, whom he adores, as "my no-good son — the suckling pig." He will call his cousin, whom he despises, "my honorable cousin, worthy son of my father's esteemed brother." Of course, the other Jap knows what he means.

Ridicule ranks with or above rape as a thing the conquered Jap fears most, according to an eminent Quaker theologian who spent 40 years of his life there. He thinks that ridicule can separate us more completely from future friendly relations with Japan than any other aspect of occupation. The Jap cannot abide ridicule.

He will consider it impolite to say No. In a fruit store, if you ask for bananas, he will say, "Yes, we have no bananas." He will tell you your laundry will be done on Friday, when he knows your laundry will not be done on Friday. Believe it or not, he is only partly trying to save face.

He knows you must catch a train on Friday, and does not want to worry you about not having any laundry to take with you. It wouldn't be polite to tell you. Lying is part and parcel of his life, but intelligent people who lived lifetimes with them say that a lot of it is done for sheer good manners. Manners and custom mean more in the average Japanese fishing village than in the Court of St. James.

The key to his commercial dishonesty lies in his history. In feudal Japan only those who produced were respected — the farmers, artisans, soldiers. The merchant, who only bartered, was the lowest form of life. No respectable man would go in for it. The trader, despised and abused by the samurai and everybody else, was expected to get along as best he could, by fair means or foul. There was no moral code he was expected to follow.

Then came the industrial revolution, following Perry, and Japan entered world trade with the business background of a pickpocket. Big businessmen emerged. Some firms, of necessity, became honest in the commercial sense. But the net result was the grafting of the lowest form of society onto the highest, and in a new, glorified position.

The ruling class had known the most rigid sort of moral code, according to their lights. The merchant class had had absolutely none. The elevating of commerce to high places had a lot to do with the strange, contradictory, split-personality of modern Japan.

THE Japanese hep cat will not get excited about a girl's lips, eyes or figure. The focal point of his interest — if his intentions are dishonorable, as often they are — is the back of her neck. Honest to John! And to this end she would whiten it with clay powder, and there was a certain droop to the back of her kimono collar that served the same provoking purpose as the low-bosomed evening gown on our side of the pond.

The difference between American and Japanese life probably is most marked in the position of the women. At birth the infant girl is received with indifference, and she seldom outgrows it. Her main function as a child usually is to take care of the younger brothers and sisters. When she grows up she will either marry, go to work, or enter a geisha house. The one who marries is not to be envied.

She gives up her family, her family ancestors and her family's gods. She goes to live in her husband's house, usually with her husband's parents. As a daughter-in-law she draws very little water, and is completely under the mother-in-law's thumb — usually an unpleasant relationship. She has many children, and only if she lives to an advanced age does she attain a position of power and dignity in the home. The best thing to be said for the system is that a healthy family is the result.

Until just recently all marriages were arranged by the parents, and there was no romantic background to the young couple's lives. Therefore, affairs at home are apt to be pretty cold. But on the other hand there is a minimum of disillusion in the Jap marriage, because only the basic essentials of family life, and conformity to a rigid social code, exist there. The code leaves almost no room for humor or gaiety between man and wife.

The women live in the shadowy corners of the house. Their word for woman and back-of-the-house is the same. Most of the time the Jap husband will not turn his head to look at his wife when he addresses her. When he says "jump" she says "how many times?" It is easy for him to get a divorce, but almost impossible for her.

THE Japanese never takes his wife out socially, never recognizes other women on the street publicly. He has a minimum of social contact with women. If he feels a need to flirt, he goes to a geisha house. Usually there is no romance in the woman's life, before or after marriage. She has no romantic notions, never expected any, and therefore is less apt to be a jealous wife. There just is no machinery for her being unfaithful. She wouldn't know where to start if she wanted to.

The husband might spend hours with the geisha, if he can afford it, and his wife will not complain. But he seldom considers marrying her, and the wife knows it. Only in rare instances is it done.

The geisha system is slavery. The family property may be mortgaged, and if there is a pretty girl in the family she is apt to be sold to a geisha house to pay the debt. Thus, because she is sacrificing herself for the family, the most worthy of institutions, she is not disgraced. Her life, like that of all women in Japan, is one of labor. She drinks sake, learns the elaborate tea ceremony, knows how to serve at banquets, to dance the stiff, symbolic dances, and to joke and laugh and make bright and flattering conversation with men.

"— if his intentions are dishonorable, as often they are . . ."

The only frivolity in the lives of most Japs is found in the geisha house. The theater and sports figure in his entertainment life, but the geisha house is the whole recreation center of the male life of the nation. The house is like nothing else in the world. The geisha is not necessarily a prostitute, but it is a 50-50 chance she has a lover as a side line, like collateral duty. He usually pays the house for her time, just as though she were entertaining him formally. If he is rich enough he may buy her as a concubine.

The girl is sold to the geisha house for a certain period of time, such as 10 years, for a fixed fee. The older she gets, the less useful she is to the house, and she may wind up a charwoman or get a factory job, become a geisha matron or instructress. Or she may go downhill to the Yoshiwara.

Like most things in Japan, the geishas fall into caste levels. The highest class extend up into the royal circles, and include many of the nation's leading actresses and pin-up girls. In the top geisha house of a village you may meet the mayor, the doctor and a Buddhist priest, all in the same evening. No matter how popular she is, the geisha has no claim on any of her admirers, and her well of loneliness is deep. But then, too, it is deep for many other Japanese women.

The prostitute class is called Yoshiwara. They are like prostitutes everywhere, but more plentiful and less expensive. They ply their trade with more formality and rigamarole. Here, too, in a nation where Christian morality is practically non-existent, prostitutes may be considered as quite blameless because they probably are sacrificing for the family's sake. One of the most popular names for these women is O-Joro-San, "very honorable ladies."

The position of the working girl is hard, especially in the big factories. It is similar to the apprenticeships of the feudal guild system of the western world. Only in the big, modern cities, and in the last decade did some women begin to earn a measure of freedom and independence, but on a very small scale. Occasionally, but not often, a man would take one to a show, where they usually sat in different sections of the house.

BUT the women, too, present one of the incredible contradictions of Japanese life. The entire system is designed to hold her in check, but woman-like, her subtle influence on the home and nation is greater than the restrictions of custom appear to allow. In the middle classes she usually holds the purse strings, and enjoys a power through her position with the children that makes her a real influence. But it is an influence of indirectness and silent pressures. The saddest woman in Japan is the childless one.

Historically, no nation ever has acted like Japan. Once she was nuts about the East, and absorbed all the eastern ideas with enthusiasm. Then later she inhaled all the western ideas. A certain dizziness resulted. There was a time, which many have forgotten, when she thought America was about the hottest thing on the globe. That was after a lot of American cities spontaneously raised many millions to dig her out of the ruins of an earthquake. Our Japanese Exclusion Act, keeping Japs out of America, was momentarily forgotten. At one time she sealed herself entirely from the outer world for more than 200 years.

At that time China was a going concern, a first-rate civilization. Ancient Greece was in the mud-hut stage. Eventually Japan paddled her canoe over to the mainland, was much impressed and soaked up enough Chinese culture to pass off as a dark-age imitation of the Big Dragon. She borrowed everything from the Chinese, including the system of writing and Buddhism. Japan never adopted the chair and Japanese get charley horses when they have to sit on one for long.

Through the middle centuries Nippon spawned a hand-cart feudal system, with Chinese trimmings. The pattern of life was an exaggerated boot camp proposition, where rank meant everything, and everybody said "sir" to a very few. In the old days a soldier could cut down a simple citizen just for the exercise, and get away with it. The soldier's boss was bound to be the town big shot, and all the neighbors could do was shrug their shoulders and say, "Those samurai, always cutting up!"

The samurai warriors were the great grandfathers of the present officer class, for the most part. That was an outfit! Each landlord had himself a barracks full of fighting men to keep the status as quo as possible. And there was a full quota of landlords.

Japan had 84 provinces, each with its own lord, plus a lot of subordinate lords who had their own clans behind them. Each noble, big or little, had a garrison. The Shogun was the most powerful of the lords, and often got assassinated for it. Technically

TURN PAGE

he was the Emperor's military leader, but actually he ruled the country.

About the time the first settlers were coming to the New World, the lords decided to close Japan's ports to all foreigners. The reason for this is partly known, partly obscured in the mystery of the Japanese nature. Some of it was suspicion of Christian missionaries, and part was a smart plan of the landlords to consolidate their hold on the nation by eliminating outside influences. The idea was popular. For a couple of centuries Japanese soil was "sacred," and if any foreigner drifted ashore it was just MU, as the Women Reserves say when they mean "most unfortunate."

Meanwhile, the various lords were pulling and tugging for power, killing a lot of people in the process, and killing themselves any time circumstances and their honor dictated. Civil wars were musics. When he stepped ashore his ships fired a salute, which the Japs compared to "heavenly thunder." And there, like it or not, the inviolable soil was violated. He brought a letter from the US President, in a fancy gold box, to be delivered to the Emperor. Then he sailed off.

The Emperor never got the letter, because he was busy translating poetry, and the Shogun of Yedo was boss at the time. The islands were in a stew. Anti-foreign and pro-foreign factions sprang up. The Emperor was anti, but nobody cared much for his opinion. Meetings were held and plots were hatched. When Perry returned in six months — with seven ships — the Emperor was pouting in his little temple at Kyoto, and the Shogun was quaking at Yedo, now Tokyo. A treaty of peace and amity was signed, opening two ports to American ships.

Japan went into a pair of revolutions. One was political and the other industrial. They were quick. Sixty years after England sent a spinning wheel as a

Big business is BIG to the Jap trader, who is the world's best copy cat and who once was judged a bum!

"One town changed its name to USA, because of the labels"

practically seasonal. Somehow or other it never occurred to the little man to squawk about it. While the rest of the world was cleaning its own linen with revolutions such as the French, American, industrial and proletarian, the Joe Blow Jap was getting more disciplined, regimented, polite and befuddled.

The biggest thing that ever happened to Japan was an American sailor named Perry. Just why did Commodore Matthew C. Perry open Japan? The answer is mixed up in such events as the gold rush in California, populating that coast, 17 millions invested in Pacific whaling, a new-fangled steamship, and plain Yankee curiosity and cussedness. Japan really never forgave us for it, and the last couple of years I haven't liked the idea myself.

Several nations with an eye for business, including America, had taken gingerly pokes at Japan before Perry got there. Such a walled nation bothered everybody, like a Red Cross girl in a forward area. Behind the wall, on the other hand, Japan was jealous of her isolation. Her own superiority was magnified because the less she knew about the outside world, the more contempt she developed for it. Truth and myth grew into a fabulous muddle of history, custom and religion. Isolation became an emotional matter, as in Wyoming.

Perry sailed his four black ships, the *Mississippi, Susquehanna, Plymouth* and *Saratoga*, into Tokyo Bay on July 7, just a few years before our war between the states. They were the first steamships the Japs had ever seen. But the isolationists knew what those big guns were. They peered at them from the shore with spyglasses. The word was passed by fire signals from mountain to mountain and island to island. Japan was in a sweat.

Commodore Perry, a smart fellow, behaved as mysteriously and as "Japanese" as possible. He stayed in his cabin so that no one from the swarming sampans could see him. He acted like a "sacred person." That snowed the Japs.

Finally he went ashore, between a couple of giant negro swabbies. Everybody was armed, even the good-will gift Japan's textile industry had exceeded Great Britain's.

In addition to the political revolution, which knocked the Shogun out of power, the Japanese saw the restoration of the Emperor, and then a rebellion against him. The rebellion flopped.

In his heyday the Shogun ran the nation through a system of checks. Spies always were running people up to see the Man. The lords watched each other. The Shogun tried to keep the clans weak financially, so they couldn't sell war bonds.

IN ORDER to keep everybody in line, the Shogun made all the lords spend six months of each year at his court. When they weren't there in person, they had to leave their families behind as hostages. In our country we were doing it differently. Lincoln was debating with Douglas in camp meetings in Illinois.

The lords got sick of that arrangement, and over a period of years they plotted, murdered and traded around until the Shogun got the ragbag, and the lords rallied around the Emperor to set up a new deal, with all the cards stacked their way.

The restored Emperor, Meiji, passed laws abolishing the samurai class. Soldiers would go modern, could no longer do up their hair, wear two swords and carve up taxpayers without orders. That caused the southerners, suh, to revolt. Came the abortive rebellion. Mothers were killing their own babies rather than have them captured. The war between the states in your grandmother's time had an especially medieval quality in Japan. But the Emperor's supporters won.

Then there followed the greatest sales job in history, the re-establishment of the dignity of His Majesty, The Sun. By shrewd statesmanship, and with purpose, the old myths were revived with a vengeance. We, the Marines, know how successful it was.

Ninety years ago the Emperor was a religious figure, and important in a sense, but the whole landscape was cluttered up with temples to a battalion of gods. The Buddhist faction was doing a brisk trade. It is true that the Emperor's family had "reigned" for 1600 years, the longest on record. But despite his divinity, historians point out one who had to sell fish on the streets to make a living, and another was allowed to copy classic poetry to earn his keep. One emperor was found begging in the streets. One lived in a hut with a leaky roof. Another's body was left lying around in dark corners for more than a month because there was no money for his funeral.

After 1000 years in underground obscurity, the line came into its own through Meiji, the Shogun-buster. He was a good, smart man, as emperors go. His son couldn't have got a job racking balls in a Brooklyn pool hall. No modern country would have tolerated the lewd old goat. He was nutty as a fruit cake. The fact that he kept the throne as long as he did is proof of the sales ability of the Meiji brain trust. The present Emperor, Hirohito, had to take over as Regent five years before pappy died a-slobbering.

Hirohito became Emperor on Christmas Day, 1926, which may be why so many Marines no longer believe in Santa Claus. Hirohito was a normal man, with an interest in biology, and such people as former American Ambassador Joseph Grew, who fought the warmongers tooth and nail, have said nice things about him and stuck up for him.

THE modern stuff, the Army and Navy rise to power, the assassination of moderates, and what happened at Pearl Harbor, we'll not bother with here.

It should be fair to wind this up with the question: How Smart Is The Jap?

My collection of experts say PLENTY. They say we are suckers if we underrate them. They point out that the Jap is made of stern stuff, and thrives on adversity.

One learned gentleman I talked with answered that question by inquiring: "How smart do you think you would appear to be in this modern world if your grandfather had been a stable boy in King Arthur's Court?" Not so smart as the Jap was at Iwo Jima, I'd judge. I would probably be busting lances against windmills, and acting like a much more backward Don Quixote.

It was suggested that the best way to understand their "smartness" is to look at them commercially. You find something like this:

In two generations Japan rose from the mail armor era, where the trader was a bum, to a position as the third best customer of the great United States. One third of Japan's exports, on the other hand, were consumed enthusiastically in our country. American women were spending $100,000,000 for Japanese silk in their stockings each year, and how they squawked when they had to paint their legs during the war! Just before the "China Incident" the US investment in Japan totaled nearly $800,000,000 — four times as much as our investment in China. Japan was selling twice as much stuff elsewhere. Her goods went to Africa, India, islands such as Saipan and Samoa — sun goggles, cameras, canned fish, rubber shoes, machinery and tooth picks. One town changed its name to USA, because of the labels. A big outfit shipped everything to China, marked the stuff "Made in China."

The Jap took the accounts, big and small. Our exporters were amazed, and a trifle worried, at the way a Jap salesman would paddle up tributaries of the Amazon and bother with little orders from tribal chiefs that no business firm in its right mind would fool with.

All that did not just happen. It was planned carefully. The average Jap was an economic slave, but big business was BIG. It sent scouts out to find out what a market wanted. It copied all the items that were selling fastest. Then it manufactured what looked like the original, and sold it at lower prices. It sent sales ships from port to port — floating showcases.

The Japs trudged the dusty roads, and slept in the snow of Mongolia. They sold native slippers in the Philippines, and when you examined them you found that the leather was discarded odds and ends from American hatbands, made in Boston.

That leather was picked up for practically nothing in Boston. It was shipped to a hovel in Osaka where the old man already had sold one daughter into prostitution to pay the rent. There it was made into the most popular native style for the market at Manila. All that took planning, organization and imagination. Japs may be copy cats, but they are the world's best. **END**

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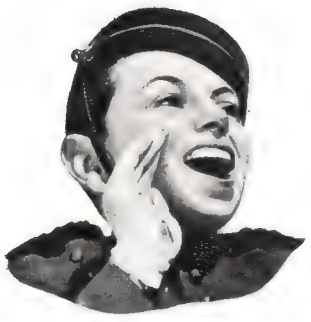

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FRONTLINE Fish Stories

UNMOLESTED by game wardens with badges and "no trespassing" signs, open seasons and game limits, American servicemen with sporting blood in their veins — other than a special mixture reserved for Japs — have found plenty of new and lively things to do in the way of hunting and fishing in the Pacific. In a few instances, the "catches" of some of these Pacific huntsmen have been a bit unusual.

On Bougainville, so the story goes, there was a Seabee who had brought along his precious assortment of fishing equipment in anticipation of just such a fishing paradise as the Torokina River.

Accordingly, he hurried down to its bank at his earliest convenience. Dropping in his line, he settled back. The sun beat down with tropical fierceness. Flies swarmed around him. Hours passed but there wasn't a nibble. Still, he waited with the traditional stoicism of the veteran fisherman.

Late in the day, the Seabee noticed a group of native women farther downstream. He paid them no particular heed for he presumed they were washing clothes. But suddenly he bolted upright. Astonishment in his eyes, the frustrated fisherman watched as the natives, using crude spears, hoisted several finny specimens from the river. What he reportedly said is withheld from publication.

Throughout the Solomon islands alligator and wild boar hunts are common among servicemen. The boars are very elusive creatures, but one Marine fighter pilot can prove otherwise. Shot down over Choiseul Island, the flier landed his Corsair a few miles offshore. Several times he almost ran into Jap patrols. Then, one day as he moved along, he came to a fork in the trail. For a moment he hesitated, then stepped off to the left. It didn't make much difference. The Japs were everywhere.

That turned out to be a grave error. Down the path a ways, he came face to face with the largest pack of wild boars he'd ever seen in his life. He was ready for Japs, but that unnerved him. For once in his life, he knew which way to turn. It was back.

There are plenty of anglers' tales going the rounds in the Pacific, but none with quite the twist that has the reported conversation between a radio operator on Bougainville and the pilot of a Jap night bomber who occasionally flew over the area. It was supposed to go something like this:

Jap — Hello down there, am I on time?

Operator — Sure, we been waiting for you.

Jap — Better get set. I'm going to let them go.

Operator — I hope your aim's improved.

Jap — How'd I do last night?

Operator — Terrible. Why, the boys down on the beach were scooping up the fish by the bucketful this morning!"

The top fish story of them all, however, happened to a Marine fighter pilot shot down near Munda. As he paddled along in his rubber craft, an albatross alighted on his ankle.

"I grabbed him by the legs," the flier related, "but he raised such hell trying to bite me, I finally had to wring his neck. While I was choking him, the bird spit up three fish in the bottom of the boat.

Next morning, the flier spotted four destroyers steaming south. The closest was 1000 yards away. He waved frantically. Nothing happened. Then he spied the albatross. He picked it up and waved it violently. Finally a destroyer saw him and turned back. He patted the old dead albatross.

TSGT. HAROLD POWELL
USMC Combat Correspondent

"Gonagan, leave those damn crocs alone. Why don't you send her a beaded bag"

Ship Recovery, 1794

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The KISS he'd like to forget

Robert Stack and Deanna Durbin "mug" a little in a scene from *First Love*

EVER since 1939 Navy Lieutenant Robert Stack has been trying to forget a kiss. Why he — or anybody else overseas — would want to erase a kiss from his memory, much like he'd wipe off the lipstick with his handkerchief, is puzzling. As Marines might say on receiving a new beer shipment, let's examine the case.

To anybody who'd ever stuck a piece of old chewing gum under a movie seat, Deanna Durbin at that time was a little sister — a sweet young thing who sang gay songs and tripped merrily through cardboard forests. But Universal studios realized that Miss Durbin was growing up and that even corsets and girdles couldn't keep a good curve down any longer.

"The paying public," they reasoned, "will soon know. So let's dramatize Deanna's growing up by having her kissed in her next picture."

Their press agents reluctantly pulled their feet off their desks and flashed to the nation the momentous question: "Should sweet Deanna Durbin be kissed?" Actually most people didn't give a damn. But after the word-wielders, with their big sticks of type, had fanned the controversy to a nation-wide heat wave nobody could remain entirely neutral.

It was like the old backyard issue over bicycle brakes in which you were either a New Departure man or a Morrow man — you had to take sides in order not to appear stupid.

Lieut. Stack — then young Bob Stack making his debut as a motion picture actor — was caught in the maelstrom. He was chosen to play opposite Miss Durbin in *"First Love"* and to be on the business end of her first kiss.

For Mr. Stack it was certainly no kiss of death. Rather, his Prince Charming role catapulted him to cinematic fame. On that score, he has no regrets. But he would like movie-goers to remember that he starred in other pictures and is not merely "the man who first kissed Deanna Durbin."

Besides, before entering the movies Bob was a top-notch polo player and a national skeet champion. So he is rather disappointed that the kiss (which incidentally is one of the shortest on record — only five seconds) has overshadowed his athletic accomplishments.

Stack starred on the Riviera Country Club polo team for several seasons and as a member of the University of Southern California's Pacific Coast conference champion teams in '37 was one of California's best. But his renown as a man with a mallet was only a back-fence whisper compared to his fame in shooting circles.

For two straight years, 1936 and 1937, he was named on the All-American Skeet team, which is composed of the five best shots in the nation. In his three years of national competition, he won one US title, was runner-up in four events, and twice shot with the champion five-man team. His sharp eye and steady hand helped him establish a long-run world's record in 1937.

In the meantime, Stack had entered USC and completed his first two years with grades of Phi Beta caliber. However his future was a bit misty. He was undecided as to what kind of a career to pursue. One June afternoon his guardian, George B. Thatcher, called Bob into his plush law office in Los Angeles.

"Young man," he told him. "The time has come for you to make up your mind as to your life's work. You can't play polo and shoot skeet all your life. Would you like to be a lawyer?"

"No sir."

"Then what do you intend to do?"

"Well, I'd like to act."

This was rather sudden; but still no great surprise to Mr. Thatcher. After all, the Stacks were a family of the theater. Bob's grandparents had sung in opera and his grandfather had built the first theater in Los Angeles. His mother, though she'd never trod the boards, was a disciple of the art. And his uncle was — and still is — Richard Bonnelli, the grand opera baritone.

"All right, Bob," was Thatcher's reply. "I wish you luck."

Stack hurried to Mr. Harry Duffy who owned a West Coast stock company and soon was ticketed for his first role, that of a French ambassador in "First Lady." Though Bob, having lived in Paris for seven years, was a natural, his debut was not without its difficulties. Because his lines were all in French, other members of the cast had trouble picking up their cues

IN ONE scene Bob was spouting off in his best parlez-vous manner when he hit a cue which should have sent the leading man onto the stage. No response. There was a slight pause. Then Stack opened up with more French, double-talking for a full three minutes. Finally he edged toward the wing.

"For cripes sake," he whispered to the cue-awaiting actor, "Get out here. You're on."

The audience didn't know. They had been snowed by the French. So was the blase lady critic whose story the next morning said:

"Young Robert Stack as the French ambassador had authority and spoke with the French accent of a Parisian."

Bob played other stock productions, always with the idea that he would serve an apprenticeship for at least three years before attempting to crash the screen world. Then one afternoon he visited the Universal set to look up an old friend, Andre Desegurola, who was Deanna Durbin's music teacher. Desegurola turned around to find the handsome, well-built blond behind him.

"Wunderbar!" he cried.

Stack looked puzzled.

"Why, Bob," he exclaimed. "You're a handsome fellow. Maybe you'll try the movies."

He called Bob Costa, a producer. Costa, too, was impressed.

"Well, Stack," said the producer. "You look like real material. We'd like to give you a test."

"Thanks, Mr. Costa," was Bob's answer. "But I'm not sure I'm ready for pictures."

"As you like, son, but we're looking for a new face to play opposite Deanna Durbin in her next picture, *'First Love.'* You might be it."

You could have knocked Stack over with a script.

"Uh, well, sure," was all he could manage to say.

Bob showed up fine in the test and signed a seven-year contract with Universal. Two weeks later — with less than a month's experience in stock — he was playing opposite Deanna Durbin.

He'll never forget the first scene he made. It was a single. That is, he was supposed to be making love to Deanna when she wasn't there.

"See that chalk mark on the blackboard," the director told him, "that's Miss Durbin. You're in love with her. You want to marry her."

Then came that dreadfully silent silence. The black box of a camera began to move up toward him.

"Go ahead," shouted the director.

So there he was, in his debut, making love to a chalk mark. It was a lot different from the in-the-flesh stage acting, but he managed to survive.

"First Love" made Stack a Hollywood name. Fan mail poured in, and other studios offered him parts. He next played a young Nazi in *"Mortal Storm,"* one of the top pictures of 1940 whose cast included Jimmy Stewart, Margaret Sullavan, Frank Morgan and Robert Young. In 1940 he did another Durbin picture, *"Nice Girl."*

Then in 1941 he did two movies that no one will forget. They were Westerns — *"Bad Lands of Dakota"* and *"Men of Texas,"* each about a two-week production job. They were his worst. All the guys he's ever met in the Navy remember him either as the Durbin kisser or the cowboy in *"Bad Lands"* and *"Men of Texas."*

Bob's final Hollywood appearance came in 1942 when he played opposite Diana Barrymore in her first screen venture, *"Eagle Squadron."* Six or seven top roles were awaiting him in the Spring of 1942 when he received a letter from one of his old skeet-shoot rivals, Frank Kelly.

"The Navy is establishing a gunnery training program and can use you, Bob. What about it?" the letter asked.

Stack's answer made him Ensign Stack. He served at Pensacola, Corpus Christi and Alameda. Then he went aboard the *Hancock* to supervise production of *"Aircrewmen,"* a training film. Soon afterward, he came overseas and was instructing Marines and Navy airmen in gunnery when the war ended.

Now that the war is over, Bob may soon be headed back to the film capital and cinema stardom again. But if he does, he would like it to not be forgotten that he's a polo player and a skeet champion as well as an actor.

SGT. ERNIE HARWELL

This pretty is Ruth Woods, a model from New York. Have a gander, she's real, not plastic

WE-the Marines

Edited by PFC Bill Farrell

Just in case their expressions don't tell their story, let it be recorded that these Marines are high-pointers of the Third Amphibious Corps, outbound from the Pacific and the service

The Wisteria Works

Set in the hills at the outskirts of Yokohama, where broad lawns protected the buildings from spreading fires, is the Wisteria Dragon. Being a geisha house, it appealed to the three American soldiers as a fertile place for studying Japanese customs. Here, they decided, they could get valuable experience.

Proceeding up the flagstone path to the front of the house, they pulled open a sliding panel and entered. Inside, the floors were gleaming black, the walls covered with Japanese prints. A woman in a flowered kimono appeared.

"Yes?" she said, and the Americans felt that she spoke their language.

For a moment they could think of no way of expressing their desires, but then one chose just the right phrase.

"The works," he said. "We'll take the works."

The woman bowed politely, took away their shoes, brought them sandals, and conducted them to a large room.

"Bring on the girls," said the soldiers.

Unhurriedly, a serving girl brought them cups of hot sake. They sampled it, and found it good. But they repeated:

"Bring on the girls."

The mistress of the house slipped away, and presently three moon-faced girls, with great combs in their hair and fans in their hands, glided into the room. One sat beside each soldier, and shared his sake. A squad of serving girls brought soup, an eggy mixture, and some other stuff which was edible though not recognizable. All this time the soldiers and the geishas carried on a delightful conversation, half in English and half in Japanese, and everyone got along beautifully. Even the woman in the flowered kimono got so well into the spirit of things that she brought the soldiers kimonos, which they put on over their somewhat soiled uniforms.

The sake cups had made a good many rounds when the girls stood up and began to chant. The soldiers counted them several times, and finally decided that there were now four girls. The newcomer was barefooted, and danced a highly interesting dance, different from anything the three world travelers ever had seen before. They felt that this girl of a conquered nation was not holding anything back. They clapped encouragingly, and joined in the dance.

The party seemed to be reaching its height, and the mistress returned. She led the soldiers to a small swimming pool, where a man servant helped them to get good hot baths. Then they returned to the parlor, where their hostess was waiting.

They looked at her with friendly expectation.

"What now?" they said pleasantly.

"Twenty dollars please," she said. "Here are your shoes."

"Interesting, wasn't it?" said a soldier.

Wake Interpreter

The little Army staff sergeant in Navy dungarees who served as interpreter at the surrender of Wake Island by the Japanese was Larry Watanabe. The only Army man present amid the Navy scrambled eggs and Marine eagles and stars, Larry was introduced to the Japs by Marine General Lawson H. M. Sanderson, who accepted their surrender. Larry, the general said, was an American citizen — not a prisoner.

Larry was born in Hawaii, of Japanese parents who had moved there while in their teens.

A member of a high school Reserve Officers Training Corps unit, Watanabe was called immediately into Army service when the Japs attacked Pearl Harbor, but was released three months later. He joined the Army again in March, 1943, and trained for combat.

Before he could cross the Atlantic with his outfit, however, he was transferred to Military Language School. There he supplemented his conversational knowledge of Japanese with specialized phrases on tactics, organization and weapons. After that he was ready for the Pacific.

Landing with the 28th Marine Regiment on Iwo Jima, he set to work exhorting Japs, over a loudspeaker system, to surrender. His voice was sent into caves where Japs hid, and when any surrendered he would question them personally. He also salvaged valuable information from diaries found among Jap possessions.

Besides his duties on Iwo and Wake, he had interpreting assignments at Mille and Jaluit. When he can, Larry hopes to continue his education, possibly at a Stateside university.

Cow Cow Boogie

"Halt!" snapped Private First Class Lester C. Sohst of **Woodstock, Ill.** It was sacktime on Okinawa, and in the darkness Sohst could not be sure whom he was addressing. As it happened, his stern command had been wasted on a cow.

The cow did, however, halt momentarily, and then take off for home. She was tricked by a tarpaulin, in which she put her trust. She thought the canvas was solid ground, when actually it was just a covering over the chaplain's foxhole. Naturally, the cow plunged in the foxhole, which had not been cut to her size.

Her coming was unexpected, and in the gloom she was not recognized.

"It's a Jap," cried a voice — that of Pharmacist's Mate Third Class Robert C. Lemieux of **Fond du Lac, Wis.**

"No, it's a goat," was the guess of the chaplain, Lieutenant Walter R. Hobkirk of **Hartford, Conn.**

It was Pharmacist's Mate First Class Virgil W. Yaeger of **Wiggins, Miss.**, who discerned the visitor's true nature. But he had a clue. The cow had landed in his lap, and sat there. He said she would have to go now.

"Sacred cow or not, out she goes," agreed Lieut. Hobkirk.

It was hard work, but the men ousted the cow. Still, if it isn't one damn thing it's another.

"Maybe we should have let her stay," said Yaeger. "She was keeping me nice and warm."

Ten Sen a Day

He was just a tired, hard working, middle-aged cinnamon bull that had been unlucky enough to be born in Japan. He could not have held his head up in any smart bovine society, and even in his lowly surroundings at the Marumi prison camp, he seemed to have an inferiority complex. He never looked a person in the eye.

On the surface, he looked pretty low. But the 275 Marines in the Jap camp saw beneath his scrubby exterior — they visualized him as meat on the table, and they greeted him cordially as "The Steaks." This salutation would make him wince, and hurry away. But the Marines always were glad to see him.

"The Steaks" gave the Marines something active and changing to talk about — his weight and state of health were lively topics. They decided to buy him, and put him into a festive meal, on the day of their liberation.

The Jap civilian who owned "The Steaks" didn't seem to want to sell him. Still, he agreed on a price of 8000 yen, (about $100) after the Marines had coaxed a bit. Each Marine earned 10 sen a day, or a yen every 10 days. It took nearly 10 months to make up the purchase price, but it was done in time for the fall of Japan. The Marines bought the poor old bull.

And so "The Steaks" got into the US Marines.

Greetings for Brides

The American Red Cross is making itself useful, with peace here, in various ways. One that will interest Marines who have married Australian girls or others from outside the States is the "Welcome to America" for brides and babies. A whole bevy of Red Cross workers goes down to meet each ship bringing these new Americans, and takes along blankets, diapers, coffee, doughnuts and plenty of goodwill.

Usually the bride is on her way to relatives of her husband, and needs only capable assistance in getting the right transportation. Where something more is required, it's usually available.

Sometimes there is a little confusion in the mind of the arrival, as in the case of the English girl who believed her husband owned a "200 acre ranch in the Bronx" — as good a trick in the New York borough as operating a surf bathing beach in Denver would be. The Red Cross smooths what would otherwise be troubled paths for such girls.

Power of the Press

The power of the press was demonstrated convincingly in the somewhat extended negotiations that led to the surrender of Captain Honda and 26 men of the Jap Army on Okinawa. The little group was one of the last to give up.

Marine Captain Theodore H. Harbaugh had managed to get into communication with the stiff-necked little Jap, but Honda and his men were still hoping for reinforcements. They were not ready to surrender, though the loss of five of their number earlier had persuaded them to stop trying to raid Marine food supplies. They were hungry, but not beaten. They hadn't heard about the atomic bomb.

Honda was skeptical when Capt. Harbaugh sent word that Japan had surrendered. Nevertheless, the Jap officer was willing to consider the question. He had studied English at the Tokyo Imperial University. He suggested the Marine captain send him proof of his statements, in the form of press clippings.

Capt. Harbaugh passed the word around among men who had received papers from home, and presently a tidy heap of clippings was ready. There were stories of the Japs' defeat culled from The New York *Times*, The New York *Herald-Tribune*, Baltimore *Sun*, Austin (Texas) *American-Statesman*, Greensboro (North Carolina) *Daily News*, Washington *Post* and *Time* magazine.

The Jap officer was convinced. Formally, he insisted upon a ceremonial surrender, and upon terms which he specified. Capt. Harbaugh accepted the Jap's terms. He wanted to get the stubborn Nips out of the deep valleys and thick underbrush of the northern Okinawa mountains.

Walking stiffly in their shabby uniforms, the Japs marched into the fishing village of Zasiki, where they delivered their arms to waiting Marines.

The Marines solemnly carried out the terms Capt. Honda had insisted upon: they allowed each surrendering Jap to retain possession of his own wrist watch and tooth brush.

Private John J. Massarelli of Bayonne, N. J., made a bet that he would go fishing in Tokyo Bay, and with this picture he will collect even if he caught no fish. In the background is Fujiyama

Project Love William

There is a special joy in seeing an inoffensive-looking individual uncork an oversized, unsuspected supply of power. But sometimes the power is there, and you don't actually see it used. Such was the case of the *USS Anacapa*, known in the Navy as "Project Love William."

The *Anacapa* got into the fight because she looked so darn helpless. Built in 1919, she had been moving unhurriedly up and down the west coast, carrying as much as 3,000,000 board feet of lumber from the northern forests to the southern mills. And now, with the threat of Jap submarines on the coast, she had her chance to help — in the form of fighting bait.

Until now she had been the "*Coos Bay*." She became the *Anacapa*, alias William, during her refitting as a slow but tough old seabird. Four-inch guns were installed, along with other concealed armament. Radar equipment and delicate sound detecting devices were supplied. Navy officer and enlisted personnel took over, carrying the papers and wearing the informal garb of the merchant marine.

It is not officially recorded that the venerable little scout actually sank any Jap subs, but there were occasions when she dropped depth charges in the vicinity of undersea noises, which died swiftly. And once, spotting an explosion on the horizon, she steamed at her full 10-knot speed to the aid of a torpedoed tanker, whose 38 survivors she saved.

And, from the time she started her deadly masquerade, no submarine shelled the west coast.

Meatball, Side Pocket

Second Lieutenant William E. Jennings of **Greenwood, La.**, a red-headed night fighter pilot, has earned a name for calling his shots.

His fellow Okinawa-based Marine pilots had disposed of 510 Nip planes, but Jennings was seeking his first. Easing himself into his Hellcat, whose cockpit he virtually fills, he looked around, sniffed a bit, and made an announcement.

"I'll get one tonight," he said. "I've got a hunch."

He got one, a Tony, off Tokuno Shima. It was the last enemy craft shot down by the Second Marine Air Wing — the lieutenant's sound hunch had come just before midnight of August 8, and just in time.

Unfriendly Agreement

Sometimes you feel a little curious when a guy you don't like feels the same way you do about something. Where does *he* get off to feel that way?

Why, to get down to the subject at hand, do so many Jap prisoners of war find the story of Abraham Lincoln fascinating? PFC Francis J. Smith of **New Haven, Conn.**, has been instructing thousands of prisoners on Pacific islands. He reports that they are interested most by parts of a history of the United States that deal with Lincoln. The history, printed in Japanese, is distributed among them, and one Jap had read the chapters on Lincoln five times. He wants to memorize them and recite them to his son.

Why?

Another subject that has entranced at least a hundred of Smith's pupils is **Harlan County, Ky.** They have asked him where Harlan is, and what the scenery there is like. Smith hasn't been able to find out why.

Made in Japan

Marines taking over installations in Japan are discovering some pretty quaint Oriental equipment. A Jap typewriter, for example, is an amazing and marvelously screwy instrument. One found at Yokosuka Naval Base, on Tokyo Bay, had only one key. The type, of course, was in Japanese characters — about 1000 of them, compared with about 56 on an American machine. To type a letter you would have to search out each character, move the paper-carrier around to meet it, and slam the single key. This would cause a short arm on the machine to pick up the character and hurl it against the paper, making an imprint.

"I don't know how they ever got much work done," commented Corporal George L. Dominguez of **Clayton, N. M.**, who found the machine.

Platoon Sergeant James W. Gimpel of **Catonsville, Md.**, had better luck, but not much better. He found a mimeograph machine, quite like a very early American model. Its only fault was the absence of a couple of vital parts.

TURN PAGE

Talk of the Stork

LIEUT. SHULTIS AND JUNIOR
Daddy Was Far Away

There's a little twist to this blessed event story, so don't miss the last paragraph.

PFC Robert E. Shultis of **Poughkeepsie, N. Y.,** was 14,000 miles away when his wife gave birth to a son, Robert E., Jr.

What made this separation different from so many others was the fact that Shultis had come back from the Pacific areas and was in Cherry Point, N. C., while the baby was born in Ledo, Assam, India, where Mrs. Shultis was a second lieutenant in the Army Nurse Corps.

Men of Iwo Jima

Playing for an audience of Fifth Division Marines in Hawaii, the Marine band had presented half a dozen marches in traditional style. Before the last number the bandmaster turned to make a special announcement:

"The next march is called 'The Men of Iwo Jima.' The music and arrangement were written by Technical Sergeant Larry Wagner of this division. The lyrics were written by a Navy captain who was on Iwo Jima with us — Captain Edward L. Bortz. It is dedicated to Fifth Division Marines who died on the island."

This time the audience listened with complete attentiveness, as this song for their comrades was played. At its end, they cheered.

Technical Tech

To those of us who may have tripped over one of our left feet while on our way to take the mechanical aptitude test, a Marine like Master Technical Sergeant Harold A. Ledingham of **Omaha, Nebr.,** must be forever awesome.

Ever since his enlistment on Dec. 9, 1929, his presence has been accompanied by the purr of contented cogwheels. For machinery — any kind of machinery — he has a touch that soothes and heals. He improvises, too. While his buddies were laundering their clothes in Guadalcanal's Lunga River, Ledingham put together a discarded electric motor, a Japanese bicycle chain, some old things from an airplane, and — lo, a washing machine!

Earlier, when in 1931 a puzzling batch of sound movie equipment reached Marines at the Norfolk Navy Yard, it was Ledingham who solved the problem of getting it into operation.

From that early achievement, the mechanical wizard's trail has led through the 'Canal to the New Hebrides, the Loyalty Islands, and back now to the Marine Air Station at Cherry Point, N. C. He is non-commissioned officer in charge of a machinery division, and has devised a couple of devices that are highly attractive — they save work.

One of these is for disassembling small spark plugs. You insert the plug, step on a pedal, and whoosh, the plug divides into three parts. The contraption enables one man to do in a single day what three used to accomplish in two days. Having got all these spark plugs apart so quickly, Pappy — as Ledingham is currently known — is working on a gadget to put them back together again just as fast.

The second machine is for grinding brake drums from Vought Corsairs. It's a little technical, but we don't hesitate to announce that it has a foot pedal, and does 740 drums a day, compared with the pre-Ledingham rate of 600 a week.

For these two time-savers Pappy has received a commendation from the Navy's beneficial suggestions department.

Saipan Plan

Staff Sergeant William F. McLaughlin of Honolulu is a Marine who knows precisely what he wants to do after his military service ends. He wants to go and live on Saipan. An impressive angle to this situation is the fact that the sergeant already has lived there for eight months, under rather trying circumstances. He was with a bomber squadron of the Second Marine Air Wing.

In odd moments the ground crewman used to visit around on the Marianas island, studying the methods of Jap planters there, and deciding what he liked or disliked about the way they did things. He figures that with the cheap labor available, surplus equipment he should be able to buy, and the island's climate, he should do very well.

Truck farming for the troops who may garrison Saipan is to be McLaughlin's chief enterprise, with pineapple crops and sugar cane as future, secondary ventures.

The former Californian makes it sound good, but maybe he'd better not make it too attractive — the island is only about 53 square miles in area, so there isn't room for everybody.

As Others See Us

On the theory that Americans can always be amused, infuriated or even delighted by what their English cousins say about them, we pass on some quotes from the "Bride's Guide to the USA," prepared by ***British Good Housekeeping Magazine*** for girls who have married American servicemen and will make their homes in the States.

On sports:

"Sportsmanship (in the US) is not a matter of what the rules are, but consists in playing by the rules and taking defeat gamely. One unwritten rule is that spectators may properly go quite wild and use violent language. Don't be shocked, it is all in fun! Americans, like the British, admire skill and luck, and they particularly delight in anyone who can 'take it' without showing any sign of distress — a mixture of their original tradition of British sportsmanship with the Red Indian ideal of not wincing under torture."

On outlandish customs:

"You may find central heating difficult to get used to, but remember Americans like it, so bear it cheerfully."

On salesmanship:

"There are all sorts of gadgets and there is terrific advertising pressure to make you think you cannot live without them. Americans have become fairly hardened to this pressure."

On neighborliness:

"You will be welcome in America, for you, too, have taken your chance and embarked on a great adventure. Americans admire courage. They will wish you good luck and happiness in your new life in the New World."

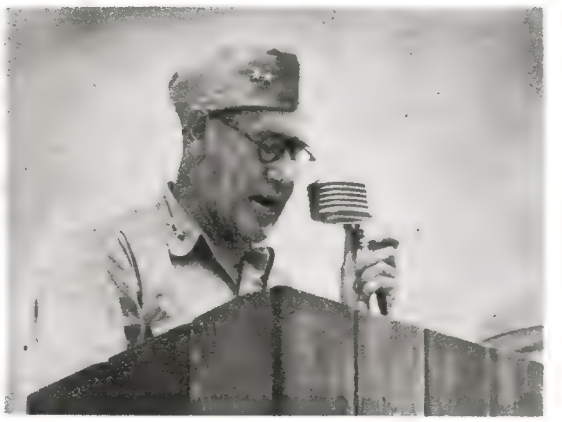
That last could have been written for Marines, returning to their own country after long service overseas.

Cost of Conquest

Determining the value of a military objective in terms of the lives of the men who must fight for it is a responsibility of military command that no one can envy. Iwo Jima cost a high price in blood, in sweat, and — for those who were left behind — in tears. The Fifth Marine Division, like the Third and Fourth, paid gloriously a part of that price. But what was the value of Iwo Jima?

Here is what Major General J. H. Davies, commanding general of the 313th Wing, Army Air Forces, said in dedicating a B-29 to the memory of the Fifth Division:

"In the months of May, June and July, 1660 of our B-29s landed on Iwo Jima. There is no doubt that a great percentage of these planes would have been lost had this base not been available. . . . The taking of Iwo Jima made it possible to blockade the Japanese homeland with mines planted by this Wing. . . . We are proud to be able to designate this B-29 to carry your insignia. It symbolizes the spirit and determination with which the Fifth Marine Division accomplished their mission. The deeds and achievements of your men, General Rockey, will forever be an inspiration to the men of the 313th Air Wing."



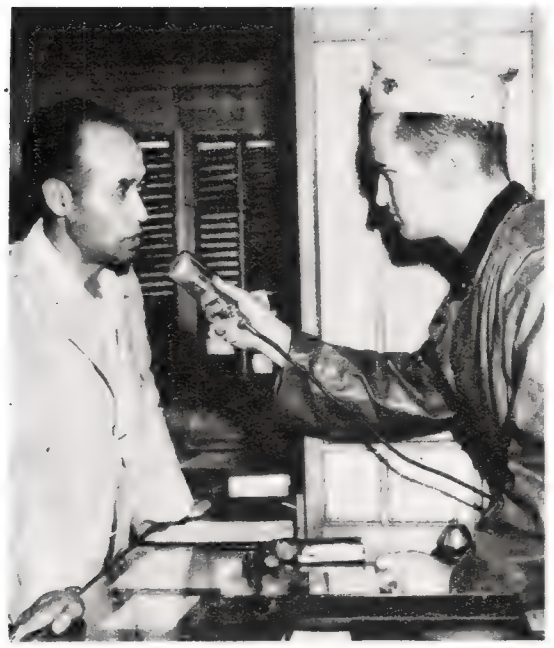
MAJ. GEN. K. E. ROCKEY
Sacrifices Not in Vain

Major General K. E. Rockey, Fifth Division commander at Iwo, replied:

"We are gratified to know that the capture of Iwo Jima has not only made a material contribution toward the defeat of the Japanese Empire but has also resulted in the saving of the lives of such a large number of the personnel of your organization.

"This knowledge and the news of the christening of this great airplane for our Division will, I am sure, be appreciated by the parents, wives and other relatives of those Marines who gave their lives in the capture of Iwo Jima, since it will give them perhaps a better appreciation of the importance of that operation in the prosecution of the war, and the knowledge that their sacrifices were not in vain."

This picture is presented for the entertainment of puzzle fans, who may enjoy working over the problem of what it is that keeps Carol Stewart up. Carol sings and acts in radio shows



The clerk in Tokyo's Imperial Hotel tells it to the Marines, days ahead of formal occupation

All Night Toot

Way back during the Okinawa campaign there was a night when a Sixth Division artillery unit just couldn't get enough sleep. All through the hours of darkness the horn on an auto truck kept tooting.

Next morning, though, Sergeant Norbert E. Libby of **Marquette, Mich.**, and Corporal Louis J. Fackett of **Dundalk, Md.**, went out to see what had caused the racket. They found half a dozen dead Nips, all equipped with kapok life preservers, but no weapons or parachutes. The Japs had bailed out of a bomber crippled by flak, apparently mistaking the misty atmosphere of Yontan airfield for the sea.

Source of the sound that had made the Marines wakeful was one of the Nips, who had fallen on the horn button, and parked there.

But the Marines forgave him. He was a good Jap, now.

Deep Six

WE HAVEN'T any figures on how the Marines feel about such things, but a poll reveals that 4000 Army men in Munich, Germany, chose Roy Acuff, Tennessee hill billy singer, as their favorite. Runner-up, 60 votes behind Acuff, was Frank Sinatra.

* * *

By discovering and demolishing 33 of the little sons of heaven on Okinawa, Sergeant Audley D. Morden earned the unofficial title of "the man who can smell out Japs."

* * *

A Navy lieutenant somewhere out in the blue Pacific was talking to a Marine lieutenant he had just met. A third officer came along. The first Navy man started to introduce the Marine to the newcomer, when he realized that he didn't know the Marine's name.

"What did you say your name was?" he asked.

"Tyrone Power," said the ex-movie star Marine.

* * *

Corporal Samuel Browne, Jr., of **Philadelphia** wanted to back up his stories of the greatness of Pennsylvania, so he got some gubernatorial help. Pennsylvania's Governor Edward Martin sent him a State flag, which he proudly set up outside his tent on Okinawa.

* * *

Ninth Regiment Marines of the Third Division have sent forth a challenge. They claim that in Technical Sergeant Edward J. Gattra of **Norway, Mich.**, they have the slimmest and trimmest mess sergeant in military service.

"If Gattra isn't the lightest, we'd like to hear who is," they proclaim. They haven't yet insisted, either, that Gattra should bring his 129 pounds down to 125 by shaving off the handlebar mustache that embellishes his 61-inch frame.

* * *

Somebody has put a road on Okinawa, winding from Buckner Bay on the east coast to the quartermaster area of Marine Air Group 33. Colonel Melvin J. Maas, former member of Congress from Minnesota, reports that the thoroughfare's name is "Vandegrift Boulevard," in honor of the Commandant of the Marine Corps.

* * *

Frayed phrases that may lead to fighting:

"Are you fed up with the set-up? Then, my friends, join the Marines and see the world — through a peep-sight."

"Are you nervous from the service?"

"Be terrific in the Pacific!"

* * *

Combat correspondent Sergeant John W. Chapman's recommendation for those who want to know how it feels inside a tank:

Join three other men in a steel box as spacious as four telephone booths, run the temperature up and down between 70 and 120 degrees, bounce around — all accompanied by the noise of a boilermaking factory.

* * *

Usually it's a screwdriver, shoe polish, or a streetcar token that turns up in clothes sent to the laundry aboard an aircraft carrier. On one memorable occasion, however, a dainty little pair of ladies' panties came through, and for some reason nobody would claim them. So, in a spirit of jolly good fellowship, the laundrymen jammed them in the nearest bundle.

Sorry, we don't know WHO got hit with that jackpot.

* * *

A Parris Island drill instructor was complaining bitterly to his platoon about their untidiness.

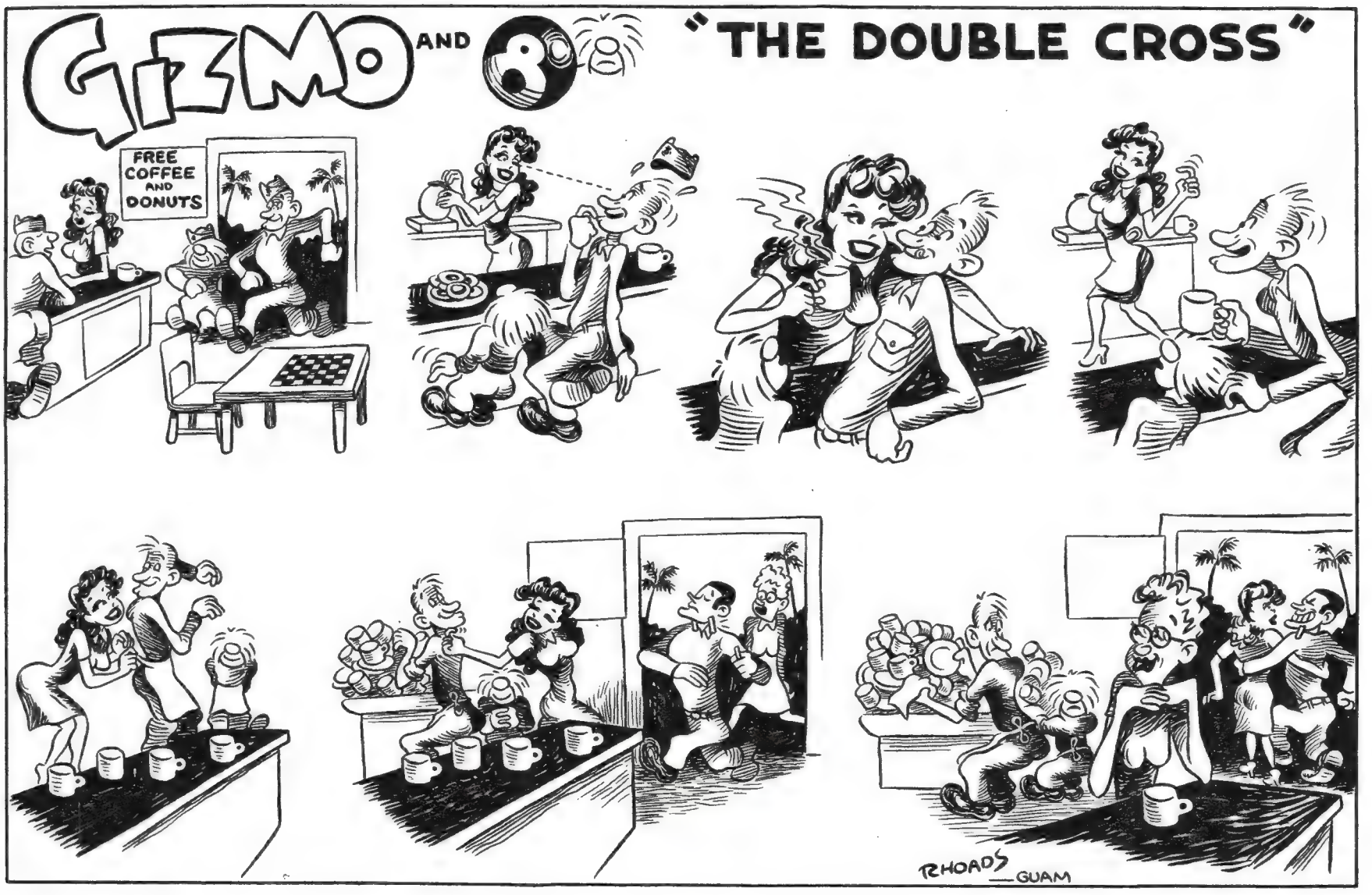
"Why," he said, "some eightball even has a canteen cup on his shelf."

He paused to let the platoon wallow in its shame. Presently a boot spoke up, manfully.

"Sir," he said, "that canteen cup's mine. It's got my false teeth in it."

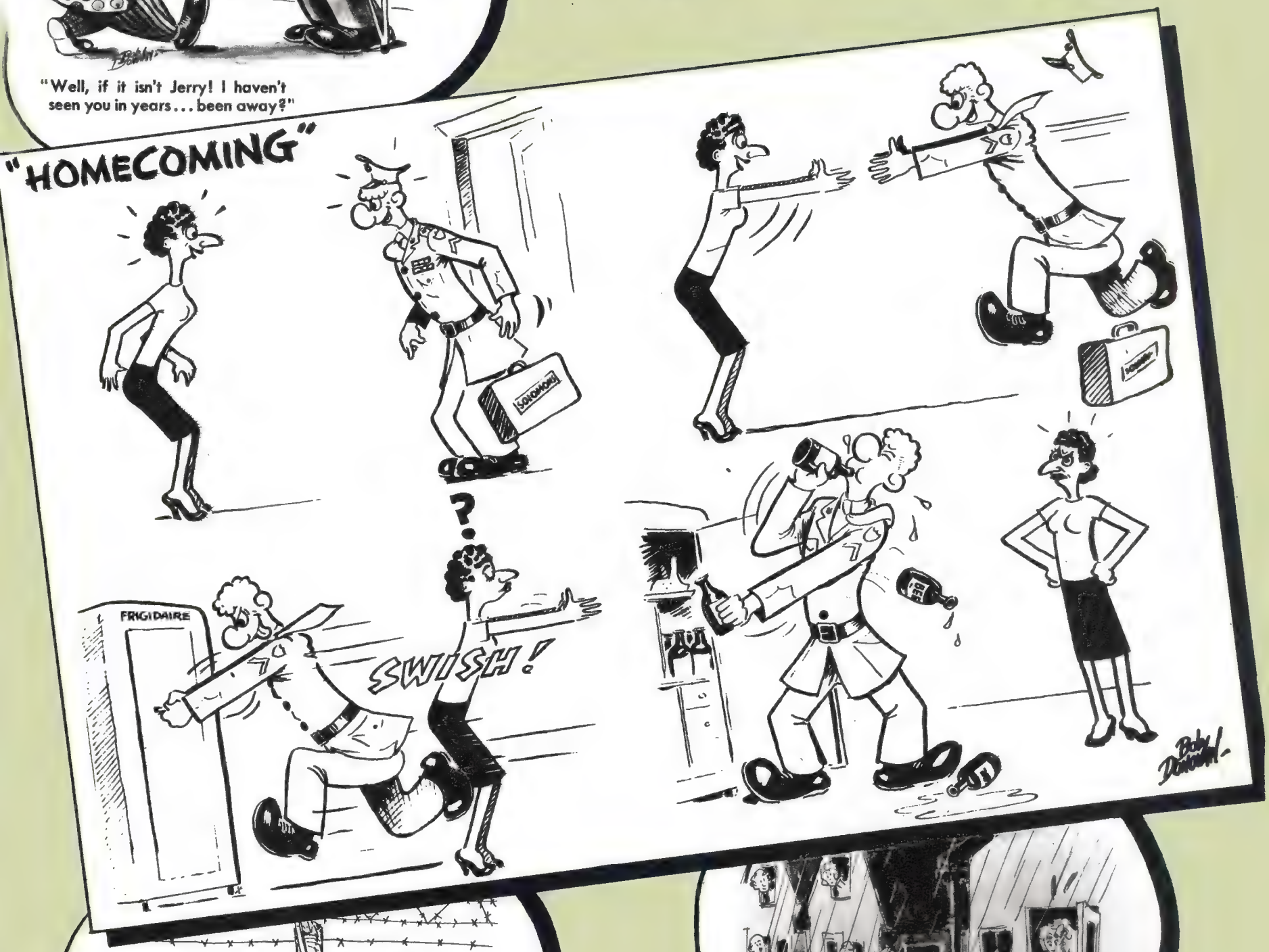
* * *

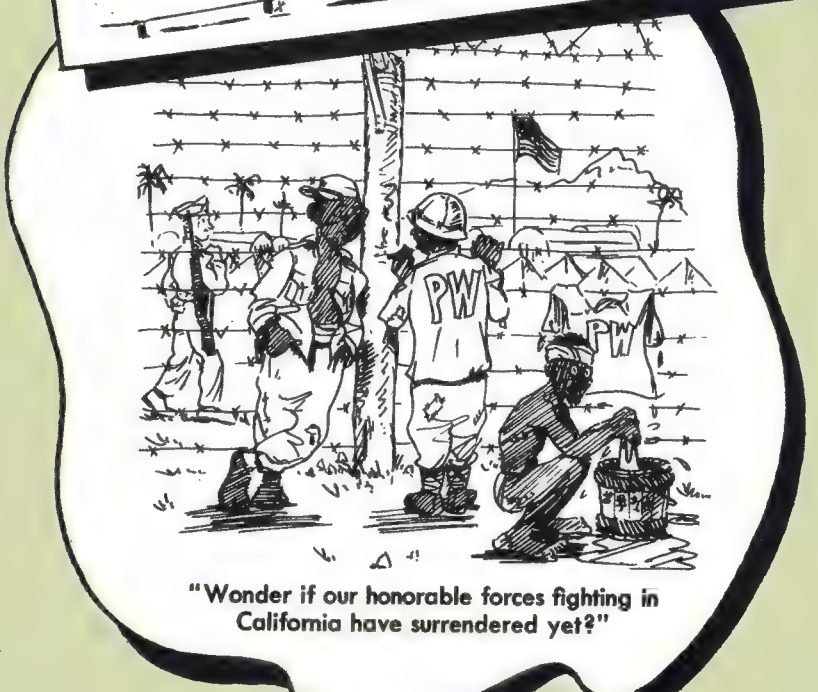
With subways and trolley cars a little scarce in the Pacific areas, Marines have sometimes spoken of the difficulty of getting around on the islands. PFCs Loran Parker, of **Joplin, Mo.**, and Thomas S. McCoy, of **Taylorville, Ill.**, decided to do something about it. It took up their spare time for three months, but when they were finished working over a wrecked jeep chassis they had an upholstered, de luxe jalopy that was the envy of every other Marine on Guam. **END**



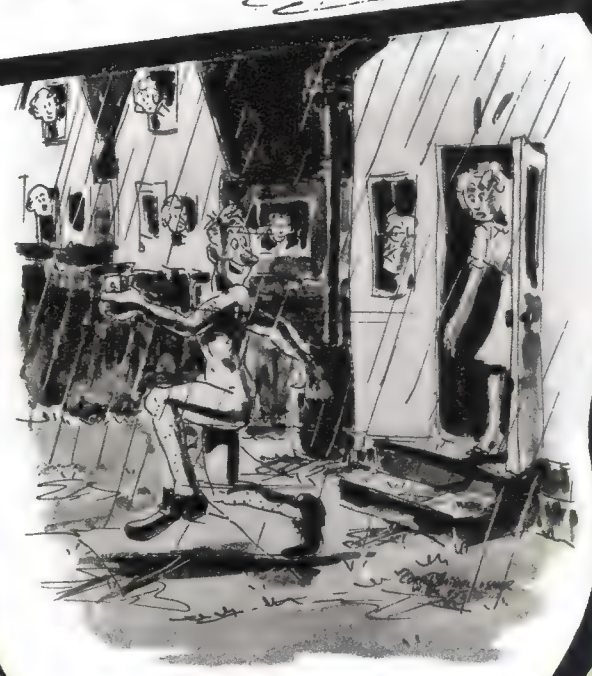
Leatherneck LAFFS

"Well, if it isn't Jerry! I haven't seen you in years... been away?"





"Wonder if our honorable forces fighting in California have surrendered yet?"



"And this is the way we sometimes took showers over there!"

YONAKOR'S GIFT

The Christmas present he gave his mother brought All-American fame

OVERSEAS football fans lucky enough to have had a G-eyeful of the gridiron gyrations of PFC John Yonakor realize that his selection as an All-American at Notre Dame in 1943 was no slip of the typewriter keys. But what they don't know is that a present which Yonakor gave his mother at the family Christmas gathering in 1932 — nine years before he was to enter Notre Dame — was to make him a great end, an All-American and later a Marine.

In November, 1931, the frail, 10-year-old Yonakor youngster was running through icy streets of Boston's North End. He tripped on a rock and fell. Ice ripped through his high-top black stocking and slashed into his right leg. It was only a small cut.

Nothing to worry about, John told himself. He wouldn't even let his mother know. She had enough trouble. Before the week was over, Mrs. Yonakor did know. She heard the news from a doctor, and it was much worse than John could have pictured in his most horrible nightmare.

"I'm sorry, Mrs. Yonakor," the doctor said. "He'll never run again. Infection has set in. We may save the leg, but John always will be a cripple."

For eight months John was in bed, staring day after day at the wall paper designs of his room. For six months more he hobbled around the Yonakor home on crutches. However, an idea possessed him in the late fall of 1932. When his mother made her daily visit to the grocery store at 11 o'clock, John carefully stowed his crutches in the corner and began the tedious task of learning to walk again.

As soon as the door had slammed behind his mother, he was at his lessons. But by the time she'd returned to prepare lunch for the four kids and Mr. Yonakor, John again was resorting to his crutches.

Then came Christmas. Poppa Yonakor had saved a little money from his wages as a longshoreman. Bill, Ann, and Mary all had gifts for John, the youngest. Joe, then in the Marines, had sent a present. But John was without money. His gift was to be more.

The presents were exchanged with happy Lithuanian taunts and teasings. As the babble began to subside, John turned to his mother.

"Mom," he told her. "This is my present to you."

He dropped his crutches to the floor and walked across the room.

That was Christmas, 1932. Ten years and 10 months later, sports writers in the press box at Yankee stadium were tapping out on their portables what was evident to every fan in that tremendous crowd — that John Yonakor of Notre Dame was the spark of an Irish attack which knocked a great Army team from the ranks of the unbeaten; that John Yonakor had achieved the zenith of any footballer, becoming an All-American from Notre Dame.

AFTER he had fought off invalidism, Yonakor was determined to rebuild his body. He swam, played basketball, baseball and football. He exercised, ran and fought. Actually, athletics sent him to college. But behind it all was his Christmas gift.

In his high school days John's game was baseball. He pitched, played center field and first base for Boston Technical High School. His fourth season saw him compile a .420 batting average. Also he was running the 50-yard low hurdles on the track team and high-jumping to a State title. In football, he was an end. John's baseball coach, James J. Holland, made arrangements for Yonakor to attend a Pacific Coast university, but that was too far away. Besides, Boston College—with two consecutive bowl trips behind it, attracted the big high school kid.

John's passing partner at Boston Tech High was Jerry Cowhig, whose brothers had starred at Fordham and BC. Together John and Jerry were a promising pair of touchdown twins. So the Boston College authorities sent them to Marionapolis Prep in Thompson, Conn. Here on an unofficial BC farm eleven they were to learn their grid fundamentals.

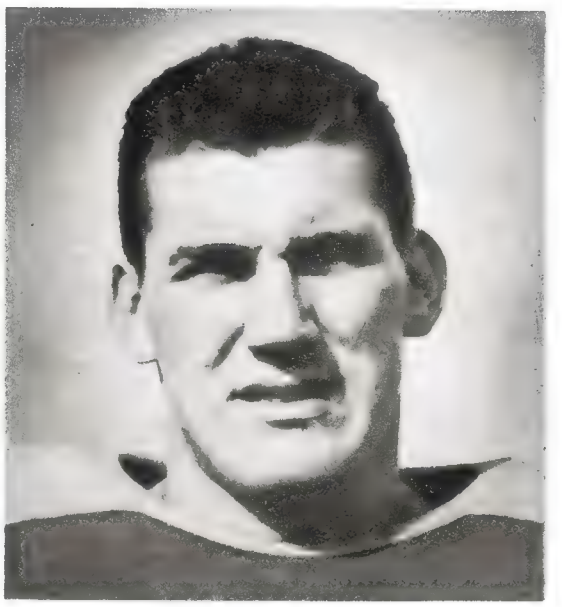
Poppa and Momma Yonakor didn't like football — or any other sports. But John's mother was so intent that he go to college that she easily agreed to his playing. However, there was one catch. Yonakor simply didn't like the school. He appeared in one game, a 6-0 loss to the Boston College freshmen, and quit. He was through.

"But John," his mother reminded him, "what about your college education? I so wanted you to get what the others missed."

"No, mom. I'm through with college. Through with football. I'm going to work."

He found a job at a paint factory and worked there into the summer of 1941. He came home one night to find a telegram awaiting him.

"Would like to have you at Notre Dame. Can you come to see me?" It was signed by the Irish coach,



PFC JOHN YONAKOR
From Notre Dame to FMF

Frank Leahy, who during the off-season had transferred mid-west from Boston College.

The answer came to Yonakor with the impact of a downfield block. His training in a parochial school had made him Notre Dame conscious. The Saturday afternoon football broadcasts over the networks had whetted his interest in the school. And his mother still wanted him to have a college education.

That fall he was playing left end for the Irish freshman team. He was big — six feet, four inches, and weighed 230 pounds. He was young, only 18. And he was very fortunate to be handled by the astute Bill Serney, a Notre Dame sub to Elmer Layden of the famous Four Horsemen. Serney, termed by Yonakor as "the best football scout I've ever seen," was an easy-going mentor who instilled in John a confidence that would see him over many rough grid spots.

Scrimmaging one afternoon against the varsity, Yonakor dropped two or three passes. When the boys were filing out of the showers Serney called him over.

"About those passes, John," he said. "Forget 'em. Every good end drops a few. You're a fine ball player."

Leahy, too, had a sharp eye on Yonakor. However, he wasn't as strong on him as Serney. He knew the big guy had it; but only work and hustle would make him great.

"John," Leahy told his freshman at the season's end. "You're coming along. But you've been slow on your feet. I noticed that in playing strong side end, you're boxed in once in a while. You don't have the deft footwork to stop those plays. But you can develop it. Get out on the handball court and work."

So Yonakor joined a few other sleepy-footed Irish on the handball court to sweat himself into a finer degree of dexterity. It was to pay him dividends in coming seasons. He won his varsity letter the following year as a sub for Bob Dove, who was completing his career after two successive years as All-American. On the other flank was George Murphy who lost his life with the Marines at Okinawa.

Yonakor saw service in seven games and was hurt in the next to last tilt with Southern California. He was rushing the Southern Cal passer when their running guard hit him from the side. The next week he sat on the bench nursing his knee, watching the Irish held to a tie by Bruce Smith and Great Lakes.

IN 1943, Yonakor was a star. Although only a junior, he climaxed his career with an "Oscar" performance against unbeaten Army. Before the tilt was five minutes old, Yonakor faded down the side lines, feinted the halfback out of position, outran the surprised safety, Glenn Davis, and caught Johnny Lujack's 45-yard pass in the end zone. Army continued to fight back until the third period. But when Yonakor snagged a touchdown pass over the middle from Lujack the huge crowd sensed that the West Pointers' spirit was broken. The Irish added two scores in the final quarter to win, 26-0.

That was John's biggest day. For his next best he points to the battle between the College All-Stars and the Chicago Bears on the night of August 30, 1944, at Chicago. Big Yonakor came out of that one with a 58-minute hashmark. He and Glenn Dobbs did harmonious duets on nine out of 12 passes, setting up two of the All-Stars' touchdowns.

Yonakor was scheduled to play in the '43 classic, but at the time was undergoing the OCS routine at Quantico and couldn't fill the date. In his place was his former teammate Bill Huber, whom John had licked in his freshmen year for the heavyweight boxing title at Notre Dame.

In his All-Star appearance Yonakor received a groin injury which cut his effectiveness for the first month of the '44 season with the Camp Lejeune Marines. About the time he was balancing his health budget, three mastodon sailors did a tap-dance on his left arm in the Lejeune-Bainbridge game. Yonakor played out the season under wraps but still caused New River opposition much worry. In December, 1944, John shoved off for overseas' service with the FMF.

When Yonakor isn't playing cribbage or tending his Marine Corps duties, he's answering a certain question from over-curious buddies. It goes something like this:

"But John whatinthehell happened in the final game of Notre Dame's 1943 season when Great Lakes beat 'em 19-14 in the last minute?"

To keep Mr. Y. from being overworked on that one, we've decided to print the standard reply.

"Well," the man begins, "we knew there was less than minute to go and that the play would almost have to be a pass. To be on the safe side I told the halfback supporting our flank that I would rush and he should watch for a possible — but not probable — sweep around us.

"I rushed. So did Jim White and two or three others. And we were in the Great Lakes backfield too. I hit Steve Lach as he was fading back to pass. But he dodged to the right and I slid off his pants. White went for him and bounced off. The others, figuring we had him, held off. Then Lach did it. He let go a desperation pass — just threw. It must have sailed more than 50 yards to Anderson who galloped over with the touchdown which licked us. That's all."

Yonakor has been drafted by the Philadelphia Eagles but is undecided about his pro career.

"No matter what happens," he says, "I'm going to get my college degree."

Then five-foot Mrs. Yonakor can look up to her six-foot, four-inch John and be even more proud. She didn't approve of football but it's been a means to many things she wanted for John. The kid who used to shine shoes, sell papers, fight and cuss hasn't let her down. And it all began with his Christmas gift in 1932. **END**

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KEY to the CASTLE

A Japanese non-com stood framed against a slate-gray skyline, insanely waving a sword

by Sgt. Ralph W. Myers

Leatherneck Staff Correspondent

AS CASTLES go, the one at Shuri, on Okinawa, wasn't much. It was second rate, both as a piece of architecture and a national shrine. Many fine buildings on the island outclassed it, and it was not one-two-three with the temples, shrines and tombs, or even the university, in local significance and interest.

Its five-century history had been dull, and its brightest moment had been Commodore Perry's visit, just before our War between the States. Its drafty 15 rooms, curling tile roof, pillared facade and glass show cases had attracted scant attention as a museum these past 40 years.

But in the spring of this year Shuri Castle's ancient walls were crumbling into its stagnant moat and its destiny was soaring to historic proportions. The name of Shuri was on the lips of an anxious world.

As a castle it was nothing at all early in May, what with the planes and guns. But the long tumble of hills it commanded was the fighting world of two powerful armies — the Japanese 32nd under Lieutenant General Mitsura Ushijima and the American 10th under Lieutenant General Simon Bolivar Buckner Jr.

Gen. Ushijima himself had completed building this fortress from sea to sea. Or rather, he had taken a natural shield of mounds, hills and sharp, treacherous ravines protecting the southern end of the island gateway to Japan, and had manned, gunned and buttressed it with concrete until he had a defense as near perfect as military engineering could make it.

For more than three weeks Buckner had carved at it with four determined divisions. He had bitten some chunks out of it — the line from Naha on the East China Sea, through the great central muscle called the Shuri Land Mass to the hills on the Pacific side, overlooking Yonabaru Bay and airfield. But the line was in great depth and here, if anywhere, Buckner's strength could be sapped to impotency.

By the second week in May, Buckner had most of his known strength hammering at that line — three Army divisions on his left and center, two Marine divisions on his right. Reading left to right they were the Seventh, Ninety-Sixth, Seventy-Seventh, First and Sixth.

The Sixth Marine Division was a newcomer to the line. It had

been busy in the north, over-running nearly three-fourths of Okinawa's 921 square miles, occupying two airfields and securing Motobu Peninsula.

Now it stood on the approaches to the Asa Kawa estuary before the city of Naha. The Asa was the outer margin of the great line's eastern anchor, and the Sixth would bear watching, Ushijima could tell himself. Japanese houses are entered indirectly, by the right or left around the spirit screen at the front door. The general could be thankful for his defenses on the Asa, and also for a pimple on the long cross-island arms to be known as Sugar Loaf Hill. Like many another position on the Naha-Shuri-Yonabaru ridges, it was made to order for defense and would prove the key to the castle.

In five bloody days the Sixth Marine Division had crossed the Asa and struggled upland to take its first painful poke at Sugar Loaf on Sunday, May 13. The Asa is dirty and brackish down there by the sea, a chip in the coast, and when the 22nd Marines cracked its forward bunkers the Japs fled into its salty mud to die by the hundreds. The mortar platoon of Lieutenant Colonel Earl Blount's 3rd Battalion alone pounded 2000 rounds of mortars into that stinking bottom in five hours. And then 400 Marines were killed or wounded following them across that same black ooze and up the other side.

MAJOR GENERAL LEMUEL C. SHEPHERD'S Division got hurt finding out about Sugar Loaf Hill on Sunday. The position really was three hills in triangular defense, each mutually supporting, and all supported by the guns of the great Shuri Mass, and distant guns in the south. Young Lieutenant Colonel Horatio C. Woodhouse, Jr., CO of the 2nd Battalion, 22nd Marines, (later killed in action) named the middle hill Sugar Loaf. The men who kept the official books called the hill on the left Half Moon and the one on the right Horseshoe. They are shaped like their names. Actually, in the line they were called mostly by numbers, 1, 2 and 3. Sometimes the outside hills were called Crescent and King's Ridge. And some called them the Three Whores. The one in the middle, full-breasted and independent as hell, was The Madame. We'll call them like the book.

The Battle of Sugar Loaf Hill starts on Monday, May 14, a miserable day of incessant rain. It is to last much longer, but that night to the undying glory of the names of Major Henry A. Courtney and his handful of men, the hill is taken and held.

It is the 22nd Marines' show this day. Late this afternoon H Company claws up its steep, slippery face. It is a hill no higher than the Statue of Liberty, from torch to toe, as wide as the length of a football field, and the run up its face is only 160 yards long. There is hardly room for a crowded company on top. The Japanese troops are now on the rear slope and all around and behind the trio in strength.

Three times H Company is driven off while two prongs of tanks and infantry, reach around the flanks, are crippled and repulsed. Major Courtney, the battalion executive officer, is clutching the face of the hill tonight with 20 men, all that remain of H Company. Twenty-six more come up with ammunition and join the 20. It is black and cold and the rain is constant.

There are Japs on top of Sugar Loaf now, throwing down grenades. Behind the hill a counterattack is forming. The major's position is impossible. He must go forward or back, and the word from higher up is to take Sugar Loaf today at all costs. Major Courtney, 29 and from Minnesota, makes his decision.

"We'll stage our own damned Banzai," he tells his men. He calls for all the mortar fire he can get. He tells his men to lean against that wall of fire so they can catch it in their helmets. The 47 go up, with the major leading the charge, throwing grenades before him.

Now they are on top, with the dripping major all over the place on his knees and elbows among the dead Japs, spotting and re-spotting his security until a direct mortar hit kills him. Lieutenant Robert O. Hutchings takes over.

The little patch of America atop the hill is hell tonight. Attacks and mortars take turn about. The wounded go down the slope and the dead lie in the rain.

At 2:30 a.m. Lieutenant Rowe gets through with relief, and, of all the original 47, the only ones who can walk off Sugar Loaf with Lieut. Hutchings are men identified as Kastler, McGowan, Petsinger, Petrikowitz, Chandler, Polifko and Paice.

Tuesday morning's naval, air and artillery preparation is just more of the same for the 8:00 a.m. attack by the 1st Battalion on the left and the 2nd Battalion on the right. First Bat is to lose its commanding officer and all company officers this morning, but is not to lose its momentum — yet. Second Bat, making the main effort at Sugar Loaf, finds the situation even more serious.

The few have lost their wet grip on the hill's top and are hanging to its face. There Lieutenant George Murphy, who relieved Lieut. Rowe, dies as a Jap non-com stands silhouetted against the slate-gray skyline above, insanely waving a sword and ordering his men to positions on the hill they have re-taken.

TURN PAGE

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KEY TO THE CASTLE (continued)

(News of Lieut. Murphy's death came as a shock to South Bend, Ind., where he grew up, where he entered Notre Dame and where he became another Irish All-American and captain of the football team in '42.)

There is no time for thoughts of South Bend now. From behind the hills the Japs are counterattacking in battalion strength, spread over a 900-yard front with the dragon's tail lashing at two battalions of the 29th Marines, who moved simultaneously this morning against Half Moon's face.

Advancing grimly under heavy blows from Shuri, the 1st Battalion is fighting at grenade range in the valley before Half Moon, slugging it out into the late afternoon. Their supporting tanks are under heavy gunfire from the Sugar Loaf area.

Meanwhile at Sugar Loaf the 22nd has worn down the Nip drive. In the afternoon his move slowed to a halt. And in doing it, the 22nd's own 2nd Bat, bled white by 400 losses in the three previous days at and through Asa Kawa, is a spent force. The 2nd Battalion comes into its positions this afternoon.

No one sleeps on top of the hills Tuesday night. Damned few sleep behind them, except in exhaustion.

The world is a thing of flame and thunder. But thank God, the rain has stopped. The best place for a fellow to get some sleep is in one of the heavy concrete tombs that Okinawans have been building for their ancestral bones for centuries. Pistol Pete finds Gunnery Sergeant Steven Mihalak in one of them tonight.

Pistol Pete, they find out later, is a big naval gun on the south coast. Pete is peculiar. He wakes up at four in the afternoon, and you can almost set your watch by him. His stuff sounds like the fast express speeding through the draw. The spotters, planes and ships are after him for days. But somehow he stays in business. Three out of four of his shells don't explode, except when he's working over Sugar Loaf seriously.

Fortunately for Mihalak, it is the dud kind on the roof of the tomb tonight. "Pistol Pete bounded me off three of the walls," he explains as he goes outside to sleep in the mud. (They found out later that Pete was short of fuses.)

For two days Sugar Loaf has been a lot more than companies and battalions on a checker board, brother.

There is a cut behind a mound in our rear. A battalion aid station is trying to hide there. The corpsmen have their work cut out for them. So have Chaplain Eugene B. Kelly of Brooklyn, the Catholic priest, and Chaplain George Creitz of Easton, Pa., and the Episcopal Church. The wounded are so thick there, in row after row of stretchers, that they overlap the protection of the little hill. It reminds Sergeant Major Stanley Shaw of the Atlanta hospital scene in *"Gone With the Wind."*

Sergeant Fred Moore's malaria and filiarasis, souvenirs of Eniwetok, are giving him the devil, and he has had to move his regimental supply dump nine times in six weeks, and the roads are no roads at all and he wishes to heaven he were back in New Boston, Ohio, where the dogwood blooms in May.

HAVE you heard about The Beast? That's what they call PFC Harry Kizirian of Providence, R. I., who is no beast at all, really, but a swell guy with lots of guts. He killed 12 Nips with grenades and his M1. Nips who were giving some green replacements plenty of business.

And did you know that, for a while at least, Jimmy Hart was practically running the war, all by himself, and giving the Old Man the word, just like a general? What happened was that PFC James E. Hart of Troy, N. Y., a radio operator, was with Maj. Courtney when the major was killed. So he stepped into the breach, keeping the battalion CO informed of the situation, directing artillery and mortar fire like a first class private first class. The artillery crushed a serious counter attack.

Yes, there has been many a story born in the last 48 hours. Stories to be told in front of log fires on a winter night, at bars and American Legion meetings for at least a couple of generations before they are forgotten. And more that will never be told at all.

Like that fellow Bastin in Easy Company of the 22nd, who had his choice of bleeding — maybe bleeding to death — or calling for help. So he kept his mouth shut, and somebody came along and found him in time anyhow.

Last night Gunnery Sergeant Peter Maresh's company commander was wounded, and Pete had to take over. Pete was so sick, shocked and exhausted he didn't know whether to spit or go blind, but he stuck it out. He's from Cleveland, Ohio. Corp. William Dillon is from Jamestown, N. C. What he did was to knock out a nest of Nips on his flank with his BAR and a grenade, helping out that outfit next door although the Nips weren't bothering him, and he was doing a platoon sergeant's job already. But the whole company moved up to high ground because he did what he didn't have to do, strictly speaking.

In one fire team all they knew was that they were catching a lot of hell from guns they couldn't see up forward. It wasn't

TURN PAGE

"With firmness in the right
as God gives us to see the right, let us finish
the work we are in, to bind up the nation's
wounds, to care for him who shall have borne
the battle, and for his widow and his orphans,
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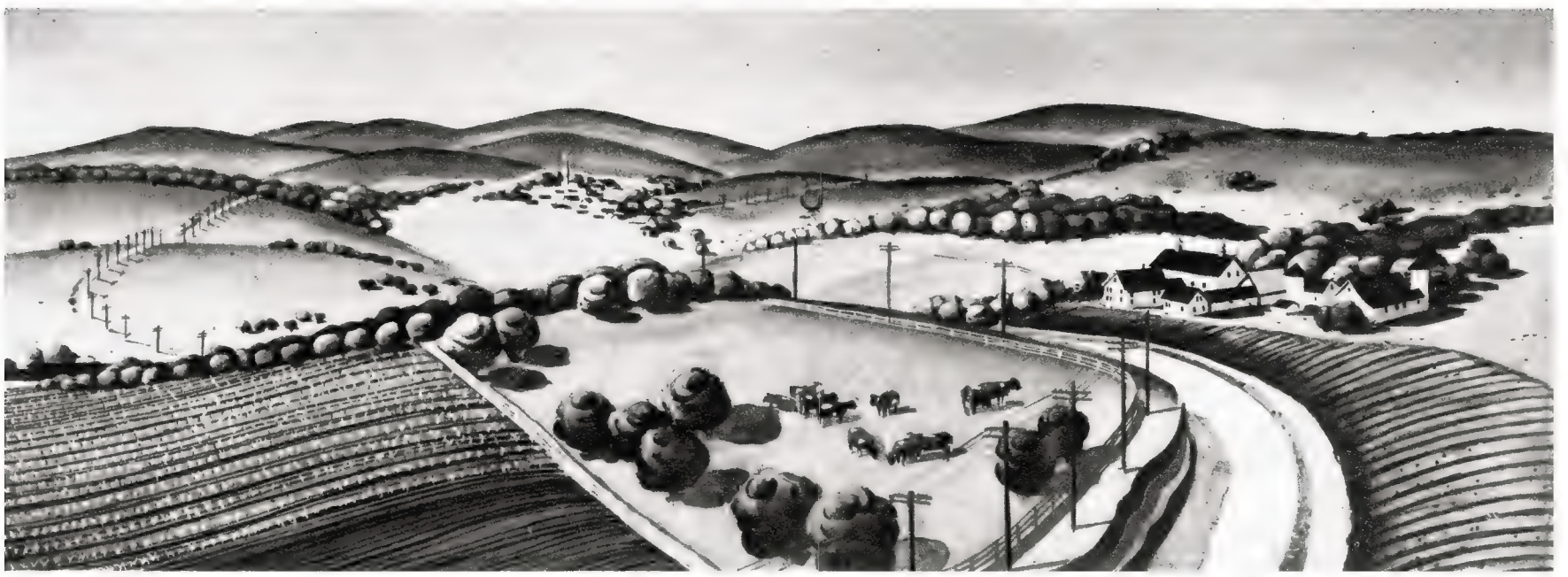

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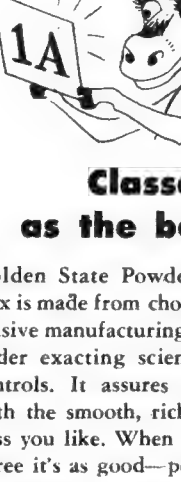

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KEY TO THE CASTLE (continued)

healthy to stick your head up and find out where they were, and nobody wanted to do it, least of all Chester Zeciciskey. But all of a sudden Chet popped up on his knees for a quick look-see, and when he couldn't see anything that way he said, "Hell," a couple of times and just charged out of there, lobbing those pineapples ahead of him, and everybody just naturally followed. And so did the whole advance.

Tonight we know a lot more about corpsmen and the guys who are always helping them. Like PFC George A. Notte, the wireman, who volunteered six times to lead supply parties up the hill in one night and help evacuate the wounded. Notte is from Madison, N. J. A lot of corpsmen are needing corpsmen of their own tonight. PhM3/c Marvin Richman of Brooklyn was the only one to come off the hill in one piece. And we understand he is up for something because he was out in front of the front lines a half dozen times today, sometimes too late to do any good.

WE KNOW more about lieutenants, too, first and second. Like Lieutenant Frederick L. Swindal of Jacksonville, Fla., who went up and did his own damned reconnoitering tonight when the wires went out, although nobody told him to. And Lieutenant David L. Lynch of Winchester, Tenn., who just got killed exposing himself to make sure the men of his rifle platoon were in good positions on the right flank.

You can pack up some more Purple Hearts, posthumous and otherwise, back there at Pearl, because the 22nd Marines have 250 casualties and the 29th Marines are still counting theirs.

And Sugar Loaf still belongs to Hirohito.

Two regiments have tried today and failed. Old Ushijima can thank his sun god for Sugar Loaf, but he knows he's in a fight, and had better start whistling up some reinforcements on his left anchor. (There is some scuttlebutt that he is pulling some out from the far end of the line, in front of the Seventh Division.) Both the 22nd and 29th Marines still are on deck, Mr. Editor, and there is fight in your tiger cub yet.

Gen. Shepherd can be thankful, too, for having a Marine Division on his left that knows the Marine way of doing business. Also, it is a comfort to know that the 4th can be used on a rainy day. Or let's say for a follow-through, important both in a golf swing or breaking a line. And the general can be thankful for having the sea on his right, with a lot of naval guns there at his beck and call.

Everybody is glad that Wednesday morning breaks clear. The soulless, typed reports, with carbon copies to almost everybody say this morning's attack meets vigorous opposition.

The Japs get a surprise this morning. A withering fire from automatic weapons ruins their plan. It comes from the edge of the town of Takamotoki. There has been no fire from Takomotoki before. There was hope this morning that Half Moon was falling to men of the 29th.

By 3 p.m. the 3rd Battalion of the 2nd Marines is ready to strike again at Sugar Loaf, the blow a bit to the left of center, moving out under heavy artillery and tank fire. Several times they are on the crest, in bitter hand-to-hand battle. Each time they fall off. For a while it looks like Half Moon belongs to elements of the 29th, digging in there on top of the hill at cocktail time. But more and more of the blackened gun barrels from the strong Shuri Land Mass are pointed our way. At sundown our smoke screen shields mostly dead and wounded men on Half Moon, and the 29th retreats. If the hills belong to anybody, which is doubtful, they belong to Hirohito. And the bitterest day of the Okinawa campaign for the Sixth Marine Division is ended.

Two regiments have thrown their Sunday punch, and the trio of hills have taken it with a bloody grunt. The grimy men with the field phones and dog-eared maps erase a set of penciled lines. Two facts are apparent to them: Ushijima fears for the life of his precious line here, strengthens it with reserves, and will continue to the extent that pressure all along the line will permit. Secondly, intense fire from Shuri will continue until Shuri is reduced.

Thursday, men of the 29th have the show all to themselves. The 22nd has charged enough times and killed enough Japs doing it so that it is a bleeding, panting, dog-tired regiment.

Today's preparation is the heaviest — 16-inch naval guns, 8-inch howitzers and 1000-pound bombs. It is a major barrage, and is to continue all day.

Into the bloody bowl of Half Moon crawl two battalions with tank support. They uncover the Jap defenses on the east side of Sugar Loaf, where Easy Company is trying to slip around the left wall. At first Easy tried a wide end run, looking to the railroad cut for protection, and not finding it. Now they try closer in, under the shadow of the hill. Too steep there. So they go where others have gone, up the face, on the left cheek. They make it, despite fire from Horseshoe that hurts like hell. They dig in.

And the Japs hit Easy three times, with grenade and bayonet

TURN PAGE

Why be Irritated ?

Light an Old Gold

Apple "Honey" helps guard O.Gs. from Cigarette Dryness

You're right up with the best in smoking pleasure—when you've got Old Golds! For here's a superlative blend of choice tobaccos—with a touch of rare Latakia tobacco for *extra flavor*. Plus the special moisture-protecting agent we call Apple "Honey", made from the juice of fresh apples. This helps hold in the natural moisture, *helps prevent cigarette dryness*. Just ask for Old Golds . . . every time.

LISTEN TO

FRANK SINATRA

Wednesday Evenings CBS

and

MEET ME AT PARKY'S

Sunday Evenings NBC

BUY VICTORY BONDS AND HOLD THEM

Even weathered old faces like his

feel almost as smooth as his

after a cool, cool Ingram shave...

FRIEND, meet Ingram – just about the cooling-est, soothing-est shaving cream that ever made life easier for man or blade. Helps condition your skin for shaving, wilts whiskers fast, cools and soothes razor scrapes and stings. And the coolness lingers on. Breeze through shaving tomorrow. Get Ingram Shaving Cream today—in tube or jar—at the nearest drug store or Post Exchange.

Product of Bristol-Myers

INGRAM SHAVING CREAM

KEY TO THE CASTLE (continued)

charges. They succeed the third time, and Easy is down again, limping painfully.

Nobody knows how they get the strength for the fourth attempt. Easy goes up again at sunset. The Japs try again to push them off and fail. Easy counts noses. One hundred and sixty officers and men killed or wounded today. Not enough wind in those left to move their own wounded down that hill again. Not enough ammo for a week-end hunting trip. The supply and evacuation problem, the book says, is greater at night. T.S. The flank security against Half Moon was strongest today, too, but it can't be helped. Painfully they quit their hard-earned position.

Tired? Sure they're tired. And so is the Jap behind those hills. He's not only tired, but desperate, and calling for help so loud you can hear him in Tokyo. At dusk, when Easy was making its uneasy decision, the enemy's prayer is answered. The Japs, for the first time, try to reinforce Sugar Loaf with a bold troop movement in the open.

Accurate fire from 12 artillery battalions finds the reinforcements in the open, tears them to bits.

Friday morning the 29th Marines try first with tanks and lose six of them. But by 10 a.m. they figure a combined tank-infantry attempt is feasible. Company D will supply the foot soldiers. Dog feints with half its men and tanks around the right, drawing enemy fire to the seaside. Quickly the other half of Dog strikes around to the left. With the tanks now around the corner, assisting with enveloping fire from both flanks on the rear slope, Dog has scrambled to the top, and dug in under heavy enemy fire. Dog is thankful that the damned mortar positions on the upper lip of Horseshoe are less deadly now. They are having troubles of their own, with Fox Company lobbing grenades into their deep caves.

This night new enemy strength stirs in deep positions behind the hill, and by midnight the new force has developed to a full counterattack. But Sugar Loaf is Yankee land tonight, and no mistake. The Nips die on their own approaches to the top this time, mostly under a deadly artillery barrage.

Sugar Loaf and her sisters are just as American as Pike's Peak. The 4th Marines are coming into the lines now, and the 4th always was known as an outfit to go places.

And welcome to it, say the 22nd and 29th on Saturday, May 19.

In 10 days since crossing the Asa Kawa, the Sixth Division has lost many killed and wounded. Exhaustion, combat fatigue and sickness have knocked out more. The left anchor of the N-S-Y line has been fractured, but not yet destroyed. Sugar Loaf cost the Jap even more than the two full infantry battalions, one service company, a special mortar company and 300 naval troops he lost there.

It cost him his great defensive position. The 4th Marines finished the job, driving down and across the Asato to open the corridor into Shuri itself.

The giant which was the Tenth Army was leaning heavily all along the line, and the Seventh Army Division then broke through on the weakened Yonabaru end. The Jap commander ordered his first withdrawal from the line on the day after the 4th Marines charged down Sugar Loaf's backside. He had to. The Sixth Division had its choice now of rolling up the line, or moving south into Naha itself. The withdrawal continued until the 27th, when a mass retreat took place. Remnants of the Japanese Army staggered south, to where the suicide cliffs awaited all who would not give up. **END**

"... But in your letters to me while I was overseas, you seemed so much older"

SUIT YOURSELF

Clothing for the civilian is a big problem. Here's the scoop on what to wear

ONCE rock-happy, now point-happy Marines from Oahu to Okinawa, who have one-way tickets home and will have $300 when they get here, soon will be buying double breasted worsteds or tweeds, ties in technicolor, and boondockers with multi-soles the likes of which have not been seen in three years.

By Spring, when reconversion and de-mobilization have reached their strides, you will be able to select from most materials and from all styles, but you should catch up with the style trends and know what you want before going to town sartorially. But your mustering out pay is going to look pretty sad after you have purchased the clothes in which to go after that job you have been dreaming about.

There are no radical changes in men's apparel styles. They are trying to drop a button here and there, but that's about all. There are one or two restrictions. You do not get a vest with double breasted suit, and you can't have two pairs of trousers. You can have cuffs and pleats on your pants, and in general, you'll be dressing as you did before the war. Suits run to blues, browns and greys this year. Stripes and plaids are popular.

Designers say new Spring suits are built for comfort. There will be a straighter effect in the back for all suit coats, and to some extent for topcoats and overcoats. In suit coats the distinctive features are medium-width squarish shoulders, backs that hang almost perfectly straight, longer lapels, low set buttons, and moderately snug hips. The top button, in the two-

button style, is slightly above the waist line, and only the top one is buttoned. In the new three-button jacket a long lapel rolls to the bottom button.

The overcoat raglan is popular again, and British stylists are going back a couple of decades for what they call horserug patterns, which means a large and bright overcheck on the usual greys and tans. Murdocke, of *Men's Wear,* reports that British servicemen are demanding their regimental crest on pockets of sports jackets. Only thing close to that here, however, is a metal lapel button made to hold two to five miniature service bars. These are available, alphabetically, from Air Medal to WAC.

Your suit will feel odd, almost too loose, because you have been wearing a close-fitting uniform for a long time. Civilian clothing is designed for comfort, in case you have forgotten, so don't insist on a dress uniform fit. Most Marines have put on weight where it never was before, and where they used to pack it — well, that's spread from Lejeune to Okinawa. You will gain a little weight almost as soon as you get home. Keep that in mind.

Now, how much to spend? How much of a wardrobe to buy? Pennsylvania's Senator Joseph Guffey has proposed some help along the clothing line, suggesting that coupons worth $150 be given to each veteran to be accepted by retailers at face value. You'll have to have more than conversation to spend, however.

Starting from scratch, a blue suit is your best bet. It's good for business hours and quite correct for social wear. It will cost you anywhere from $30 to $150. Watch, in suits costing $35 and under, for the manufacturer's price tag, which is required by OPA, and which is for your protection. Get a business suit, a "job" suit, first — a blue one. Then, if you want another, go for a grey or a brown. A lot of men will want sports clothes, the

TURN PAGE

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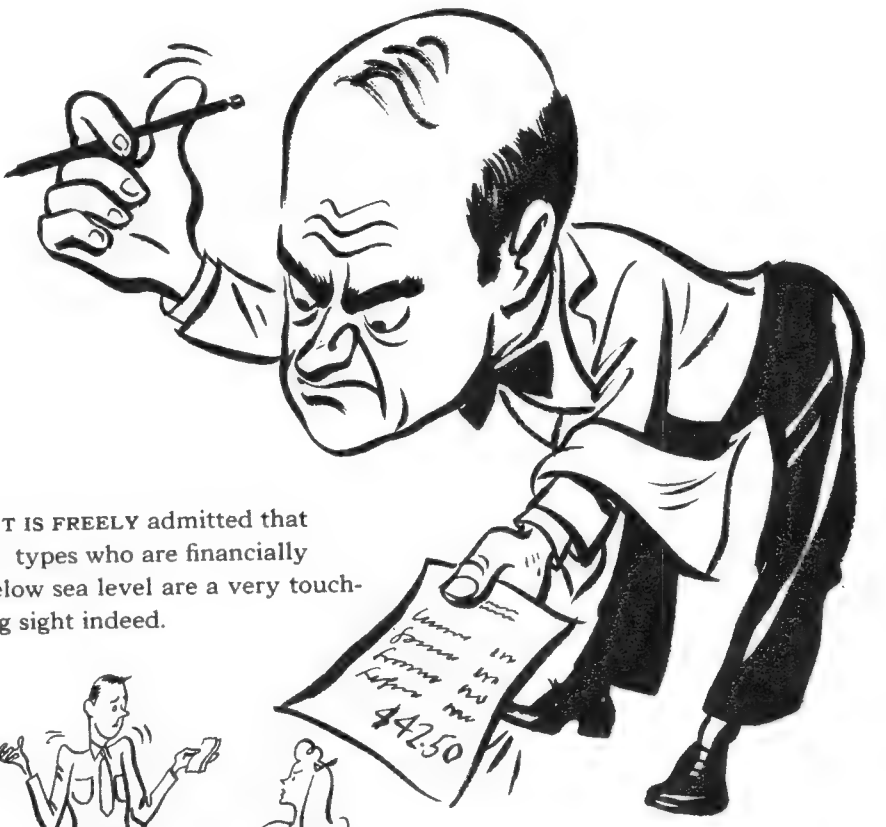
Is "Pink Tooth Brush" worse than No Dough?



IT IS FREELY admitted that types who are financially below sea level are a very touching sight indeed.

But this tinge of "pink" on the tooth brush is nothing to chortle over either.

Indeed, it is a sign you had better see the Dentist right away.

Because he may find that your gums have become tender, robbed of exercise by soft foods.

And, since Dentists do not regard this as in your favor, your dentist may very likely suggest "the helpful stimulation of Ipana and massage."

This information has an important non-military value, especially if it happens you are a great student of human nature and anxious to further your studies among various females.

This comes about as follows: Massaging a little extra Ipana on your gums every time you brush your teeth will help you to healthier gums. And healthier gums mean sounder, brighter teeth.

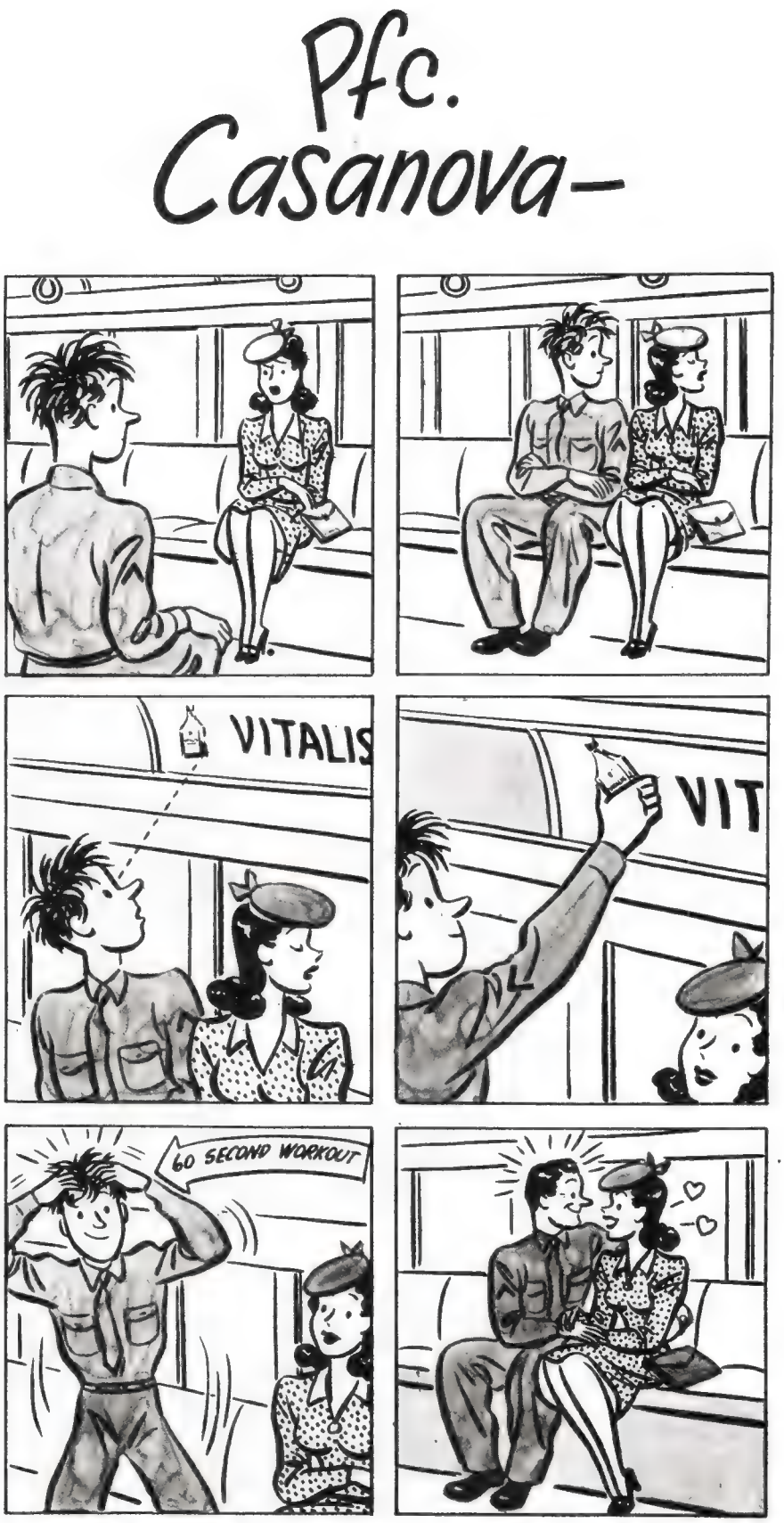
This brings you a brighter smile. Some of our greatest and most successful students in this line will tell you they owe all their success to the brightness of their smiles.

Product of Bristol-Myers

Start today with

Ipana and Massage

★



Wild-haired guys do not get wild-eyed admiration from dolls. Tame your hair. Try Vitalis and the "60-Second Workout."

Product of Bristol-Myers

TAKE 50 seconds to massage Vitalis on your dry scalp. This routs loose dandruff, helps retard excessive falling hair, prevents dryness, and makes your hair look more alive.

Now—10 seconds to comb and then *look!* Is your hair set to stay in place? Handsome? Chum, you're magnificent! Start with Vitalis and the famous "60-Second Workout" today. You can get Vitalis at any Post Exchange.

USE VITALIS AND THE "60-SECOND WORKOUT"

★

SUIT YOURSELF (continued)

slack-and-coat combination. That depends on what line of business you want to enter, or whether you are going back to school.

You may want a colorful, comfortable sports coat and a pair of slacks for leisure wear. (Leisure: Time at one's command, free from engagement; a period of unengaged time; hence, convenience; ease. An unknown quantity in the Corps.) Most popular combinations are in greys and tans of various shades. The two pieces alternate in color. Most jackets are darker than the slacks, although the reverse is not uncommon. Worsted jackets are good with flannel slacks, and you will find a lot of shetlands. Gabardines are worn a lot.

Sports coats come single and double breasted. Patterns include birdseyes, herringbones, glen plaids, over plaids and diagonals. Sport shirts worn with these aren't quite as wild as they used to be, although they are still extremely colorful. The open throat style is giving way to shirts with ties.

A wide variety of once-scarce shirts will be on the market, and the tails are on the way back. Prices run from $2 up. There should be more of the lower-priced models soon. For a while you couldn't buy a $2 shirt. By simple arithmetic, one may discover that $4 is twice as much as $2. Manufacturers knew this, and made $4 shirts. OPA, still in there pitching, came out with a rule demanding return to 1943 average prices, which forced a return to $2, $3 and $4 articles. Another OPA regulation speeds priorities to manufacturers going into low-priced clothing. These have a set dollar-and-cents price, and OPA thinks it will resu ltin a 10 to 16 per cent saving to consumers.

Want a tip on "buymanship"? Don't splurge right away for a complete wardrobe. Buy only what you absolutely need. Buy slowly, and with good taste; buy wisely, with an eye to the future. You want a good fit, because if a suit is too tight it will bind and pull out of shape. If it's too loose you get unflattering bulges and you can't keep a press. Constant pressing damages the fabric and shortens the life of a suit.

As to combinations of colors, and what to wear with what, Hart, Schaffner & Marx has excellent advice in a booklet called *Civilian Basic*. With a blue suit, which is the foundation for a good wardrobe, wear a grey hat and black shoes. Should you prefer a brown hat, wear brown shoes.

Hat styles are about the same. There is a slight trend toward narrower brim. Shirts to go with a blue suit can be white, blue or grey. Ties should be predominantly blue, and you can have colorful stripes or figures on them. Black, blue or grey socks are worn with black shoes. With brown shoes, wear brown, blue or maroon socks. Accessories for blue suits can be worn with grey suits. Should you buy a brown suit, keep the accessories, such as shoes and hat, in shades of brown. A blue shirt goes well with warm shades of brown, and you can match the shirt with blue or maroon ties. Socks should match the shirt and tie combination.

To replace that khaki field scarf, there is no end of ties in all shades and patterns. Think of almost anything, and two will get you four that they have it on a cravat somewhere. Only the high-priced silks are scarce, if that bothers you, and it will be a year or two before imported fabrics are back. But you can get twills, knits, crepe and rayon.

The patterns are something to explore. You will find large airedales or polo ponies or even trained seals on some models. And should you grow homesick for the islands, pineapples — big ones — are the pattern for some cravats. The bow tie is back in the form of clip-ons that come in butterfly or bat shapes. Some are pretty wild, spreading from ear to ear in combinations of red, white and blue.

Drastic military cutbacks in leather goods and shoes are slated to end rationing shortly. They already have eased most restrictions placed on shoe manufacturers early in the war. Post-war models were being turned out six months ago, and soon should be in full production. You will be able to choose between Cor-

dovans or brogans. You can have buckle straps if you want them.

There will be narrow toes and broad toes, French toes and plain toes. Wing and shield tips, full overlay tips and foxings are permissible. So are full-breasted heels and multiple leather soles. You can have storm welts, if you remember what storm welts are. Riding boots, banned for a long time, are on the way. So are hiking boots, should you want a 20-mile jaunt for Auld Lang Syne.

Assuming every Marine will need two suits and the accessories to go with them, here are suggested outfits, with the average cost on each article. You may not want some of them, but you will have an idea about how much it is going to cost. Supposing you plan to invest $500. Two suits will cost $110; a sports coat, $25; slacks, to match, $12.50; topcoat and overcoat, about $45 each, and a raincoat, $15. Hats, grey and brown, add another $15.50 to the bill.

Two pair of shoes, black and brown, will cost $20. Add another $6 for casual shoes. One sports shirt and a pair of slacks can be had for $15. The rest: gloves, $3.50; four pajamas, $9; four sets of shirts and shorts, $6; eight pairs of socks, $5; nine shirts, $27; six ties, $9; belt or suspenders, $1.50; a dozen handkerchiefs, $6; sweater, $7; sports hat, $5.

Many men coming out of the service will need dinner or evening dress. A complete Tuxedo, including dress top coat, will set them back $112.

While a $500 outlay is the start of an excellent wardrobe, many men won't have the $500 to spend, including yours truly and a 100,000 other gyrenes.

This, then, is a minimum outlay, enough to get you by, but naturally far from complete. It will cost you $150, and will include two suits for $75. A top coat adds another $35, or, if you prefer an overcoat, figure $10 more. A hat can be had for $7.50; a pair of shoes for $10. Three shirts take $8.50; three ties, $4.50. Two sets of shirts and shorts come to $3. Six pair of socks set you back $3. Top it off with gloves for $3.50.

When you hit for home, don't be in too big a hurry to shed your uniform in the first town outside the separation center. In the first place, buying in your home town will help you to re-establish yourself. You can be sure a reputable clothier will give you the breaks, will give you the best materials he has, will help you make your selections. It's good business for him, and good business for you.

Winona, Minn., is a small town. But it has a separation center releasing 30,000 men a month nearby, and a goodly number of that 30,000 want civilian clothes as soon as they walk out of the gate. The one clothier in Winona just didn't have the stock, and, although he made a trip to Washington, D. C., he couldn't get more. He wanted to save his badly depleted stock of suits for home town boys, yet he wanted to give discharged men a break, t... It just couldn't be done.

So go to a retailer in your home town, if you possibly can, and he will see to it that you get the best he has.

Prices on clothing are up an average of 24 per cent since 1941, according to the Bureau of Labor Statistics. If you entered the Corps in 1943, prices to you are up 14 per cent. But there's hope. The OPA says is has not yet begun to fight. Lifting of War Production Board restrictions left the field wide open for manufacturers, but until supply and demand get together, which is expected by the Fall of 1946, prices will continue to be set by OPA.

Competition, that 30-cent word meaning "who will get your money?", also will help to lower prices, to say nothing of increasing the quality of merchandise, which is better now than at any time in the last two years.

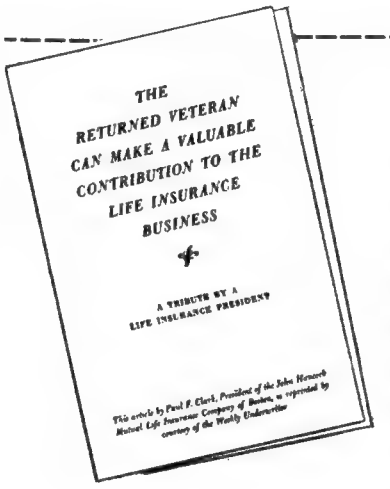
You are going to be a civilian for a long time, so use your head when you buy that long-dreamed-of wardrobe.

And good luck!

PFC LEONARD RIBLETT
Leatherneck Staff Correspondent

"Well! . . . Well! . . . If it isn't my old Top Sarge!"

Someday it'll be Mister again



Not 12124656. . . . Nor 32022076. . . . Just plain Mister, with a grey flannel suit, and a silk tie.

There'll be hot baths, and warm food, and rugs on the floor.

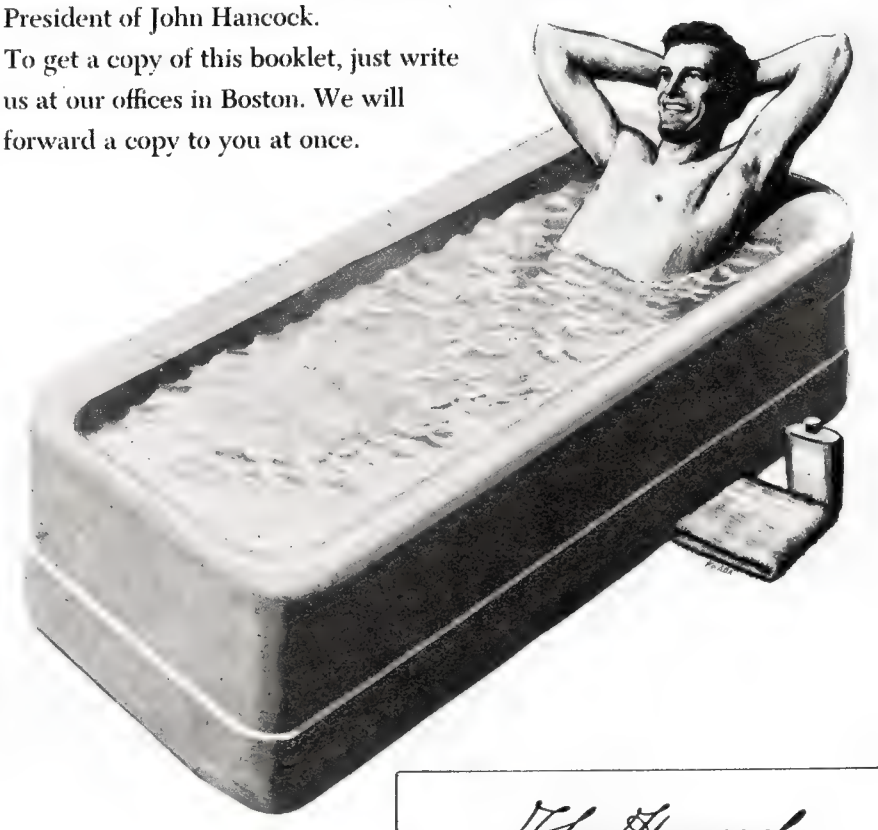
And that number will be only a memory. You'll be home.

And there'll be a job to think about. If you haven't decided what you want to do, you may want to learn something about the life insurance business.

For men who can qualify, life insurance selling is a good business. But because it is not every man's business, the John Hancock selects its agents carefully, so that neither they nor we will meet with needless disappointments.

If you feel that you will like the business and have some aptitude for it, the booklet pictured here should interest you. It was written out of experience, an experience which ranges from life insurance agent to that of president of a life insurance company. The author is Paul F. Clark, President of John Hancock.

To get a copy of this booklet, just write us at our offices in Boston. We will forward a copy to you at once.



John Hancock
MUTUAL
LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY
OF BOSTON, MASSACHUSETTS

GUY W. COX
Chairman of the Board

PAUL F. CLARK
President

"POOR GUY— STILL TRYING TO GIVE AWAY HIS KINGDOM FOR A BOTTLE OF PABST BLUE RIBBON!

Copr. 1945, Pabst Brew. Company, Milwaukee, Wisc.

33 Fine Brews **BLENDED** *into One Great Beer*

COMPACT CORRESPONDENT

SGT. JEAN KAUTENBERG

THE Marines' top-notch overseas "compact" correspondent is Sergeant Jean Kautenberg, a 24-year-old brunette WR. This feminine counterpart of the battle-hardened fighter-writers goes about her work unarmed — except for her engaging smile and a pocketbook full of rouge, lipstick, Kleenex, an address book and a bus token.

She arrived overseas in January, 1945, and has been pounding out copy on WR activities ever since. Jean embarked with a Public Information contingent composed of herself, Lieutenant Irene Holsinger, Corporal Kathlene Martin, a photographer, and Sergeant Dorothy J. Crane, another "compact" correspondent. However, Sgt. Crane is now married to Combat Correspondent Bob Davis and has returned Stateside where she is expecting a first edition soon. Which leaves Jean as the only overseas compact correspondent at her present station.

Jean's dad is a combination newspaper editor and print-shop foreman. So 'twas little wonder that the young lady, practically born with newsprint ink on her fingers, was a newshawk even before she joined the Marines.

She still remembers writing a kid mystery story and prefers to talk about it rather than the top-notch story she did on overseas WRs for the New York *Times*.

"I never showed my 'novel' to anyone," she says with a slight blush. "No, not even Dad."

It was the story of a young girl and her adventures with the Chinese. The plot was overburdened with trapdoors and intrigue.

While attending Fresno, California, State College, Jean worked on four school publications and still had time to write for outside papers. Her first job was on the Fresno Tri-County *Labor News*, which her dad edited. Only 17 at the time, the pert young lady did everything but sell copies on the street. She handled the reception desk, edited copy, worked on re-writes, read proof and wrote the society page. Later she quit to serve as secretary to the head of the college journalism department.

Before she was graduated in June, 1942, she landed another newspaper job — this one with the Fresno *Guide*, a semi-weekly. There she did a column and again worked on the re-write desk. With wanderlust still in her eyes, she dropped her journalistic journeyings to work as a ration clerk in the Army base commissary at San Luis Obispo, Cal. But the smell of wet ink on paper and the hum of presses still held sway in the Kautenberg stream of consciousness.

Jean latched onto a job as correspondent for the Fresno *Bee* in Hanford, county seat of Kings. For the next seven months she handled a man-sized beat — courthouse, jail, funeral parlors and other such places. It was while relaxing from such duties that she met and became engaged to a young Army flight officer.

Being an adventurous soul, Jean became interested in the announcement that the Marines were enlisting women.

"But," she explains, "I had another ambition, too — I wanted to go to Alaska. I decided to forego the Marines for a civil service job in the far north. With $25 I set out for Seattle."

JEAN traveled as far as San Francisco and there decided she could sign with the local civil service and get her expenses paid to Seattle and then to Alaska. For three months she battled red tape, in the meantime taking a job with a San Francisco insurance firm. She found the work dull. So took a welding job at the Kaiser Shipyards in Richmond, Cal. She was one of the graveyard girls carrying a welding torch.

One night Jean was surprised to find a notice on her time card from Boilermakers No. 513, the union which she had joined on accepting the job.

"You owe a $13 fine on unpaid dues," it read. "Unless this fine is paid within 48 hours you will be discharged."

Jean was puzzled. The union had told her not to pay any dues

COMPACT CORRESPONDENT (continued)

until her dues book arrived, and it had arrived only a day previous. Surely she couldn't be fined for that.

That night, while climbing a ladder to the top of a tool shed. she fell 12 feet to the ground, suffering back and foot injuries, She walked to the yard hospital but had to go home on crutches. When she got there in the morning she found in her mail box a letter she'd written to her air corps fiance, who then had been in England. Across the address was stamped: "Deceased."

An old college chum, Sergeant Marjorie Ede, on duty with the San Francisco Marine Recruiting station, comforted Jean. Over a fine dinner at Monaco's in the International Settlement, they chatted about her future. Marjorie's enthusiasm soon convinced Jean that she should enlist in the Women Marines.

Jean sweated out boot camp at New River. After duty at New Orleans, Washington, D. C., and New River in the public information office, she volunteered for overseas duty. With others in the first contingent, she and the rest of the public information group climbed aboard a transport, carrying a standard typewriter and photographic equipment. After the voyage started, she made friends with the purser and banged out stories on his typewriter while some of the others used the big literary piano. Pictures went back to the states with each story, for the public information photographers had inveigled the ship's dentist into letting them use his lab for a darkroom.

Post-war plans? Jean, the WRiter (as *Time* would put it), still wants to go to Alaska and work on a weekly there. And many years from now she'll be telling her grandchildren how she was a Marine compact correspondent.

SGT. ERNIE HARWELL
Leatherneck Staff Correspondent

MASTER SNIPER

MAKAYITO waded the shallow stream and skirted a bamboo brake, gliding silently through the shadows and clusters of over-hanging vines. There before him lay the outer ring of American pup tents. Makayito, master Japanese sniper, was on the prowl.

There was a noise, and Makayito froze. The crunching steps of a Marine guard stopped scant yards away; then they took up their regular patter as he moved on around the bivouac.

Makayito smiled his self-esteem. Foolish Americans, he thought. They are a poor match. He dropped down beside the nearest tent and found the light canvas pack of a sleeping Marine. Noiselessly he rifled it and stuffed soap, toothpaste and toothbrush into the folds of his sniper's cape. He had needed these articles for many days. Then he faded into the jungle.

The tree Makayito chose for his sniper's nest was ideal, a huge banyan 25 yards off the path and commanding an open stretch of 50 yards over which the Americans would surely pass tomorrow. His brown face cracked in a confident grin as he covered his pack with foliage and settled on his haunches to sleep.

The eastern sky suddenly was very bright. Excitement clawed harshly at Makayito's stomach as he dug into his cape for a tube of green greasepaint. With swift, deft strokes he smeared the sticky substance on his hollow-cheeked face. He knew the feel of his well-painted face; now it was right.

Keeping his eyes on the path below, he replaced the cap and started to put the tube away. He bit his lip to stifle a curse as it slipped from his fingers and slithered through the leaves to the ground. Makayito wiped his hands on his trousers and waited.

Suddenly Makayito tensed and gripped his rifle. Someone was on the trail. Now he saw them clearly, a pair of bearded and grimy Marines sauntering along. One was short and dragged his feet through the sand, head bowed and rifle slung carelessly over his shoulder. The other, tall and lithe, carried his rifle in the crook of his arm and searched every tree with his alert, black eyes. Makayito shrunk back in his leafy nest.

The eyes of the tall Marine seemed to bore straight into his own. There was something almost frightening in the manner the Marine's stare clung to his nest.

Slim halted abruptly. His heavy rifle jumped to his shoulder and spoke twice. Makayito tried to scream but no sound escaped from his lips. He felt himself bumping through the leafy branches. Then he hit the earth with a sodden thump.

Rifle held ready, Slim strode forward until he stood over Makayito. Shorty reached his friend's side.

"His face is white as snow," he exclaimed.

Slim reached down and scooped up a battered tube from the sand and studied it doubtfully. Then he handed it to Shorty and with a whimsical smile asked, "Is this the tube of toothpaste stolen from your pack last night?"

CORP. THURMAN L. DACUS

DOC SAYS IT HELPS KEEP A FELLOW FIT!
GOODBYE SWEAT, GOODBYE DIRT! NOTHING LIKE A LIFEBUOY SHOWER TO HELP KEEP A FELLOW "IN THE PINK!"
IN WARM CLIMATES it is extra important to get rid of dried, begrimed perspiration by frequent bathing with a mild, non-irritating soap—such as Lifebuoy.
WHAT A GRAND FEELING TO DUNK MY POOR FEET IN LIFEBUOY LATHER AFTER THAT FOOT-BLISTERING DETAIL!
FOOT CARE and comfort start with cleanliness. After hours on your feet, let Lifebuoy's refreshing lather wash away dirt, grime and perspiration.
Yes, keeping "hygienically clean" is the first step to health and comfort
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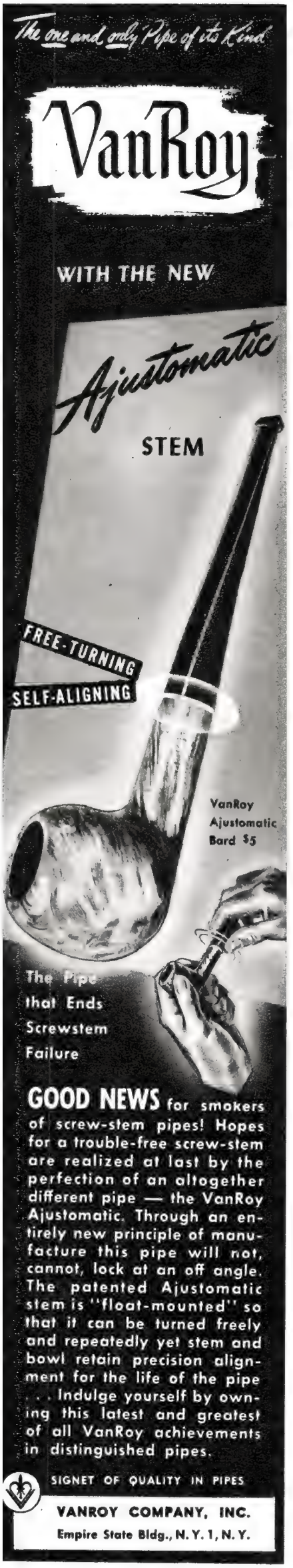
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History of the SECOND DIVISION

This, the second in a series of historical articles, traces activities of the Second Marine Division from the time of its organization through all of its heroic battles in the Pacific war. The stories are being prepared by the Historical Division of the Marine Corps. The Second Division has the unique honor of having landed the first handful of Marines on a Jap-held island when the war was young, and of one of its units being the last Marine organization ordered into battle on Okinawa, before the surrender of Japan.

YEARS from now, as men who served with the Second Marine Division in the Pacific war gather at a veterans' convention or meet at a businessmen's conference, a chance remark will send their memories reeling back to the days when they fought on large and small islands and won their battles by slugging it out.

One gentleman, successful and larger around the waist, recalls the 2nd Regiment. "That was a real outfit! We were the first Americans to land on a Japanese-occupied island when the Pacific offensive started back in '42. That was Florida Island. We went ashore there to cover the landings on Tulagi."

Impatient to mention his unit, another conferee interjects, "You fellows may have been the first into action, but the 8th Regiment was in on the Solomons, too. And we were the last Marine unit ordered into action in the war. That was on Okinawa."

Others speak up. Names of islands which years have dimmed in their minds become clear again.

"Guadalcanal was where we started . . . rest and training in New Zealand . . . then Tarawa . . . Saipan and Tinian . . . Okinawa. . . ."

Wherever veterans of the Second Division gather in years to come, they will recall the old days in the Pacific. All will be proud to remember their service, for mention of the Second Division carries with it the distinction of that organization's record.

The early history of the Second Division is peculiar in that it was not until the battle for Tarawa that the organization fought as a unit. When it did function for the first time as a complete division, it was one of the most seasoned in the Pacific. All of its component parts had tasted battle during the lean, hard days of the war.

Six months before the outbreak of war in the Pacific the 6th Regiment, reinforced by elements of the 10th Marines and the 5th Defense Battalion, started on its first mission. Designated the First Marine Provisional Brigade under the command of Major General John Marston, it sailed for Iceland in June, 1941. The unit disembarked at Reykjavik on July 11, 1941, and served there as a supplemental unit to the British garrison until March, 1942, when it was returned to the United States and its parent organization.

Meanwhile, the remainder of the division had been charged with the task of defending the California coast from Oceanside to the Mexican border. When the threat of Japanese invasion of the west coast had passed, the division returned to Camp Elliott, near San Diego, to train for combat.

It seemed the fate of the division to operate with its units scat-

TURN PAGE

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SECOND DIVISION (continued)

tered. Prior to the return of the 6th Regiment and its reinforcing units, another brigade was formed around the 8th Regiment and sent to American Samoa, which was a tempting Pacific plum to the Japanese.

That brigade sailed early in January, 1942.

Loss of the 8th Regiment was made up temporarily when the 9th Regiment was activated on February 12, and attached to the division. Midsummer found another segment of the division pulled away when the 2nd Regiment, reinforced by one battalion of the 10th Regiment and other elements, sailed for the Pacific to rendezvous with the First Marine Division. The American offensive in the Pacific was about to start.

On August 7, 1942, the 2nd Regiment (then attached to the First Division) went into action in the Solomons. Newspaper headlines across the United States screamed word of the battle for the Solomons. While the 2nd Regiment fought side by side with units of the First Division, the remainder of the Second Division trained along the Southern California coast.

Hardened and well-trained, both in land tactics and amphibious warfare, the Second Division was ordered overseas in the early fall of 1942.

The 6th Marines (reinforced) sailed for New Zealand on October 19, under command of Colonel Gilder T. Jackson, and the remaining units left San Diego on October 21, and November 3.

The day after Christmas, 1942, the first echelon of Division Headquarters, under command of Brigadier General Alphonse De Carree, and the 6th Marines sailed from Wellington, New Zealand, to take part in the final phase of the battle for Guadalcanal. At that time the 2nd Regiment, under Colonel J. M. Arthur, had been in action for nearly five consecutive months. The 8th Marines, under Colonel R. H. Jeschke, had been in action for nearly two months. All three regiments of the division fought on Guadalcanal, and many men were severely infected with tropical diseases.

BY MARCH 1, 1943, the entire division had been reassembled in New Zealand. After a short period devoted to recreation and rehabilitation, training for the next operation was started. Target practice, field problems and forced marches over the rugged New Zealand countryside gradually welded the veterans and the newly-arrived replacements into a strong, well-integrated combat force.

Throughout the period of training men of the division were given liberty and short leaves of absence. Thousands of Second Division Marines made friends with New Zealanders on their leaves, and established a strong bond between the unit and that tiny country. At the request of New Zealand authorities, Major General Julian C. Smith, the division commanding general, supplied a full list of casualties after the Tarawa battle for publication in the country's newspapers. A year later obituary columns of the same newspapers carried "in memorium" notices, placed there in memory of fallen Marines by their New Zealand friends.

The division sailed from Wellington Harbor in early November, 1943. On November 20, Gen. Smith took his Marines ashore at Tarawa Atoll and into the most vicious fight of the war to that time.

The first units to land were the 2nd and 3rd Battalions of the 2nd Regiment and the 2nd Battalion of the 8th Regiment. They stormed ashore on the north side of Betio Island with little difficulty.

The next units to land, the 1st Battalion of the 2nd Regiment and the 3rd Battalion of the 8th Regiment, were met by heavy fire from the bitterly resisting enemy and suffered heavy casualties. Japanese fire was so heavy that later waves of the 3rd Battalion, 8th Regiment, were forced to withdraw to the protection of a concrete pier. By the end of D day the 2nd and 8th Regiment held precariously to a shallow beachhead. At that point the remaining regiment of the division, the 6th, was released to division control and taken into action by Col. Maurice G. Holmes.

On the second day the 1st Battalion of the 8th Marines came ashore. It was hit hard on a reef which made passage of boats impossible. Men waded seven hundred yards to the shore under constant fire of machine guns and snipers. The battle ended November 24, and American and British flags were raised on Tarawa. The 2nd and 8th Regiments shipped for Pearl Harbor, leaving the 6th Regiment to mop up on various small islands of the group.

On December 4, the last elements of the division left the Gilbert Islands and were shipped to Hawaii. The small rear echelon, which had been left in Wellington, rejoined the division there.

The battle for Tarawa had been a costly one. In the few days of combat the division had lost 783 men killed, 2091 wounded, and 206 missing. So confused had been the action that many men listed as missing were found later in widely scattered ports, where they had been taken when evacuated as casualties.

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Although it was not known at the time, the division in effect took part in a great experiment at Tarawa. For the first time in the Pacific war, a direct frontal assault had been delivered against a heavily fortified small island whose defenses were manned by a determined and efficient enemy. For the first time also naval gunfire and aerial bombardment had been used for the reduction of those defenses.

Immediately upon its arrival in Hawaii the division embarked on a strenuous program of training. The reorganization of some units took place and new and highly-specialized units were added for specific duties. The rocket and improved flame-thrower made their appearance.

By the middle of March, 1944, training had continually progressed and landing exercises were planned and carried out. The 8th Regiment, under Colonel Elmer E. Hall, conducted a mock assault on the island of Maui against opposition furnished by the Division Reconnaissance Company. By the time Gen. Smith was detached on April 10, the division had grown in size and was a well-integrated unit. Under the new commander, Brigadier General Thomas E. Watson, the tempo of training was maintained, and it became obvious that a new operation was in prospect. Early in May details of the Marianas Islands were given to the division for study, with particular emphasis to be placed on the Saipan-Tinian area. A detailed rehearsal of the projected assault was held on the island of Maui near the end of the month and upon completion the division moved to Pearl Harbor for rest, liberty, and rehabilitation.

Two serious mishaps occurred during the month of May, each of which involved landing craft and each caused loss of life and material damage. At the beginning of the rehearsal an LCT was lost overboard from her parent ship. Two men were killed outright, 15 others were missing and presumed dead, and 12 men were injured. Less than a week later two LSTs were destroyed by fire in Pearl Harbor. In this mishap two men were killed, 27 were missing, and 56 injured.

The division was now ready for an operation of an entirely different character from those in which it had participated earlier. The assault on the Marianas was to be a blow toward the interior of the Japanese defenses. It was also an operation which would involve the employment of a large number of men on a land mass sufficiently large to allow considerable maneuvering of troops. It was to be a test of American tactical doctrine against enemy doctrine under conditions which would permit movement of troops.

Saipan was the object of the first assault by the Second Marine Division in the Marianas campaign; the landing was on a stretch of beach on the western coast of the island, south of the town of Garapan. During this operation the division was a part of the Fifth Amphibious Corps, commanded by Lieutenant General Holland M. Smith. Its companion units were the Fourth Division, under Major General Harry Schmidt, and the Twenty-Seventh Army Division under Major General Ralph Smith, USA.

The Second and Fourth Divisions landed abreast on D day. The Second was to cut off the northwestern part of the island and establish a beachhead line. The Fourth had the task of taking and securing Aslito airfield, key to the island's defenses, while the Twenty-Seventh Army Division, landed on D plus two, was to swing into the middle of the drive, between the Second and Fourth Divisions.

Initial objective of the Second was the seizing of the crestline of a chain of hills which paralleled the coast on the far side of a plain, and the scheme of operations was for one regiment, the 8th, to drive directly across the island. Once this objective was reached, the left flank regiment, the 6th, was to swing gradually to the north toward Mount Tapotchau. The 8th Marines, having reached the east coast, were likewise to swing to the northward and establish the Landing Force Beachhead Line which was scheduled to extend from the island's east coast to the west coast.

The landing was made as planned and in the initial phases everything went well. Ferocity of the fighting increased steadily and the division soon found that it was opposed by an able and tough enemy. The 8th Regiment suffered heavy casualties in its 2nd Battalion. Progress was steady, however, and while there were momentary set-backs, the issue was never seriously in doubt.

The fighting on Saipan was only a part of the task of the Second Division. The smaller island of Tinian, a few miles southwest of the main island, had to be reduced. For this operation the Fourth Division was assigned the initial assault while the Second Division was to land subsequently on the same beach. On July 21, the 2nd and the 8th Regiments embarked for the short trip to the new objective.

While the assault was being made by the Fourth Division, the Second Division created a diversion off Tinian Town some distance from the actual landing beaches. Upon completion of that duty, the division returned to the transport area off the landing beaches, and the 1st Battalion, 8th, went ashore.

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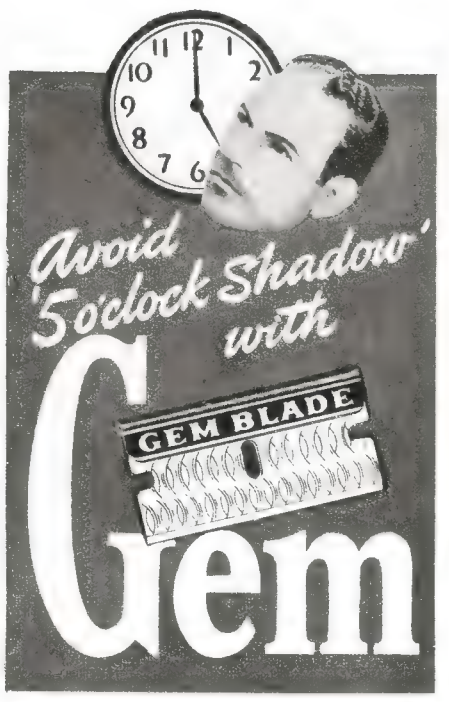

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SECOND DIVISION (continued)

On July 26, the entire division, less the 6th Marines, was ashore and word was received that the remaining regiment was on its way from Saipan. Once more the first phases of the action were carried out against light opposition, but enemy resistance constantly increased.

On July 31, a line of vertical cliffs where the enemy had decided to make a decisive stand was reached. The attack was driven through, the advance continued, and just after nightfall on August 11, the commanding general announced that organized resistance had ceased.

The troops began returning to Saipan a few days later, and by August 13, only the 8th Regiment remained on Tinian.

Then began a long period of mopping up on Saipan. Enemy soldiers were killed daily, and casualties were incurred daily. On October 20, the division passed from the control of the Fifth Amphibious Corps and became a part of the Third Amphibious Corps, the latter at the time being a part of the newly-formed Tenth Army.

ON NOVEMBER 15, it was decided that the use of patrols for cleaning out pockets of enemy resistance was unsuccessful, and the entire division was used to clean up Saipan — an island where organized resistance had ceased several months before. During this operation, which lasted three days, 255 Japs were killed, and 47 captured. The division lost nine men killed and 40 wounded.

Late in December an island command order relieved the division of further responsibility for mopping up, and a program of training immediately began in preparation for the next operation.

Replacements began to flow in and the division strength grew. It was clear that the new operation was to be a large one since, for the first time, the Marines were to act as part of a complete field army. New units appeared in the Second Division line-up and April 1, 1945, found the division a part of the task group engaging in diversionary activities along the southeast coast of Okinawa. On the same day the balance of the Tenth Army was going ashore on the opposite side of the island and somewhat to the north. On April 2, the diversionary maneuver was repeated and the division remained as floating reserve.

The landing had been made with unexpected ease, both by Army and Marine Corps units. Well-constructed defensive systems were found to be practically without personnel and in the first phases of the operation both the Marines and Army troops met with practically no resistance. It was unnecessary for the Second Division to land, and after 10 days of waiting aboard ship, it returned to Saipan and went into rest billets.

About the middle of May orders were received by the division to form a small task group around the 8th Marine Regiment. It had become necessary to seize and occupy two small islands to the north of Okinawa, Iheya and Aguni, and it was to be the function of the task organization to carry out that small operation.

By May 24, all personnel, materiel and equipment were loaded aboard 26 LSTs. After a short halt at Okinawa to take on some engineers and amphibious tractors, the convoy resumed its journey. At 0700 on June 3, the target area was reached. The beach areas were subjected to three and one-half hours of naval gunfire. Troops and supplies were put ashore, and found no resistance whatever to the landing.

Notwithstanding a total lack of enemy, two men were killed and 16 wounded by short rounds of naval gunfire and rockets. At noon on June 4, Iheya was officially secured. Aguni fell at the same time and the mission of the task organization was complete.

A new task awaited the unit during the last days of the Okinawa campaign. The 8th Regiment (reinforced) went into action on the eastern flank of the lines on southern Okinawa. It participated in the final drive toward the southern end of the island and brought to the Second Division a unique honor, that of having supplied the first and the last Marine Corps units to be sent into action in the Pacific war. **END**

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Last of the Pack

Portrait of a warrior. Burning amtracs provide an appropriate background for a rugged 75 mm howitzer on Iwo's bloody D day

"MISSION accomplished! Cease firing! Lay back on base deflection!" The corporal who gave that order could scarcely know he was presenting an honorable discharge for the Marine Corps' oldest and most colorful artillery piece. The 75 mm pack howitzer has completed its job, has become a casualty in the war of progress wherein older weapons are being constantly discarded for newer and more effective forms of destruction.

To Marine artillerymen who fought from Guadalcanal to Okinawa, the little cannon was known as the "pack how" or as just the "pack." It had earned a "well done" on every one of those islands along the route to the heart of Japan.

"I'm not sorry to see the pack go," an ordnance captain said. "It is out of date now. It doesn't have sufficient range and it's not big enough for this war. But the pack was a wonderful weapon. Every once in a while, ordnance develops a gun that is just right, one that has balance and perfect operation. The pack was one of those guns."

Developed by US Army ordnance, the 75 pack was designed to meet a wide variety of needs. It could be towed by men, it could be broken down for transportation on pack animals — hence its name — and it could be carried by troops. It could be moved rapidly over good roads or manhandled through the roughest terrain. It could shoot thousands of rounds with only slow wear to the bore, and its ammunition was light enough to be transportable in large quantities.

The pack was adopted by the Marine Corps because it was ideal for the kind of warfare Marines expected to fight. Because it could be manhandled it was important in the days of old-style landing craft. Today, with modern landing ships, the Marines can put ashore almost any kind or size of artillery, assembled and ready to fire, while the action still is on the beaches. But even as late as Guadalcanal, Marines got their cannon ashore by dismantling them and each member of the gun crew carrying a portion of the weapon. At Tarawa, Marines again were forced by the peculiar circumstances of the landing to break down their artillery and lug it to the beach. (The largest hand load weighs 234 pounds.)

The Marines first took a serious interest in the little gun in the early 1930s. In the summer of 1931, a pack howitzer battery (four guns) was organized and trained at Quantico. Captain (now Colonel) Galen M. Sturgis was the commanding officer, and First Lieutenant (now Colonel) John A. Bemis was the executive. Joining the First Separate Infantry Battalion, the battery took part in the 1932 Hawaiian maneuvers, but the guns didn't fire a shot. The depression-ridden military services weren't interested in expending any cash on gunpowder, and the battery was disbanded in April for lack of personnel.

Another battery formed in the winter of 1931-32 had a service practice in which a few rounds were fired. Landings were made to determine the pack's fitness for amphibious warfare. After that, someone seems to have decided there would be no more shooting wars, and artillery all but vanished from the Marine Corps. Weapons were about as scarce as $20 bills in a private's pocket,

LAST OF THE PACK (continued)

and the quartermaster doled out ammunition like a first sergeant issuing 30-day furloughs.

By 1935, it became apparent the automobile was here to stay, and the pack howitzer got a high-speed axle and pneumatic tires. Hitler occupied the Rhineland, and in the late 1930s, peace-in-our-time looked dubious. Things began picking up in the artillery business; at the end of the decade, the Marine Corps had something like an artillery regiment. War began in Europe and the First Marine Brigade went off to Cuba to train and be converted into the First Marine Division. The artillery regiment had been split, part of it to form the 11th Marines for the First Division and the other part to form the 10th Marines, artillery regiment of the Second Division.

The pack howitzer was still the weapon. When the 11th Marines hit the Solomons in August, 1942, it had three battalions of packs and one battalion of the then new 105s.

But the years and each succeeding battle proved this was no longer a bantam-weight artillery match, and gradually the bigger guns crowded the little pack into a corner. By the time the 11th and 15th Marine regiments landed on Okinawa, both outfits were down to one battalion of packs.

WHEN the Sixth Marine Division swept through northern Okinawa, pack gun crews practically were breathless trying to keep within shooting distance of the front. Almost before the guns could be set up, the infantry had moved beyond the maximum range. On southern Okinawa, where things moved more slowly against stiff resistance, the packs could keep up, and, as if determined to conclude their life's work in a blaze of glory, they gave the Japs no rest. The pack battalion of the 15th Marines remained in direct support throughout the battle. Jap counterattacks on bloody Sugar loaf Hill were subjected to more than 6000 shells from the packs in one 24-hour period. The little guns were so hot that crews were pouring gallons of water down the tubes to cool them. During the 82 days of fighting, the 12 packs fired more than 55,000 rounds.

The pack crews were proud of that record. They were proud, too, of having got the first artillery piece ashore on Okinawa. It came in with a reconnaissance party and fired the first artillery shot within three hours after the first infantry wave hit the beach.

Nowhere along the route from the 'Canal to Okinawa did Marines find occasion to transport the 75 on horses, which was one of the primary purposes of its design. The only time the little cannon has been seen on horseback in the Corps was at Quantico horseshows. Sometimes Marines have substituted for pack animals to take the 75s over rugged terrain, but mostly the little guns have moved by trucks, like everything else in this war.

What will become of the pack now? Well, the little cannon may see some service occasionally. Because it is economical to fire — a shell costs about $8 or $10 — the pack may be used in training artillery observers. Probably some of them will go to our allies who, lacking the conveniences for handling bigger artillery, may find the pack just what the general ordered. But for the Marines, the pack can pin on an honorable discharge button and go wherever good guns go when they die. **CORP. FRED R. TRAVIS**
USMC Combat Correspondent

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Peepsight's Palace Performance

by Sgt. Harold Helfer
Leatherneck Staff Correspondent

OF COURSE, if it happened to anyone but Peepsight it would be absolutely unbelievable and even with Peepsight, I suppose, it is a strain on credulity. But to know Peepsight is to have faith that anything can happen — to Peepsight, anyway.

Peepsight went with the Marines into Tokyo. The historical impact of the occasion did not unduly perturb him.

"I don't see any difference in being in Tokyo than in being in Toledo, Ohio," observed Peepsight. "All there is is buildings and sidewalks and streets."

"Bet there aren't as many Japanese in Toledo," someone retorted.

"Bet there are more filling stations in Toledo," came back Peepsight.

Well, Peepsight ate warmed-over K rations and stood guard duty (and, no doubt, also dreamed about Toledo and its filling stations) on holy Nipponese soil and then one day he suddenly felt that he was missing something.

Finally, it came to him. A movie. He wanted to see a movie. Particularly a movie of his favorite actor, Trigger, Roy Roger's horse. But he wanted to see a movie so bad he was willing to see any kind of picture, even if Trigger wasn't in it.

"I would have even gone to see a picture with Lionel Barrymore in it," he relates. "And he's not much of an actor. He talks too much."

Peepsight wasn't really sure whether Japan had moving pictures or not.

He could be a man of action when it suited him and he set out to see if he could find a picture show. Well, he walked up and down one street after another and even a few alleys and he saw some shops and eating places and a lot of bombed-up buildings that you couldn't tell what they were on account of the ceilings were where the walls were and the walls were near the cellar.

But he couldn't locate anything that resembled a picture show.

Feeling a bit piqued, Peepsight was making his way back to the camp when he happened to overhear a couple of American officers talking.

"That's the Palace over there," said one. He was pointing at a large building across a moat. Peepsight had passed the place before but it just impressed him as being a large house or maybe an apartment building.

"In Toledo," Peepsight explained to me later, "the Palace looks like a picture show and you can't mistake it for anything else. It's a good picture show with double features and a cartoon every week."

But Japs were funny people, Peepsight decided, and he might have expected that their picture shows wouldn't look like picture shows. Now that he stopped to think about it, he could see that it was an elegant kind of a place, with a red-tiled roof, but he still couldn't imagine any Toledo theater manager making his patrons swim across a canal in order to see his pictures. He fished in his pockets for change, wondered if the Jap picture shows charged a lesser price for men in uniform and started for the red-tiled building.

He didn't get too far. Some Jap guards stopped him at the gate. They jabbered at him. He couldn't understand exactly what they were saying, but he got the impression that he wasn't welcome.

He felt somewhat bitter about it.

"It seemed to me the Japs were giving us a hard peace, not letting us go to their picture shows," he recounted later.

Now Peepsight had a stubborn side to his nature, as those of you who have been reading these accounts probably are aware. He wanted to see a show and he did not intend to desist from this desire without good and sufficient reason. He considered a few Jap sentries neither good nor sufficient. He walked away from the place. Yes. But he did not walk too far. He stretched out on some rubble and watched the sun go about its business of setting. When it had roosted for the night, Peepsight got up, stretched and then started back in the direction from whence he came.

"I felt like MacArthur," Peepsight said later. "You know — I shall return."

He went back to the Palace. There were still guards around it. But there was a lot of "around" — it was a big Palace.

Peepsight bided his time. He stood across the way, behind a tree. He watched the sentries strolling back and forth.

Particularly, he kept his eyes on two sentries. They had more territory to cover than any of the others. Suddenly, Peepsight, waiting for the moment when the distance between the two men was the greatest, darted between them.

He reached the gate. He paused. The sentries kept strolling back and forth. He hadn't been noticed. He climbed over the gate.

To his left, he saw now, there was a bridge, but there were a couple of sentries on it. The canal wasn't very wide. Peepsight jumped in and swam across.

There was still another gate and he climbed over

"He grabbed the girl by the hand, then sent her reeling backwards. She had been waiting with a dignified, lady-like expression on her face. Now it was full of alarm"

it. He found himself on a large lawn. He stretched out behind some bushes and waited until he had dried up pretty well. Then he started toward the building.

It was quite dark now and he reached it undetected. He noticed several of the windows were half open. He chose one that had the most darkness around it and climbed through it.

The room into which he stepped was empty. It was a big room with a gorgeously lush carpet and lighted by an elegant golden-colored chandelier.

"It was such a pretty room that I thought it must be the theatre's men's room and I kept looking around for the facilities that went with it," Peepsight said. "I did see something that I thought would do — funny thing, it looked like a throne that they have in some of those pictures about knights and kings. I sat down on it but decided it wasn't practical."

After awhile, Peepsight poked his head out of the room's doorway. A long, carpet-plushed corridor stretched its way out before him. He started walking down it. He kept wondering which way the mezzanine was.

THEN he heard some chattering. It was coming from one of the rooms leading off the corridor.

"I figured it was one of those pictures made in England," Peepsight said. "I had a hard time understanding what was said. I always have a hard time understanding those foreign pictures."

He opened the door. It was an eating scene. People were sitting around a long elegant table. The food on the table was elegant and everyone was elegantly attired. Some of the people were men, some women, but they were all Japs. The man at the head of the table was bespectacled and everyone seemed to be treating him with a great deal of deference.

Suddenly, someone looked around and consternation broke loose. The Japs leaped from their chairs. There was a lot of jabbering and gesturing. One or two ladies fainted.

Peepsight was trying to make some sense out of the plot ("I was glad Lionel Barrymore wasn't in it, anyway," he said) when it came to him all of a sudden that this wasn't a picture but real live people and that he was one of the characters involved in the situation. In fact, he seemed to be the focal point of interest.

Gradually order was restored. The man most responsible for it was a short, stocky, moon-faced little man. He spent a few minutes talking fast and furiously at the ear of the man who sat at the head of the table. The man with the moon face motioned everyone to sit down at the table again. Then he approached Peepsight.

"Welcome," he said, grinning cheerfully and toothily.

Peepsight has since pointed this man out to me and I recognized him as a member of the Japanese royal family who was also a government official and whose chief interest was in public relationing and propaganda. I had a pretty good idea what he had told the man at the head of the table was something like this:

"Listen, honorable emperor, old boy, here's a chance to do a little good for ourselves. In some extraordinary way, as yet unexplainable, this American Marine has wandered into our midst. Apparently he means us no harm. Let us turn the situation to our benefit. Let us show him great hospitality. Then he will go away, saying that you, the highest of the high, the most exalted of the exalt, are really a democratic person at heart. The word will spread and, as a consequence, things will go a lot easier with us."

Anyway, Moon Face, still smiling determinedly, again said: "Welcome."

"I'm sorry I busted in here like this," said Peepsight. "I didn't know you all had feed-bag places and picture shows combined."

"Please do not apologize, friend," murmured Moon Face. "We are overjoyed that you are here."

He bowed low.

"What did you drop on the floor?" said Peepsight. "I'll help you look."

When Moon Face straightened up again he said: "We will be most happy and greatly flattered if you will join us at the table."

"Well, I wouldn't want to be busting in on any party," said Peepsight. "Still . . . but I don't guess you'd be having any Ohio quail, would you?"

"No, I am so very sorry, but I am afraid not — but we have some most excellent pork and some most excellent wine."

A seat was made vacant for Peepsight next to the man at the head of the table. As Peepsight approached everybody stood up.

"Aw, shucks, keep your seats," said Peepsight. But everybody remained standing until Peepsight sat down.

The man at the head of the table smiled a sad, weakish smile.

"I wish you folks wouldn't make such a fuss over me," said Peepsight. "You'd think I was an NCO or something."

Nevertheless no one would bring a spoon or fork to his mouth unless Peepsight did. Once Peepsight dropped his spoon and everybody scrambled to pick it up for him.

"I'm much obliged," said Peepsight, "but back home I always pick my own spoons off the floor."

After some sips at the wine glass, which was tall and fancy and had some flowers delicately painted on it, Peepsight said:

"Say, who's the babe over there? It's not polite to point so I'll describe her. She's sitting next to the homely guy with the beard and she's built like a Chrysler roadster with all the gadgets."

Everybody in the room heard him, of course.

The best dope I can get now is that the babe was a kind of second cousin of the Emp.

Weak Smile told him some name.

"She's not bad for a Jap girl," said Peepsight.

Weak Smile winced but managed to hang on to a shred of his smile.

Moon Face broke in:

They were amazed when the "Toledo Terror" broke out his Stateside jive

"I trust you Americans will come to regard us Japanese people as friends."

"We may come to regard you as friends but we won't trust," responded Peepsight.

Any resemblance between this rejoinder and conscious witticism, I am sure, was purely accidental. Peepsight had drained another wine glass and had become somewhat loquacious, that's all.

Weak Smile said: "How do you find our country?"

Peepsight said: "I have a hard time finding it, frankly. There aren't enough road signs around. And those that are I can't make heads or tails of."

Moon Face, smiling blandly now, said: "You must miss your home — your parents — your old acquaintances — your girl — "

Peepsight said: "And the filling stations. Toledo has some of the prettiest filling stations in the world. I don't guess you've ever been to Toledo but if you ever do you ought to see the Standard Oil place at Eighth and Market Street."

Peepsight hoisted another wine glass, then sighed.

"I reckon I got to be going," he said. "Won't be able to stop for the picture now."

Moon Face said: "We are so sorry to hear that you must depart. Perhaps you can honor us by remaining just a little longer."

Peepsight said: "Got to be in camp in an hour."

Weak Smile said: "Is there any request you would like to make of us before you depart? It would give us humble pleasure to comply."

Peepsight said: "Well, there is one thing, maybe, if you put it that way."

Weak Smile: "You have but to speak."

Moon Face nodded in smiling approval.

Peepsight said: "Well, I notice you have a radio. Chances are if you turned it on you could get some music."

Weak Smile and Moon Face beamed.

Moon Face got up and made for the radio.

Peepsight called out: "Well, I wasn't exactly through yet."

Moon Face turned around.

"So sorry," he said. "Did not realize — "

Peepsight, finishing up on another glass, said: "What good's music without a little dancing to go with it? Like a war without souvenirs. I haven't danced in 33 months now. I thought me and the babe might take a whirl at the light fantastic 'ere I depart myself."

Liquor turns some men into beasts. It treated Peepsight even worse. It made him poetic.

The room suddenly became filled with silence.

Moon Face was over at Weak Smile's side and they were consulting. They talked low and rapidly.

Weak Smile, smiling more weakly than ever, finally looked up at Peepsight and said: "It is our hope to please you. Therefore, if you wish to dance with the girl you may, although it isn't customary."

"The customary is always right," said Peepsight, and he strolled over to the girl, who had remained sitting at the table all this time.

Peepsight, making with a little courtly bow, said to the girl: "How about it, babe? How about a little rhythmic traipsing?"

She looked up at him demurely. She didn't smile but she didn't frown either.

"I consider it an honor that you have chosen this humble person for your dancing partner," she said.

Peepsight, his gaze resting at a couple of highlights of her well-formed contours, said: "You don't look so humble to me."

They walked over to the radio. Peepsight flicked it on. He kept turning the knob.

"I don't like the classics — music like Tommy Dorsey and Harry James play," he said. "I like real modern stuff, like what Tampico Joe and His Five Wildcats play."

Apparently Tampico Joe and his quintent of aggressive felines weren't on, so Peepsight settled for a San Francisco band.

His face remained as immobile as ever, but suddenly the lean, gangling body of Peepsight almost came to life. His head bobbed. His two hands stretched out and twitched. One of his feet went up and then came down.

HE GRABBED the girl by the hand, then sent her reeling backwards. She had been waiting with a dignified, lady-like expression on her face. Now it was full of alarm. The expressions of the people at the table were likewise.

Peepsight followed through. He went after her, grabbed her by the arm again, then twirled her once more. This kept on for about 10 minutes and would have continued longer, no doubt, but once when Peepsight reached for her hand to twirl her, he missed and she collapsed.

("It wasn't an error, though," Peepsight, a baseball fan contended. "I missed her clean.")

He carried her back to her seat at the table.

"Gosh," he said. "Just like Sinatra."

Weak Smile wasn't smiling any longer. His face was almost as long as the table.

"Cheer up, Pal," said Peepsight.

"I wish you to forgive me for this most despicable statement," Weak Smile said. "But the spectacle shocked me."

"Don't feel too bad," said Peepsight. "She's not so good at jitterbugging, I'll admit, but she'll learn."

"We tried hard to please you," said Weak Smile almost plaintively, his eyes filling with tears, "And you take one of us and punish her. We have failed."

Peepsight walked over to him and patted him on the shoulder.

"Now, now, don't carry on so," Peepsight said. "Everything will be all right. We have an old saying in Toledo, 'It's always darkest before the dawn.' Of course, I don't truthfully know how it would be with a rising sun."

Peepsight then said he must be going, really. Moon Face and Weak Smile and everybody rose. Moon Face and Weak Smile said they were so sorry, too. They looked sorry, in point of fact. Moon Face pulled a tassled cord that dangled from the ceiling. Presently, some guards entered the room. The guards were instructed to form an honor escort for Peepsight back to camp.

It wasn't until several days later that word reached me that Peepsight had been seen walking down the streets of Tokyo flanked with a glittering array of Japs on each side. As NCO in charge, I always hear about everything sooner or later, of course.

I asked Peepsight about it and he told me the story, and that's how I came to know about it.

"I suppose, Peepsight," I said, rather testily, "That you've told everybody in camp about it."

"I haven't told anybody but you. Nobody asked me about it."

"You mean you haven't told a soul about dining with the Emperor? Good lord!"

"The Emperor?"

"Sure, Weak Smile was the Emperor."

Peepsight shrugged his shoulders.

"How was I to know he was an Emperor? He looked just like a Jap to me." **END**

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TOKYO TIDBITS

(Editor's Note—These paragraphs have been compiled from combat correspondent material.)

WELL, now, you wouldn't think that you'd have to practice committing suicide. But the Japs did. All the kamikaze pilots practiced kamakizing.

Even practicing self-destruction is rather hazardous, though, Hagime Onishi, 32-year-old Jap seaplane pilot, revealed to Marines in Tokyo. These practice flights resulted in an endless succession of casualties, he said. Many of the Katzenjammer boys got bunged up so badly they couldn't go out and commit suicide.

Onishi, who was educated at Renssaeler-Polytechnic Institute at Troy, N. Y., said that the literal English translation for "kamikaze" is "Divine Wind."

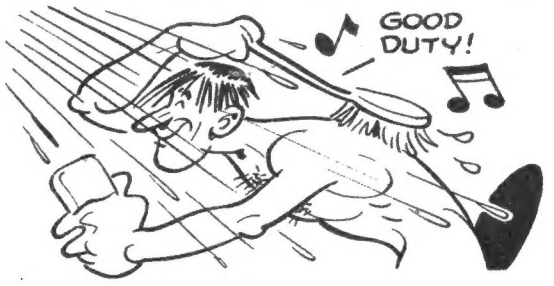
At first, the men, tanked up with patriotic fervor, eagerly volunteered for kamikaze work. But toward the end of the war enthusiasm waned and men had to be drafted. Even with the draft, Japan was having a hard time procuring enough pilots, which is the reason the suicide bombing attacks had begun to dwindle.

It seems hardly anyone wanted to become a divine wind any more.

Marine veterans who waded ashore at Guadalcanal, Saipan, Tarawa and other islands would have thought they were in some fantastic dream if they had suddenly found themselves aboard the *USS Meriwether* as it made its way across the waters for the Tokyo beachhead.

Not only were there enough bunks for every man — every man had two, the extra one to keep his gear on. And each man brought a full seabag of his own stuff along, instead of having to share one with a half dozen other guys.

Moreover, fresh water showers were on all day, and the water in the drinking fountains was cold. Instead of cleaning their rifles, the men spent their



time polishing their shoes and pressing their khaki. But — and this will positively knock you for a loop, mates:

Laundry service was provided! Nobody had to dangle his scivvies in the ocean from a rope. The only thing that kept it from being like an Atlanta, Ga., apartment was that they didn't leave bottles of milk, and the morning paper was missing.

The first Marines to go ashore on Japan went in laughing. Staff Sergeant Ed Meagher of Tacoma, Wash., said that as their landing boats approached the beach on the eastern side of Tokyo Bay the Marines spotted a sign on the shore. It read:

"US NAVY UNDERWATER DEMOLITION TEAMS WELCOME MARINES TO JAPAN."

American ships, dropping their anchors in the Tokyo Bay area, ran up two United States flags, one from the mainmast and one from foremast. Ordinarily, when an American ship enters a foreign port, the flag of the country to which the port belongs is hoisted on the foremast. But no such honor was accorded Japan.

One American sailor wanted to run up a "So Solly" sign on the foremast, but he was dissuaded.

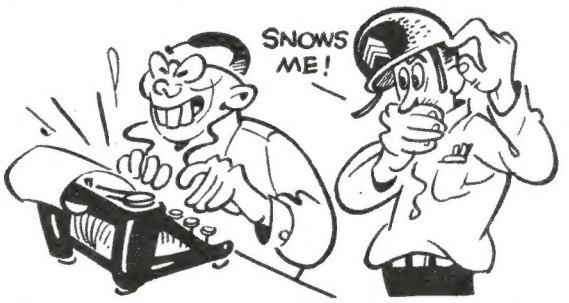
One of the first Marines to take over sentry duty in Japan was PFC Lewis Mendoza, 32, of Los Angeles. Mendoza, who is with the Fourth Marines, took up his post outside the Japanese naval base headquarters. There also was a Japanese sentry in front of the building. But there was no fraternization.

How did Mendoza's rather historical assignment impress him?

"I hope we'll be going home soon," he said.

Within three hours after the Marines hit the beaches of Tokyo Bay a press headquarters was set up under a temporary shed and news copy began moving out by radio and aircraft. Later it was moved into the naval base headquarters.

But they had competition. In another room Jap press representatives were turning out copy on how



the occupation looked to Jap eyes for Nip papers.

Marines were curious, but were unable to decipher the characters of the Japanese language enough to know just what the Japs did think of them.

The first Marine unit to land on Japan was "G" Company of the Fourth Regiment's Second battalion, led by First Lieutenant George B. Lamberson. Purpose of the early landings was to neutralize three forts. It took them just a little more than an hour to carry out the assignment.

The Japanese soldiers there were formally polite and readily complied with American commands. When Lieut. Lamberson ordered that the Jap garrison be marched away, the Jap captain in charge saluted him smartly.

SSgt. Meagher said the Japanese were not out of earshot when Marines began smashing rifles, machine guns, bayonets and anti-aircraft guns. They made a fearful noise doing it. Quite obviously, they hadn't enjoyed doing anything so much in a long, long time.

Pvt. John J. Massarelli of Bayonne, N. J., a veteran of the rugged Okinawa campaign, brought a fishing outfit — tackle, flies, line, rod and spinners. One of the first things he did was to fish in Tokyo Bay.

He wasn't merely being picturesque. He had bet someone back in Bayonne that he'd be fishing in Tokyo in 1945.

Corporal Fred R. Travis of Murfreesboro, Tenn., reports the following conversation:

PFC Kenneth C. Kiser of Wheatland, Wyo.: "There's the sun setting behind Fujiyama."

PFC Royal W. Kinney of Kalamazoo, Mich.: "That mountain sure sticks up in the air, doesn't it?"

PFC Kiser: "Yeah."

PFC Kinney: "Want to go mountain climbing?"

PFC Kiser: "If we can get a jeep up there, I'll go."

Probably the happiest Marine to make the Tokyo Bay landing was Technical Sergeant John H. Lee of Pensacola, Fla. He was at Pearl Harbor when the Japs pulled their attack on December 7, 1941, and made the Guadalcanal campaign the first day. So he really saw the war from start to finish.

Something big happened in between, too. He married a New Zealand girl.

One Japanese citizen mournfully summed up the atomic bomb destruction as follows:

"There were not even flies or mosquitoes left."

BACK OF THE BOOK

RIBLETT

Surprised no end was PFC Leonard Riblett when Tokyo Rose turned out to be a former classmate at UCLA. His story about "Our favorite enemy, Annie," is on page 21. At 30, Riblett has — or should we say had? — been working on newspapers for 15 years. His last job was that of picture editor on the *Examiner* in Los Angeles, where he has a wife and two sons, of whom he is inordinately proud. We wondered why he sent home, via air mail and special delivery, a PFC stripe. It was the answer to his oldest boy's cutting query: "Is it true you are the lowest man in the Marine Corps?"

PURCELL

Staff Sergeant Joseph M. Purcell collaborated with Staff Sergeant Duane Decker on "Train to Tokyo," which starts on page 10 and "Crazy Beachhead," on page 37. Purcell, who for 13 of his 33 years was on the staff of the Boston *Record American-Sunday Advertiser*, was one of five Marines to enter Tokyo before it was secured when 6,000,000 Japanese there hadn't made up their minds whether to be friendly or not. But they got away with it. In fact, they returned the next day and Purcell borrowed 1000 yen from Domei. He wanted to buy souvenirs. Purcell was on Guam and Iwo Jima, and later aboard the *Missouri* for the peace ceremony. His home is at 11 Radford Lane, Dorchester, Mass.

HERMANN

One of several reasons LEATHERNECK Magazine always sparkles is Staff Sergeant Ted Hermann, whose layouts and designs never get a credit line. Crazy Beachhead, on page 37, is an example. Ted, a native New Yorker, was associate art director for Fuller & Smith & Ross before entering the Corps in 1944. He studied art at Cooper Union and Art Students League, the latter a very long hair institution, indeed. Ted is 28, and, to his delight, now outranks his wife, Sergeant Rae Hotaling Hermann, editor of this magazine's Sound Off. He thinks it very unfair for her to continue sounding off after they leave the office, however.

Picture Credits

Sgt. Stanley Tretick pp. 15, 16, 17, 18, 19, 20.

Sgt. Louis Lowery pp. 22, 23, 24, 25, 26, 27, 28, 29, 30, 31, 32.

Sgt. John Birch pp. 33, 37, 38, 39, 40, 41.

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